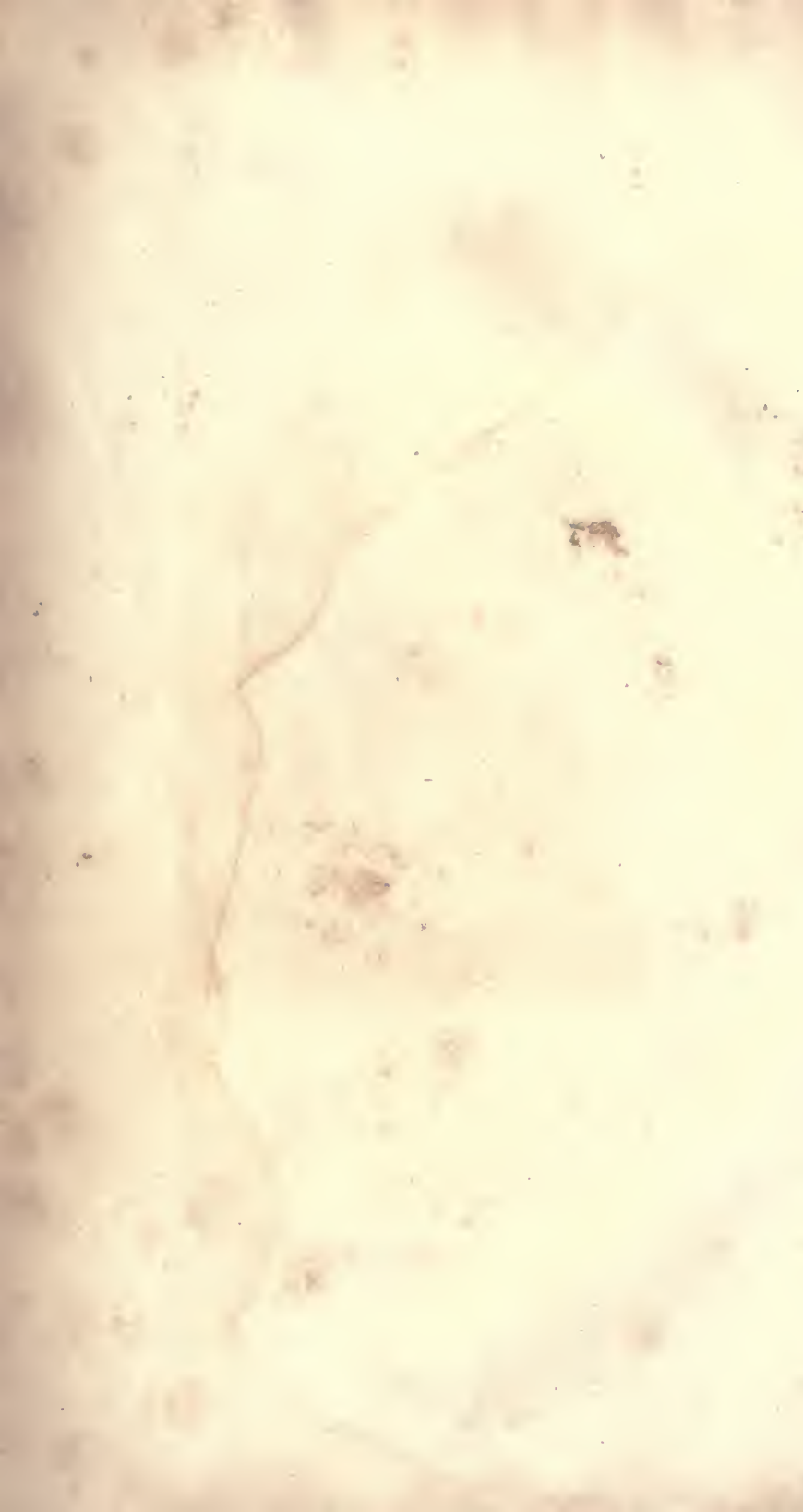






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THE
Poetical and Prose Writings
OF
Dr. John Lofland,
THE MILFORD BARD,

CONSISTING OF
Sketches in Poetry and Prose,
Moral, Patriotic, Sentimental, Sympathetic, and Humorous.

WITH A
Portrait of the Author and a Sketch of his Life.

Collected and Arranged by J. N. W. Gilton, R. M.

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AS
 TO THE LADIES OF BALTIMORE,
 WHO HAD
 SHOWN KINDNESS TO THE BARD IN SICKNESS,
 AND UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES OF AFFLICTION,
 AND
 TO WHOSE SOLICITATIONS HE YIELDED IN ITS PUBLICATION,
A Former Volume
 WAS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
 DEDICATED
 BY THEIR OBLIGED AND DEVOTED FRIEND,
The Milford Bard.
 SO
 TO THE SAME,
 ASSOCIATED WITH
The Ladies of Wilmington,
 WHO WERE NO LESS ATTENTIVE TO THE BARD
 DURING THE LATER YEARS OF HIS LIFE,
 AND
 UNTIL HE WAS REMOVED FROM THIS WORLD
 BY THE HAND OF DEATH,
 IS THIS LARGER AND MORE EXTENDED EDITION,
 ON BEHALF OF THE LATE LAMENTED SON OF SONG,
 DEDICATED BY THEIR FRIEND,
The Editor.



Preface.



SINCE the death of the MILFORD BARD the desire has been repeatedly expressed by his numerous friends and admirers, that his Writings should be collected and published in a much more enlarged and extended edition, than has heretofore been submitted to the public. It is with the view of meeting the demand thus presented, that this volume of his works has been compiled. It contains his best pieces, both of Poetry and Prose, the most of which have not appeared in any previous volume.

It is due, alike, to the author and the public, that the literary efforts of one so well known and appreciated as the Milford Bard, should be collected and embodied in a form in which they may be preserved by the lovers of light literature, and read as opportunities may be afforded. Many an hour may be spent, both pleasantly and profitably, in the perusal of the sketches of life and character, and poetic effusions, which the generous-hearted Bard possessed so much delight in preparing for his readers.

As a contributor to many of the most popular and interesting periodicals of his day, the Bard obtained a very considerable reputation, and his productions have been popular wherever circulated. In his younger years, being favorably known as a correspondent of "The Casket," a Monthly Magazine, and "The Saturday Evening Post," a Weekly Newspaper, both of extensive circulation, his reputation as a writer was established, and his productions were much sought after. Both the Casket and Saturday Evening Post were published in Philadelphia, and being the media through which the Bard and other authors presented their writings to the public, their circulation extended to all parts of the country.

During his residence in Baltimore, at a later period of his life, the Bard contributed, both in poetry and prose, to nearly all the periodicals of the

city. He wrote principally, however, for the Baltimore Patriot. With the editors of that paper he was well acquainted, and he received from them many evidences of their favorable regard.

Subsequently he removed his residence to Wilmington, Delaware, where he became the Literary Editor of a well conducted literary and commercial journal, published in that city, under the title of "The Blue Hen's Chicken," which paper was owned and edited by Messrs. W. T. Jeandell and F. Vincent, both warm and devoted friends of the Bard. To Mr. Jeandell he was particularly attached. He acknowledged with gratitude the kindness and attention shown him, both by that gentleman and his family. The stories of the Bard, published in Wilmington, were founded upon circumstances in real life. This gave them additional interest, and caused them to be widely circulated. On the publication of "The Broken Heart," which will be found on page 201 of this volume, thirty-five hundred copies of the paper were issued, and they were all immediately disposed of; and fell far short of the demand. The story is founded upon a circumstance well known at the time of its occurrence, and in the vicinity where it took place. Many of its incidents are of thrilling interest, and are narrated in a manner that will bear comparison with the efforts of some of the best authors of the day.

The pieces here published are of various character, style and merit. They form a volume adapted alike to the Library, the Boudoir and the Centre-Table. It is intended for a GIFT BOOK appropriate to all seasons. It will afford instruction and amusement alike to the old and the young; and will serve as the instrument by means of which many an otherwise weary hour may be pleasantly whiled away.

THE EDITOR.

BALTIMORE, *November 23, 1852.*

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Memoir of the Milford Bard.



HIGHLY responsible and interesting, but melancholy duty is imposed upon the biographer of the MILFORD BARD. It would, at any time, be a difficult task to do justice to the character of one, whose life was marked by so many varying vicissitudes, nearly all under his own control, and materially effective in his person and habits. And more especially is this the case at the present period—a date so early after his death, and while the remembrance of his person and deeds are fresh in the minds of his friends, and his literary performances so recent in the view of the public. It is not yet four years since the Bard was in the midst of his friends, in the activity and vigor of manhood, pursuing his calling as

the editor of a popular periodical, and the contributor of some of the best and most interesting of his writings to its columns. After a brief illness he was snatched away by the grasp of the ruthless destroyer. He is gone; but his memorial is with his numerous admirers. Long will they remember his blandness of manner; his ease and freedom of intercourse with society; his fine conversational powers; his gentleness; his waywardness; his wanderings; his struggles against his besetting vice—intemperance; and his arduous labors for the instruction and amusement of the public.

JOHN LOFLAND, the MILFORD BARD, was the eldest son of Isaac and Cynthia Lofland. He was born in Milford, Delaware, on the ninth day of March, in the year 1798. Isaac Lofland was a respectable merchant of Milford, and Cynthia, his wife, was one of the most affectionate and frugal women of her day. Her son John, the subject of this memoir, appears to have been her favorite, and it is not unlikely that in the earlier years of his childhood, he was allowed the free exercise of his own will, with, perhaps, very little restraint. Inheriting the kind and gentle disposition of his mother, his fondness for her gave him easy access to her affections, to which he appealed on every occasion of real or fancied oppression. With childhood these occasions are neither few nor slight, and almost always accompanied with the demand for redress. With such a child in charge of such a mother, the exercise

of parental discipline was both difficult and uncertain, and allowed a latitude of desire and pursuit on the part of the child, not at all favorable to the formation of a determined and decisive character.

Isaac Lofland, the father of the Bard, was a man of more ability than education; and the opportunity he possessed for the exercise of either was not very extensive. To his mother, rather than to him, he was indebted for whatever he possessed of prominent points of character, such, at least, as may be considered inheritable. This was the opinion of the Bard himself, and appears in several forms of expression in his writings. It was a matter of pride to him that he could boast of hereditary character in the maternal relation; and while but little is said of his father in all his numerous published efforts, they teem with allusions to his mother, and with the most affectionate and tender expressions of love and devoted attachment.

It was the desire and purpose of Isaac Lofland that his son should receive a good education. In this his wife most heartily acquiesced, for she was anxiously desirous that he should be enabled to occupy a respectable position in society. To carry out this design he was sent to school when he was very young. But, either the first teacher that was employed to conduct his studies was utterly incompetent for the task, or the Bard himself was a very dull pupil. It is said that it was full six months before he mastered the alphabet. The promise of distinction so anxiously desired by his parents, was not in any manner realized during the first few years of his childhood. His progress for some years, was measured by the same slow and unsatisfying pace that made memorable the first six months of his scholastic career. He conceived such an utter dislike to mathematics, upon the very threshold of the study, that he could never after be induced to pursue it with any degree of interest. It is probable that his dislike for the study of the languages was but little less than that which he entertained for the pursuit of mathematics. He made some proficiency in Latin and French. Greek, as a study, he did not relish, though he admired the language. He tolerated Valpy to get rid of the problems of Euclid. But the slow and indifferent progress of the Bard, in the ordinary studies of the schools, was by no means indicative of his mental energy and power. His forte was reading and composition. He was passionately devoted to history, and the lives and works of eminent men, especially the poets. He was contented only when he could be occupied with his favorite authors, either poring over their works, or imitating their styles of composition. Thus employed, he spent much of the time of his youthful years, that he afterwards regretted was not occupied in the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the less interesting branches of his scholastic education.

In composition the Bard excelled at an early age. When but twelve years old he wrote some well measured and sensible poetry. Some of his verses were written at an earlier period of his life, and although they bore the evi-

dences of a mind yet unmaturred, they were not without merit, and gave promise of future distinction in that department of literature.

It is not known whether the very slow progress of the Bard in the studies of his early childhood, and his dislike to some of those of his more advanced youth, were the result of his own natural dulness, or were occasioned by the incompetency of his teacher. Some of his relations are of opinion that his mental powers were fully equal to those of the boys generally of his age, and that the deficiency is entirely chargeable to the person that was entrusted with his education. On behalf of the teacher, no argument can be used to disprove the indictment for incompetency. In relation to the boy, there are proofs enough that there was no lack of mental ability. His capacity was developed sufficiently early to satisfy his friends that he began life not only *mens sana*, but *mens sana in corpore sana*; and was fully able to do his part in a fair and impartial attack upon the alphabet, or any other lesson contained in his primer. Had the instructor shown fair-play, doubtless those potent adversaries, the A B C's, had fallen one by one before the rising intellect of the future Bard.

There are, no doubt, many persons who assume the profession of the teacher, who are altogether insufficient for the arduous duties of that very responsible and interesting office. And there are, no doubt, many young pupils who are dull of apprehension, and indisposed to receive instruction. An active, energetic, faithful teacher, may remove many an impediment out of the way of his young charge, and lead him on almost imperceptibly, in the pursuit of his studies, until the duty may become a pleasure, and the labor a welcome employment. But on the contrary, if the teacher be incompetent, or indolent, or unfaithful, the study of the pupil becomes a laborious and irksome task—a difficult, tedious pursuit; and if he be not worn down by the oppression, in his heart he learns to despise the performance, and to hate the necessity that enforces it. Such may have been the case with the youthful Lofland, and difficulties may thereby have been placed in his path, the removal of which may have cost him many an hour of anxious concern and arduous labor.

The fact that a child is six months learning the alphabet, is no proof of mental imbecility, nor of natural dulness. But considered in connection with the hundreds and thousands of other facts of the kind, that are constantly occurring, it should be a warning to parents and the guardians of youth and childhood, to exercise great care and judgment in the selection of the instructors of their children and wards. Regarded in this most important relation, it should induce all who have charge of the young, in their growing and improving years, to give some attention themselves to their studies. The impress of character is generally made very early. In the responsibility of this impress, the mother of the child, and its first teacher, are mainly interested. One false step on the part of either, may lead to irretrievable ruin. Indulgence, or too great severity, on the part of the mother, or incompetency, in-

difference, or unfaithfulness, on the part of the teacher, may induce habits of indolence, or reckless disregard of restraint, that may be a perpetual impediment in the way of the youthful charge, or cause him to hurry on through the years of his minority, with a fixed unconcern for consequences, and neither fear nor care in relation to the result.

It was doubtless the Bard's misfortune that he was not properly trained in early life. There was a lamentable failure somewhere among those who were intrusted with his education. An examination of his history suggests the idea that he was not, in the scholastic sense of the term, *educated* at all, but was suffered to educate himself, and pursued his way through the years of childhood and youth, without any fixed views either of business or of character. The facts of his life and features of his character, yet to be noticed, afford proof of the correctness of this idea.

At the age of fourteen his reading had been extensive, and had his education been properly managed, his character would have been formed. His mind at that age was well stored with facts, but he had not the judgment necessary to enable him to make a proper use of them. Recurring in after years to that interesting period, he made the record which serves as a way-mark in his indefinite career. "In my earlier years," said he, "I was skeptical, though I had listened to many a pious lecture at the feet of one of the most affectionate of mothers. *I had read the French and English skeptics at fourteen years of age, with boyhood's avidity and with boyhood's judgment.* I dreamt over the pages of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Maupertuis, Rousseau, Condorcet, Volney, Hume, Gibbon, with a host of others, and I awoke an infidel. But believing it to be unfair to study on the one side and not on the other, I turned to the Sacred Scriptures, and, endeavoring to establish skepticism, I was convinced of my error."

At this point of his life, we discover the Bard's need of the mathematics, and other branches of his education, the study of which he so heartily disliked in his younger years. Upon the solid foundation that these might have afforded him, he might have reared a superstructure, which, while it would have done honor to his character, might have been the means of accomplishing much good among mankind. He was certainly allowed his own way to a very great extent in the pursuit of his reading, and his little bark upon the sea of life at fourteen, carried a dangerous freight of knowledge. But for the counsels of his mother, which he so highly treasured, it might have mingled poison with the waters through which it passed, or foundered prematurely upon the sands of infidelity. It was to her instructions that he was indebted for the desire to hear both sides of the important question that troubled him,—whether Christianity were truth or false. The impression her "pious lectures" made upon his mind, induced him to study the Scriptures, and although he pursued that study with the view of having his skeptical notions confirmed, the sacred oracles were to him their own interpreter, and performed the wonderful

work of removing the mass of prejudice he had accumulated against them. Throughout his wayward life he was sometimes disposed to play the skeptic, but whenever he reasoned with himself, he became ashamed of the weakness, and arose from it with renewed purposes of a steadier and more faithful course. The following extract from the passage already partly quoted, shows his attachment to the Christian religion, and is a grateful tribute to the memory of his mother's instructions.

“Did the Christian religion extend no further than this life, I should advocate it, because it is a blessing to society. My life has been a wild one, but my heart is in the right place. In me nature is reversed, for my heart governs my head. Whenever I am disposed to wander from the path of virtue, the memory of the silvery voice of my mother in childhood, comes sighing in my ear, sweet as the harp of heaven to a dying saint. My heart melts with tenderness, and I am saved.”

How much like the thoughts and feelings of a wayward contemporary, were those of the Bard when the memory of his mother and her affectionate instructions were recalled in his reveries?

“My mother's voice, how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like visions on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers?
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me on my mother's knee.”

At seventeen, the Bard concluded that his school-boy days were over, and turned his thoughts upon the profession that he was to pursue in life. After some deliberation he decided upon Medicine, and commenced the study in the office of his cousin, Dr. James P. Lofland. He attended the lectures of the University of Pennsylvania three successive years. When he was nearly through his studies and preparing for graduation, a misunderstanding occurred between Professor Cox, of the University, and himself, in consequence of which he left the Institution, and gave up his purpose of entering the Medical Profession. He was pleased with the Science of Medicine as a study, but he frequently declared that he despised the drudgery of its practice. The misunderstanding with Professor Cox, produced a revulsion in his mind in relation to the honors of the University, and prevented him from graduating under its authority. He has often said that he did not lose much in the loss of his diploma, for it would have been impossible that he could ever have made his living in the profession. He was well acquainted with the different branches of medical study, and not unfrequently gave advice to the sick and prescribed for them.

In the hasty manner in which the Bard gave up the profession that he had expended more than three years in preparing to follow, we have another sad

result of the unfortunate neglect of his early education. It is an evidence of lack of power in the concentration of his energies; and it doubtless originated in the loose and indefinite manner in which he was permitted to pass through his youthful years. Had he been placed at school under the care of an efficient instructor, and kept at his studies until he had thoroughly mastered them, it is very likely that he would have obtained the control of his own faculties in the effort, and instead of being the sport of a wild and reckless imagination through life, he might have settled down in some active pursuit, and maintained a prominent position in the community. He was certainly possessed of a considerable share of mental power; but it was turned to but little account because he had no control over himself. He had no advantages in the school of experience. Life with him was a rambling adventure, and he met its changes of wayward fortune with stoical indifference.

Parents sometimes boast of what they regard a versatility of talent in their children, but which is nothing more nor less than the fickleness—the unsettled purpose—the desire for change that unfits them for the studies of childhood and youth, and the sterner duties of more matured life. It is one of the greatest misfortunes of youth that they are allowed to enter upon many pursuits and enterprises which they never complete. They begin many things which they never finish. One enterprise after another is abandoned before it is understood, and successive performances are commenced and laid aside, as if it were not the object to pursue any to perfection. How much of life is wasted in this manner? How many of the years of youth are thus employed to the permanent injury of the possessors of such destructive liberty? Definiteness of character and pursuit is as much required in the education of the child, as the studies of the school. Without it the brightest intellect is likely to become a waste—the best informed mind a thing of waywardness and chance.

Before the Bard commenced the study of medicine, and during the period he was engaged in it, he was in the constant use of his spare moments in composition. He wrote verses with great freedom, and was distinguished among his young acquaintances as “the Poet.” He was at one time the principal contributor to a popular monthly magazine entitled “The Casket,” and a weekly paper called “The Saturday Evening Post,” both of which were published in the City of Philadelphia. Some of his early productions were published over the signature of “THE MILFORD BARD,” and he was soon distinguished in the use of the sobriquet much more than he was in that of his real name. For many years the title of “THE MILFORD BARD” was familiar nearly all over the country, while the real name of the author was almost unknown. His writings rendered the two periodicals to which they were principally contributed very popular, and in their circulation the Bard himself obtained considerable celebrity as an author. He wrote upon scientific subjects, as well as those of the lighter literature of the day; and in them all he exhibited a highly

creditable familiarity with general history, the lives, characters and writings of eminent authors, and the various matters of science upon which he employed his pen.

At this period of his life, and during the residence of the Bard in Philadelphia, the poet, Thomas Moore, visited this country. The literary attainments and position of the young Lofland attracted his attention, and induced an acquaintance. They became intimate friends, and the Bard has often alluded, with interest and pleasure, to the period when they enjoyed each others' society and conversation. Their rambles along the banks of the Schuylkill, and admiration of the scenery on both sides of that beautiful river, were subjects of delightful reminiscence, to which the Bard frequently recurred in his wanderings, as green spots amid the waste of his memory.

It is said of the Bard, and indeed the fact is sometimes referred to in his writings, that during the years of his early manhood, he became very much attached to a young lady, whom he addressed, and with whom, it is supposed, he was anxiously desirous of uniting his fame and fortune. But for some cause or other his suit was unsuccessful, and he was doomed to a life of disappointment and regret. In both his prose and poetic productions, he has invested this circumstance with a romantic interest, which has afforded a melancholy pleasure, especially to a great many of his younger readers. In the story of "The Betrayer," the last of his compositions, and which he did not live to finish, he intimates a later attachment, the features of which might have been more apparent had his life been prolonged until the story was concluded. In the introduction he says, "Every thing in the story is described just as it occurred, even to the words spoken, so far as they can be remembered. The names of the characters are fictitious, and the names alone, for all else is real. Who the personages are that figure in this drama, I leave to my readers to discover; only one reason induces me to acknowledge that I am one, that reason must be locked in my heart. Reader! dear reader! that reason, or motive, is a strong one, and it is bathed in the tears of a beautiful, affectionate, and virtuous woman, and will be embalmed and buried in my bosom, unknown to any other human being, until the trump of the angel Gabriel shall break upon the gloom of the grave, and the secrets of all hearts made bare before the tribunal above."

There is reason for the opinion that he was himself one of the principal characters of the story, and it is possible that, if it had been concluded, many of the events of that interesting period of his life, and of the affair which he characterized as one of affection and honor, might have been suggested.

In some of his poetic effusions he alludes to the circumstance of his early attachment, in a manner so full of interest and feeling, that if he had not himself stated that they were occasioned by it, the idea would be suggested to the reader. In his "Lines" to a lady that expressed some regard for him, occur the following:

"OH! once I bowed at beauty's shrine,
 Charmed with love's silken chain;
 But never can this heart of mine,
 Bow down in bliss again.

"I woke the harp to woman's ear,
 With all a minstrel's art;
 And as she leaned my notes to hear,
 Love's arrow pierced my heart.

* * * * *

"The memory of that mournful hour,
 We for the last time met;
 To blot there is no human power,
 I may not now forget."

In the poem entitled "The Dream of other Days," are the following allusions to the subject.

"THE dream of other days how bright?
 But mournful 'tis to me
 When on my soul there shines the light
 Of love and memory.

* * * * *

"I see her in my manhood's pride,
 In beauty brightly blaze;
 Again she lingers at my side,
 In dreams of other days.

"She leans upon my bosom now,
 Her heart is pressed to mine;
 I feel it beating as her vow
 She breathes of love divine.
 I see her face so mild, so meek,
 I hear her soul-felt sigh;
 A smile is on her dimpled cheek,
 A tear in her dark eye.

"That vow is broken, and that breast,
To guile and grief is given;
 My heart no more with hope is blest,
 Alas! I fall from heaven.
 I float alone down life's dark stream,
 A wreck in beauty's gaze;
 Oh! sweet, but sad to me that dream,—
 That dream of other days."

It is clearly evident that in his writings, and intercourse with his friends, the Bard frequently alluded to his disappointment in "his affair of the affections,"

as the most important event in his life; the one that effected an entire change in his character, habits and feelings, and caused him to pursue a wayward course through all the succeeding years of his manhood.

After his disappointment, for a long time the Bard secluded himself from society and employed himself in stories and composition. His writings were of a miscellaneous character, chiefly literary, consisting of Poetry and Prose Compositions, with some few of scientific character. So closely did he confine himself at one period, that for three years he was never seen upon the street, nor had for a moment his hat upon his head. The only exercise he took after the fatigue of writing was a ramble in the garden among the flowers, of which he was very fond.

Throughout the years of his maturity and amid many changes and vicissitudes, the Bard continued to give evidences of an affectionate disposition,—of a kind and gentle nature. He was very fond of children, and was ready at any time to undergo fatigue and trouble to oblige them. He had a strong attachment for home and friends, and appeared to be even anxious to perform little services for those he loved, or to receive favors at their hands. It is remarkable how firm and unwavering his affection for his mother continued throughout the whole of his life. He bore her image ever in his heart, and the bare mention of her name at any time would send a thrill of indescribable emotion throughout his system. In corresponding with her, when absent, he addressed her with the simplicity of a child, and poured forth the feelings of his heart in the impassioned language of a lover to the lady of his affections. She was the star of his idolatry, and held a power over him that could never be exerted by any other person. Her letters to him were characterized by great tenderness, and although they sometimes reproved him with great severity, there was nothing like offence in their language.

When wearied in the sedentary pursuits of his Study, the Bard has often sought relief in the more active employment of the artist and the mechanic. He had a taste for sculpture, and made several very creditable attempts to chissel the human form out of the solid marble. An effort of this kind was commenced by him during his residence in Baltimore. The subject was a sleeping child. When he had pretty well advanced in his design, by an unlucky blow, he cracked the marble block out of which he was cutting the figure. Discouraged by this accident he gave up his purpose, and left the little subject of his interest in an unfinished condition. It is now in the possession of Professor Dunbar of Baltimore. Another attempt of the kind was made in Wilmington, Delaware, which he did not live to finish. The design was the infant Saviour, and was intended for his friend, Mr. Jeandell, of that city, who still retains it as a memento of his deceased friend.

It is pleasant to detail the many excellent and interesting traits that were prominent in the character of the Bard. Would that the pen of his biographer could be confined to these! Would that the waywardness and weakness of his

intemperate career could be passed over in silence! But this cannot be. The knowledge of his habits is too widely extended among the communities in which he lived, to be omitted here. He has himself written and said so much of the "maddening bowl," and the wreck and ruin that it wrought for him, that nearly all the readers of his writings are familiar with many of the facts. He was aware of a general misapprehension in the public mind upon this subject, and prepared a statement by which he intended it should be corrected. As this statement, which was published by him, in a periodical of considerable circulation, some years before his death, gives a more correct view of his habit and its effects than any thing that may now be written, it may be as well to present it to the reader. The title is the same as that used by the celebrated Coleridge in a similar detail.

TO MY FRIENDS.

The Confessions of an Opium Eater.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.



THE confessions which I am about to make would never meet the public eye, were it not for that philanthropy which actuates my heart—that desire I have to warn others, who, like myself, are sliding into the path of error, without being aware of the danger. I have another object in view in making these mortifying disclosures, which is to correct the idea of many persons, that I have at periods been wilfully dissipated, and that liquor has been my besetting sin. It is a false idea. There is no man on the face of the earth who more heartily despises drunkenness than I do. Oh! God; could my pillow and my bed speak, what a tale would they tell of the agonizing tears I have shed, and the heart-rending sighs I have breathed, on account of the follies which liquor, superinduced by opium, has caused me to commit. Oh! how wretched I have been, when I looked back on the past. But—"To err is human—to forgive divine."

How beautiful are the lines of Pope—

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me,"

The poet Burns declares, that—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Shakspeare is equally severe on human nature, when he says—

“There is no flesh in man’s obdurate heart,
That feels for man.”

The great Erasmus is severer than the Bard of Avon, if possible; for he exclaims in Latin, “*Homo homini lupus—man is a wolf to man.*” But notwithstanding these illustrious authorities, I have many friends who have hearts to feel and forgive. To such I appeal for assistance, on the eve of rending asunder the chains of my greatest enemy, which have so long rattled on my limbs of liberty. I ask them not for their gold, but for encouragement in repudiating the greatest enemy that ever darkened and degraded my intellect.

The reader will perhaps recollect the case of the talented literary writer, Henry Neale. He made many ineffectual attempts to escape from the tyranny of the Turk, from the shackles which the demon of opium had imposed upon him. But he struggled in vain. He arose at night from his bed, and threw his bottle of laudanum into a street of Boston. Distressed next day beyond endurance, he was compelled to fly to the druggist. Crazed by the influence of laudanum on his brain, he seized a pistol in a fit of despair, and blew out his brains.

Coleridge, a distinguished writer of England, wrote a work, entitled, “*The Confessions of an Opium Eater.*” He describes in graphic language, the horrible agonies he suffered, and the many schemes he projected so as to cheat nature or his system gradually out of the use of opium. He failed in many of his attempts, though at last by assistance succeeded.

No one, except the druggist, has any idea of the great number of persons in this, and every other community, who are in the constant secret habit of eating opium. Their “name is legion.”

Twenty years or more ago, I went on a visit to the scenes of my Alma Mater, and in returning home to Delaware, on board of a packet, I slept upon the deck and took cold. I also ate an enormous mess of cucumbers sliced with onions in vinegar. On arriving at home, I was attacked between midnight and day with violent cramp-colic. After suffering two hours I was compelled to go down and arouse my mother, who gave me a tea-spoonful of laudanum. In fifteen minutes perceiving no effect, I requested her to repeat the dose, which she did. In the course of thirty minutes I felt some relief and took a third tea-spoonful, which relieved me entirely. It is curious, but no less true, that a person in great pain will take opium or laudanum with impunity, sufficient to destroy life when not in pain. In the lock-jaw, technically called tetanus, half an ounce of laudanum may be given without any apparent effect, though half an ounce is certain death to a man under common circumstances.

I imagined that the first attack of cramp-colic would be the last, but on the next night about the same time, I was attacked again. So it continued on from night to night, until I was compelled to remove the cause from my stomach by a cathartic. But it was too late. I had taken the laudanum until I could not sleep without it. If I took not my usual dose on retiring, the irritation in my system became so great, that I could not be still a minute. I was then compelled to get up and take my dose, which had gradually increased to half an ounce, promising myself that I would ere long quit the use of it. Thus I put off the evil day till too late.

From habit the effects became extremely delightful. The influence of opium on the brain, when the stomach is clean, is very different from that of ardent

spirits. The latter flashes on the brain a few minutes, inflaming the blood, and then dies; while opium acts for hours in the same degree, soothing and calming the nerves, and rendering the mind completely happy.

But this delightful state of things was destined not to last. In the course of some months my stomach began to be disordered, and my brain sympathized. I was distracted with dyspepsia and horrified with nightmare, and the most terrific dreams, until I was afraid to close my eyes in sleep. Alarmed for the first time I attempted to throw off the habit; but in vain, for I felt as if a hungry tiger were hugging me to his heart. Urged on by desperation I increased the dose, until I seemed to lose the use of my limbs, and my brain became frenzied. Imaginary distresses took possession of my mind, and I fancied that my friends had forsaken me, and were continually descanting on my unfortunate habit. In this condition, not knowing scarcely where I went or what I did, depression of spirit, arising from the state of the nervous system, called for stimulus; and I drank ardent spirits to intoxication for the first time. The liquor added to laudanum, inflamed my blood and I cut all manner of shins. I went to the old church in my native town; I ascended the pulpit; opened the best of books; took my text, and became eloquent, it was said, for my brain was in a highly excited state. Some ladies and gentlemen in the neighborhood, hearing my voice, excited by curiosity, came to the church, and took their seats, while for an hour I poured forth upon them the thunders of the violated law. My mother prophesied in early life, when I was held up as a pattern of sobriety and morality, that I would one day be a minister of the Gospel. I was fulfilling her prophecy in one respect, but alas sadly in another. Many such vagaries I committed; such as ringing a silver bell through the street, calling all good citizens to the sale of all old maids and bachelors. When recovering I remembered nothing that passed during the delirium caused by liquor and laudanum, until my friends recalled the circumstance to my dreaming memory.

At different times a thousand different fancies possessed my mind, in the same manner that the Turks are affected by opium. At one time I imagined that my arm was a needle-making machine, and that I could see the needles spinning out at my elbow in quantities of several hundred a minute. At another time I fancied that a comical looking old man, with one eye and a wooden leg, was continually at my side wherever I went. When I sat down to the table he sat down beside me. When I stretched my hand to a cup of coffee or a piece of toast, the one-eyed gentleman stretched forth his. When I arose and went out, he did the same. At bedtime, when I raised my foot to get into bed, he raised his; and when I awoke in the morning, there lay the old gentleman at my side, with his one eye wide open. I was not frightened at the spectre, for I understood the philosophy of the matter. The effect was produced by an illusion of the optic nerve, and no doubt all ghosts are produced in the same way in nervous persons. I had formerly known an old man with one eye, who had been a pensioner on my bounty. The impression his person had made on the retina of my eye, was by disease of the nerves revived, and hence my mind contemplated the picture on the back of the eye, for every thing we look at makes a picture there, upside down.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, if my memory serves me, relates the case of a young man who devotedly loved, and was pledged in marriage to a beautiful dashing damsel. Before the nuptials were celebrated and their fortunes united, she suddenly sickened and died. He became nervous from excessive grief, and took to his bed; where the image of her person was revived upon the retina, and he

MEMOIR OF THE MILFORD BARD.

fancied he saw her sitting in a chair, near his bed, leaning her head upon her hand, and gazing at him with a sorrowful look. Having studied the science of optics, he knew the cause of the apparition; but had he been ignorant, he would have sworn that he had seen a ghost. To prove that it was an illusion, he stretched his cane and passed it through the shadow of his beloved. When he rubbed his eyes she disappeared; because the optic nerves were then stimulated; but he could soon recall her by thinking of her. When he thought of the gold locket he had given her, she would arise; go to the bureau; pick it up; look at him sorrowfully, and burst into tears. As his nerves grew stronger, she came less and less frequently, until the false picture was entirely obliterated from the eye, and she came no more. In the same manner, persons with *Mania a potu* or madness from rum, see horrible objects in the room.

But to return. My friends at last confined me, and I determined to make the desperate attempt to throw off the habit of using opium. But I struggled in vain, for the chains of a demon were around me. My friends used every means to prevent me from getting the opium, but intense suffering caused me to seek every opportunity to obtain it. My agonies were beyond endurance, and one night, when all were asleep, I softly stole from the house and repaired to the office of my cousin, the Doctor. I knew where the laudanum bottle was, and with delirious joy I seized it, and drank four or five ounces; I knew it was four ounces for I measured it in a graduated glass. I then took enough to destroy eight or ten men. Oh! how different were my feelings when I returned home! I had in a few minutes passed from despair to perfect bliss. The next day I obtained opium, by stratagem, and continued the habit.

I recovered with a clean stomach, and continued a year to take the opium, until it again threw me into the same condition, and again I was induced to take ardent spirits. Every year this was repeated, and my friends thought I drank periodically.

At one time I was building an organ of five stops, and one night frenzied with opium and liquor, I imagined that I was in a bar-room, and that the front stop or row of open diapason pipes were the slats which enclosed the bar. I commenced tearing away the pipes to get in the bar, and it was some time before I discovered my mistake. I then repaired to my room, where I had many bottles of acids, &c., for chemical experiments, and seized a bottle containing nitric acid or aqua-fortis, drinking at the same time about half a gill. I perceived the mistake, and drank five ounces of oil, which saved me. My throat was so swollen that I could scarcely breathe.

Under the influence of liquor, superinduced by the use of opium, I once went out with some young men on the Delaware Bay to fish for drums. Towards sun-down the young men pulled for the shore, while I sat in the stern steering. When the boat struck the beach, all hands being much intoxicated, they seized the oars and leaped on shore; the tide which was strongly setting out to sea, carried me off in the boat rapidly, without a paddle or an oar, and without anything to bail the boat, which was rapidly filling with water. When a mile at sea, being an expert swimmer, I leaped into the boiling flood, and struck with "lusty sinews" for the shore. But the tide was too strong, and I returned to the boat, which was half full of water. Night was fast wrapping the foaming waves of the Bay in gloom, when some fishermen happened to discover me; launched a boat and came to my assistance. Long before we reached the shore my boat sunk. I had a spell of sickness; recovered still in the use of opium, and continued eighteen months before my stomach and brain were disordered

sufficiently to fall into the use of ardent spirits. So long as opium did not dethrone reason, the monarch of the mind, so long I avoided ardent spirits; but so soon as the Turkish tyrant caused aberration in any degree, I flew to liquor and was soon on top of the city. Under the influence of liquor and laudanum, I have often been in great danger. I have escaped imminent death in a hundred different ways—from the pistol, from poison by mistake, from the waves, from the snow-storm, when returning from a frolic in the country, when I was found by a Methodist preacher; from the dagger of the assassin, &c.

A gentleman in Baltimore desired me, in 1838, to go on to that city to write out a book for him, he having conceived a new system of agriculture. The hotel, at which I boarded, took fire in the night from a steam-engine in the rear; my trunk was plundered of money and clothing, and I found myself in the streets of a large city in a state of destitution for the first time in my life. Distress of mind caused me to use opium freely; before it disordered my stomach and brain sufficiently to cause me to drink, I was making by my pen a liberal salary. The usual result of using opium finally took place, and before I was aware of it, I found myself in a carriage at the gate of the Maryland Hospital, and two stout and strong men ready to take me to my room. Opium and liquor were both denied me, except a thimble-full per day, when I had been taking eight ounces of laudanum (half a pint,) or half an ounce of opium in the same time. Oh! the anguish that I suffered during three long weeks, not sleeping a moment in thirteen days and nights, for I could not sit still, stand still, or lie still one minute. I was almost blind from loss of sleep; my limbs jerked violently; cramps seized me in every limb; my nerves crawled like worms, and I was compelled to walk, walk, walk, until nature was exhausted, and I could scarcely drag one foot after the other.

One day, in perfect despair, I went down to dinner. The Doctor and the patients were seated at the table. I could not eat. I arose, and as I went up stairs I met the gate-keeper going down to see the Doctor. Good! I exclaimed to myself, the track is clear! Though extremely nervous, I ran into the yard; seized a piece of plank; placed it against the wall, and with a desperate effort I ascended and went over the wall; but I had smashed the gold lever watch in my vest fob; broke the heavy gold guard I wore, and dropped a gold key and seal on the inside of the wall. But I heeded it not. I ran to Baltimore street; leaped into a carriage, and told the driver to drive to the first drug store as if the devil were after him, assuring him that money was no object. Sure enough, I went up Baltimore street like the fluid along the electro-magnetic telegraph. I leaped out and told the druggist, who knew me and my habits, as all the principal citizens did—for I never hide my faults—I told him for God's sake to give me four ounces of laudanum as soon as possible. I swallowed it, and in half an hour I swallowed four ounces more. In one hour I was at ease and as happy a man as ever existed. But alas! I was again as deep as ever in the habit of using opium. Afraid to go home, lest my friends should send me back to the Hospital, I bought a shirt to put on the next morning, Sunday, and staid at a hotel, with the intention of paying a visit next day to a lady, who, some time before, had sent me her card, and of playing with her on the piano and accordeon.

Accordingly, next day I started up the street in high spirits to see her, for she was a celebrated beauty; but who should I meet but one of my friends, who had been most active in sending me to the Hospital. "Doctor," said he,

with surprise, "how did you get out of the Hospital?" Why, sir, said I, I jumped the wall.

The next day I went home, and during eleven months and three weeks I never touched ardent spirits; but during that time opium was bringing round the old results. I stepped in one day at Beltzhoover's hotel, and a southern gentleman hearing me called Bard, an appellation I was universally called by in Baltimore, he made himself known, and invited me to take some brandy. We drank several times of fourth proof, until the gentleman and myself were both glorious in the arms of Sir Richard Rum. How I got to Barnum's City Hotel I never could divine; but I got there without having my head broken on the pave by Sir Richard. Mr. Barnum, seeing me asleep on a settee that stood on the marble passage, took my watch off my neck and put it away, for fear I should be robbed when I should go out on the street. When I went out I was met by a cousin, an officer in one of the banks, who hailed me—

"Come, cousin John, will you take a ride?"

"Yes," said I, "if you'll let Sir Richard Rum and the Grand Turk go with me."

"Very well," returned he, smiling, "get into the cab."

I soon fell asleep upon his bosom, and when I awoke I was at the Hospital gate. Again I was cut off from opium; again I suffered horrors unutterable. I begged, I plead at the Doctor to give me laudanum enough to calm my system, but all in vain. I could not sleep, and passed the night in talking through the flue on literary subjects, to a person who occupied a room just above mine. Booth, the celebrated tragedian, was confined in the next room. The next day, worn out with misery, I resolved to have opium at all hazards. I bribed the coachman to bring it, and while he was gone, I slipped the Doctor's key, stole into his office, while he was standing on the long passage, filled my pint cup with brandy ten years old, and escaped unseen. In a little while I was immortally glorious. I seized a sheet, wrapped it around me, and flew up stairs. The ladies were at tea—no one was in the upper parlor. One of Pickering's grand pianos stood open before me. I sat down, and commenced playing in tones of thunder. The Doctor hearing the thundering bass in the Battle of Prague, came up, took me by the pulse and said, "Bard, you have been taking stimulus, where did you get it?" "Oh! Doctor," said I, "you cannot expect me to turn traitor against Sir Richard." Not understanding my allusion, he thought me delirious, and took me down to my room. The coachman brought me an ounce of opium; I took about one-quarter, slept soundly, and was well in a day or two, to the surprise of the Doctor, and was taken home by my friends, under the supposition that I was free from opium. I longed to be so, but the agonies of the rack were too great for my resolution, and in moments of suffering I unfortunately managed to obtain the drug, which in twenty years has cost me between two and three thousand dollars.

I now took opium, or rather laudanum, fifteen months before it superinduced drinking; but it finally resulted in the usual way. I became very delirious; arose from my bed at night; took two pair of pistols from my trunk; went wandering about the house, and got lost. I found a dress and bonnet belonging to a lady in the house; put them on; belted my pistols around me, and wandered into a room where two Spanish ladies were asleep, supposing the room to be mine. Opium had put the fancy into my head that I had been challenged to a duel, and having had some experience in that matter, I, as a true Blue Hen's chicken, was preparing for the occasion. Seeing the rosy cheeks of the

ladies, I began to suspect that I had got into the wrong pew. While contemplating slumbering beauty, the light awakened them, and seeing as they thought a woman with a belt full of pistols, they uttered such a wild scream as rung through the building, and called forth all hands and the cook to see what was the matter. A universal laugh at the figure I cut was the consequence.

My limits will permit me to mention but a few of the miseries I have endured, and many ludicrous scenes, which would excite the laugh at my expense, are omitted. Thank God, my friend, Dr. Askew, of Wilmington, has freed me from my greatest enemy, opium, and by good nursing I am recovering my health, notwithstanding my death has been reported over the city. *Mortuus est.* But a dead man does not eat a pound of broiled beef-steak and toast drowned in butter, with a quart of coffee for his breakfast. Doctor Askew has taken great interest in my welfare, and struck at the root of the matter. He warned the druggists not to sell opium to me. When suffering I tried to obtain it, but as they say in Baltimore, *I couldn't come it.* Dr. Askew is the first physician that ever was too cunning for me, and I shall love him for it as long as my heart continues to beat. The hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen who visited me, principally strangers, were watched lest they should smuggle me opium. The Doctor, in getting ahead of me, certainly belongs to the fast line. Had he bestowed upon me a fortune in gold, and suffered me still to remain in the habit of using opium, he would not have conferred upon me half the blessing he has now done. In being freed from the use of the drug, I have suffered a hundred deaths, though the Doctor mitigated my pangs as much as possible, by the administration of morphine in small doses; by sympathizing with me in my agonies, and by encouraging me to endure every thing for the sake of being free from that curse which has obnubilated my intellect; for I know not what it might have been, had I never fallen into the habits of using opium and liquor. I am no longer stupid—my mind is one hundred per cent. brighter, and it will still increase a thousand per cent. when, in the course of some weeks, I am restored to health.

To Mr. Jeandell, one of the proprietors of the Blue Hen's Chicken, who arrested me in my wild career, as well as to Dr. Askew, who has treated me like a brother, and put himself to much trouble to prevent the possibility of my obtaining opium, I owe an eternal debt of gratitude. The Doctor has performed the labors of Alcides, commonly called Hercules. He has cleansed the Augæan Stables; he has slain the Nemæan Lion; he has crushed the Lernæan Serpent, and strangled the mighty Antæus of habit. He has rent asunder the chains beneath which I groaned, and to gratify his humane heart, I have solemnly pledged myself that when I go forth into the world thoroughly restored to health, I will never touch opium again; and in shunning that drug, I shall for ever be free from the use of liquor. I wish my friends to stick a pin here, and let me warn others against the habit of using opium, for it is a demon far more terrific than Sir Richard Rum. Beware of it, for it will betray you into the arms of Sir Richard. My friends, Professors Monkur and Annan, of Baltimore, assured me that so long as I used opium, so long would I be liable to fall into the use of ardent spirits periodically.

In the above graphic detail of melancholy events, induced by the use of liquor and opium, the reader has a brief epitome of the Bard's life for twenty

years and more. During that time he made frequent efforts to break off from his unfortunate habits. He submitted to many inconveniences and privations, such as voluntary imprisonment; confinement in the houses of his friends; removal from opportunities of association in society to solitary places, &c. In a number of instances, after long abstinence, he was confident that the moral force had triumphed, and that he was freed from the influence of the tempter. He has exulted in the victory, and celebrated the happy event, both in prose and poetic composition. His struggles to be released from the iron fetters of the demon of his besetments, are so many proofs of the high estimate he placed upon virtuous character, and his great anxiety to attain eminence in its possession. None but those who have experienced the burning desire for the drug that produced his delirium, can estimate or appreciate the wretchedness of his situation when it was denied him, and when he voluntarily placed himself beyond its reach. In the nervous excitement under which his system was tortured, death would have afforded him relief, and there is no doubt but that he frequently endured a physical agony which it was impossible even for himself to describe.

The unfortunate habits of the Bard disqualified him for the pursuit of any regular business. He made the attempt several times to keep himself employed, so that he might resist the attack of his enemy, but the result, in every case, proved that he was not sufficient for the task. The indefinite process by which his early education was pursued, and the indecision that was allowed to mark the advance of his maturity, disqualified him for the exercise of that moral control, without which a man becomes the sport of passion—the plaything of a wild and wayward chance-fortune. Without the power of controlling circumstances, in his weakness, circumstances controlled *him*, and he went on through life like a man that was blindfolded, and yet compelled to work his way amid the crowds of a busy city. His history shows how one false step may lead the subject of it astray, and cause him to wind his way through a labyrinth of darkness and difficulty, with but little prospect of release from the bewildering mazes of his gloomy and uncertain pathway.

For a number of years while the Bard resided in Baltimore, and afterwards in Wilmington, he employed himself in writing for the press and the public. His productions for the press consisted in productions almost exclusively of a literary character. His writings for the public were miscellaneous and greatly varied. They consisted chiefly in scientific and popular lectures, orations and addresses of different kinds; and poetry upon an indefinite variety of subjects and occasions. For some of his productions he was tolerably well remunerated; for others he was but poorly paid. He managed, however, in general to secure a livelihood. His correspondence in his pursuit of preparing orations and addresses, and writing poetry for persons less gifted than himself, is of a highly interesting character. A few extracts will serve as well to amuse the reader, as to show the nature of the correspondence, the kind of service he

was called upon to render, and the manner in which he was paid for his services. The letters are quoted verbatim. The following letter is written in a very fair hand, and apparently by one somewhat advanced in age.

“—— January 31 1846

“MILFORD BARD ESQ

“Dear Sir—I take the Liberty to call on you as you promised me to Compose me a pease and if you will I will feale mySelf Very much indebted to you and will never forget you for it.

“I am your Obt S.

R—— E——

“P S. and if you requier a compensation for it you shall have it.

“I am about to quart a yongng Lady who I love sincearly.”

The following is in a good hand, and seems to have been written by a much younger correspondent.

“—— March 28, 1848

“TO THE MILFORD BARD

“Dear Sir—My object in addressing you at this time is to request you to write for me a piece of *Poetry* consisting of about twenty lines, or more if necessary I want it for a Ladies Album. As to the title of the article I want, I am at a loss to know what to term it

“You might speak of my first sight of her which was about two years ago. She resides in the Country, near the City. I was out there to Church on Sabbath at the time spoken of above, and as I came out the Church I saw her for the first time. Speak of the impreasion that sight made upon me, which has never been eradicated to day. As her residence is on a high hill which overlooks the City of Monuments it would well to speak of the high and elevated position she occupies in the world and in my affections.

“Also may the high position she occupies, may it ever image to her mind the great height which it is her priviledge to attain to in Christian perfection, and the high position which it is my desire she may attain to in the kingdom of glory above

“Not knowing positively your location I have not sent the money for fear it will not reach you in Safety. But If you write to me immediately on the receipt of this and let me know the price I will remit the amount prior to the receipt of the article.

“If it is convenient I should like to have the article by friday of this week. I will want several other pieces written soon.

“Your old friend,

S——”

“—— January 1 1848

“TO MILFORD BARD

“Enclosed I send you \$3 Presuming that it is all you would charge me for the lines I want you to compose and forward by mail. this is a thick settled Country the West part of N. C—and if I can throw any thing in the way of the Md Bard (as I am now doing) I will do so. But to the point. I want a poetic addressed to a young lady whose name is Isabella, my Friend saw her (or you may say Me at present) at Mount H—— a methodist Chapel in the Country. I want it in plain verse or poetry, the Girl is Eighteen, Black

Eyes, Beautiful Auburn hair and the most beautiful Natural Curls you ever have seen. my Friend Loved her and the Feeling was doubley reciprocate and an almost weekly intercourse was kept up until lately. in your lines to Isabel you may take the best notice of this you think best. my F proposes to commence a Fresh with the Spring, or it will somewhat depend on the Efect produced by your Composition; (her Father is dead) She has lately had a suitor whose name I send you to use in the poetry if you think proper—it is—— My Friend was Slandered during his visits to I—— and he thinks that was the cause of her very sudden change &c She was once playful and kind. Now she is disposed otherwise, and we wish to draw her out fully through our Friend M—B— Please attend immediately and send to

“Your Friend,

S——

“P S 18 years old—lives in the Country Black Eyes—Auburn hair, Curls Beautifully. Father dead—last rival —— discarded. Met at Mount H—— last 4th July Love on First sight—good feeling until lately—we want to know the Cause—basely slandered a coldness Folved—The slander was a charge of dealing too Free with the Critter or Intemperance. Tis not true The initials of my friend are T J—— My Friend T J—— is a clever Fellow and I want you to do him all the Justice you can & oblige S——”

“—— November 6 1848

“DR JOHN LOFLAND

“Sir—It is my intention to present a young lady who is to be my companion through life with my Daguerotype likeness in a golden locket—As it is my wish to present it in Poetry and as I am not competent of writing such a piece I therefore write wishing you to write me a piece suitable for the presentation of such a present. As for describing her minutely it is out of my power. Her age is —— years beautiful form—fair skin Cold black hair and eyes, rosy cheeks, beautiful lips and teeth and ever wearing a cheerful and lively countenance In fact she is possessed of Nature’s finest stamp of beauty. and besides all this her intellectual and mental powers are very great.

“It is not altogether upon her beauty that I wish you to write, but the manner in which she must accept of it—that it is the picture of her devoted lover and intended companion, and while she keeps it in possession, she must reject all others that offer to her their hands. Enclosed you will find a One dollar bill, which I suppose is the amount you charge

“Respectfully yours &c

A H W—— M. D.

“P S. Send it as soon as you can write it. Direct it to your old friend A H W—— I shall send for a great many more in a few weeks.”

“—— May 3d, 1849.

“MILFORD BARD, Esq.

“My Dear Sir—My object in addressing you this letter is I want to know what you will charge for writing an oration suitable for a Fourth of July oration 20 minutes long in the same style as the “*Course of Time*” is written in. I admire that piece as among the ablest ever wrote I want you to let me know what you will charge and I think there is no doubt we will strike a bargain.

“Yours very respectfully,

F—— S——”

“ ——— May 31 1847

“*My Dear Sir*—Yours of the 17th came to hand I want you without further delay to write me an oration and when you receive my next it will contain \$10 I am about out of money at present I must have the oration. I would just say to you that I have a loud and distinct voice. My gestures are perfectly natural and easy, and not acquired. Please give me a “*Touch of the sublime*” Speak of our army in Mexico in glowing colors and brilliant language. I have no doubt it will be published.

“ Yours truly F—— —”

“ ——— June 15 1847

“*Dear Sir*—I begin to feel very apprehensive of a very serious disappointment as I have not heard any thing from you lately about my 4th of July oration. I hope I shall hear from you as soon as possible.

“ Yours F—— —

“ ——— June 27 1847

“ DR. LOFLAND

“*Sir*—I have been anxiously waiting to hear from you in relation to my fourth of July oration. The time is drawing near and you have not sent it. I shall not even now have time to study it properly; and if I do not get it soon I shall be disgraced. Please write the oration and send it at once as it is a source of great trouble and uneasiness to me.

F—— —.”

Whether or not the uneasy applicant received his oration, there is now no opportunity of ascertaining. The applicant himself, if he is living, is probably the only one that can give the information. It is not unlikely that the Bard was at the time in one of his opium aberrations and that the oration was not forthcoming. He was always, when himself, prompt in his reply to correspondents, and wrote the papers for which application was made, whether he was paid for the labor or not.

The correspondence from which the above letters are selected, is extensive, and contains a great variety of applications upon almost every department of his unique profession. Some of the letters are of a very amusing character. A number of applications from prospective graduates in institutions, both collegiate and medical, shows how considerably the Bard has contributed to the interest of such occasions, and to the popularity of the efforts of the young aspirants. The limit allowed to this sketch, will not admit of a more extensive publication of the correspondence. The names of the writers are generally signed to their letters, and if published with the correspondence, a considerable stir might be made among the literary and professional aspirants of the day. In one instance an order was given for half a dozen poetical articles to be published in as many periodicals; another correspondent contracts for an article per month to be contributed by him to a monthly magazine.

The Bard's residence in Baltimore was rendered extremely interesting by the sympathy that prevailed in his behalf, especially among the ladies. Whenever

he was prostrated by sickness, superinduced by his use of opium, he received every token of kindness, in the way of presents of sweetmeats, and the numerous delicacies of the different seasons. For these evidences of regard he was always grateful, and some times noticed them in his contributions to the press. The former volume of his Poetical and Prose Writings, published by him, was dedicated to the "Ladies of Baltimore," who showed their kindness to him "in sickness and under other circumstances of affliction."

The publisher of this and also of a former volume of the writings of the Bard, Mr. John Murphy, was to him, a valuable friend and adviser. He assisted him in various ways, and undertook the responsibility of publishing his works in order to aid him in securing the means of support. The previous volume was issued entirely at the risk of Mr. Murphy, and without the prospect of pecuniary advantage. When the book was published, he used every exertion to secure for it an extensive circulation, with which the Bard was highly gratified, and frequently acknowledged his friendship, and the great service he had done him. If any profit of consequence is realized from the effort it must be from the present volume.

It was at the request of the Bard that the Editor of this, collected and arranged the matter for the volume previously published by Mr. Murphy. The entire labor of preparing that volume for the press and of examining the sheets as they were printed, was committed to his hands, the Bard at the time not being able to attend to it himself. He has in a number of instances among his literary and other friends, expressed his gratitude both to Mr. Murphy and the writer of this sketch for the services rendered him.

After his removal from Baltimore, which he expressed great regret in leaving, he made his residence in the City of Wilmington, of his native State, Delaware. There he became connected with the "Blue Hen's Chicken," one of the most interesting and popular newspapers ever published in Delaware. It was at that time owned by Messrs. Jeandell & Vincent, gentlemen of enterprise and energy of character, and well qualified for the management of a literary and commercial periodical. Of this paper the Bard became one of the editors, and was for several years the principal literary contributor. Some of his best and most interesting productions were prepared for it. His residence in Wilmington was of a most interesting character. As in Baltimore, he gathered around him a circle that sympathized with him under all circumstances. In many instances he was ministered to by his friends as though he were a favorite child, and needed the attentions and affectionate services of those around him. To Mr. Jeandell, whom he regarded as a warm devoted friend, he frequently alluded in terms of high regard and affection. His contributions to his periodical were generally founded upon facts. Some of them excited great interest on that account. The main features of the Tale of the "Wizard of Valley Forge," were facts, which were well remembered by the inhabitants of that vicinity. They were communicated to the Bard while on a visit to the

place in company with his friend Mr. Jeandell, for the purpose of obtaining the information. The story of the "Broken Heart" obtained a very extensive circulation. The principal circumstances narrated were true. The following letters upon the subject, written to the Editors and Publishers of the "Blue Hen's Chicken," and the Bard, will doubtless be read with interest.

"——— Sept. 14th, 1848.

"Dear Sir—In consultation with some intimate friends this morning and further reflection, there appears to be but one opinion respecting the publication *at this time* of the tale in question, ("The Broken Heart,") and that is, that it would be highly improper to do so.

"The facts as my esteemed friend, the Bard, has narrated them, would be recognized here at once, and would produce another round of borough gossip dragging in the lamented subject of it, who now sleeps in death. It would probably, too, be considered by some as though this course was necessary to bolster up a *doubtful character*, which no one here will dare to assert.

"There are other reasons for withholding the publication of it at this time, among which is the fact, that the friends of the deceased have not yet returned from Ohio. They are anxious also to remove her remains to her native town. At this moment, perhaps, they are on their way hither.

"I am well aware of the anxiety of some of your readers to have the tale published, as they are indeed to have every emanation from the pen of the gifted Bard, and no one, I assure you, devours his productions more greedily than your humble correspondent, but unfortunately this matter is so pointed, and the town so located in which it occurred, that it would be improper at this time to publish it.

"Inasmuch as you have mentioned in your last paper that the publication of it had been postponed, no further notice of it whatever is required now, and I presume the postponement will not interfere with your arrangements, especially as the Bard can soon favor you with a substitute. At a future day I will certainly give permission to publish it.

"When the Bard shall have concluded the narrative, will you favor me with the manuscript? I should like very much to read it, and in a short time, when all excitement shall have been allayed here, I will return it for publication. Please let me hear from you on the subject.

"In great haste, your friend, ——— ——"

The above letter has no address but is presumed to be to Messrs. Jeandell & Vincent. The following is addressed to the Milford Bard :

"——— Oct. 27, 1848.

"Dear Sir—The chief objection I had to the publication of the tale of "The Broken Heart" has been removed, and although I fear it will give a notoriety which perhaps will be of no advantage *to me*, yet I do not longer object because I feel desirous that the world may know the length the demon of malice can go in the blasting of the character of a virtuous female. *A more base, wanton and damnable accusation* was never brought against any living being than that which persecuted to the death, the beautiful, the beloved and virtuous —— Well might she have exclaimed, as she frequently did, that she 'wished she were in her grave.' Only the day before her death, after writing a most affectionate

and touching letter to her mother, and another to him upon whom she looked as a benefactor and guardian—her truest and best friend, she said to her cousins who were at her side, "I am sick, very sick, BUT I DO NOT FEAR DEATH!" What a triumphant,—glorious exclamation for one so near the grave? What stronger rebuke could she have expressed of the wickedness of her slanderers? What more consoling declaration could she have uttered to her parents and friends?

"Yours, truly, _____"

"TO THE MILFORD BARD."

The following note was appended to Messrs. Jeandell and Vincent:

"If the location can be changed, so as not to mention our Borough in the Tale, I would prefer it. I hesitate to ask the favor, fearing it may not meet the approbation of the Bard. _____"

A number of the productions of the Bard contained in the present volume of his works, were founded upon incidents familiar to the inhabitants of the places where the events narrated transpired. They are now in the possession of many persons who can testify to them authoritatively. The vein of morality which runs through those incidents of life, as they may be called, is good, and will doubtless have a salutary effect upon the readers of the volume generally.

The writings of the Bard during his residence in Baltimore and Wilmington obtained for him a widely extended notoriety; and his efforts were, in many instances, succeeded by marks of public approbation. He was elected an honorary member of the Belles-Lettres Society of Dickinson College. The college is situated in Carlisle, Pa. The like honor was conferred upon him by the Union Literary Society of Washington College, Washington, Pa., and by the Phrenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.

While the Bard was in the active pursuit of his labors in Wilmington, he was suddenly attacked by the illness which terminated in his death. He was writing the story of "The Betrayer, or the Fair Penitent of Wilmington," a story in which he was himself, as before stated, one of the principal characters. He had proceeded but a little way with the second number, when he was obliged to stop, and was conducted to his bed, from which he never arose. The following are the last words he wrote of the story, which is in a state too unfinished to be presented to the reader: "Amanda hesitated—she was startled. She felt that she was under the power of an enchanter. Her gentle heart palpitated with love and fear!—her soul was —."

A note by the editor contains all the information that can be given in relation to the subject. The following is the note:

"The above are the last lines ever written by the Milford Bard. As he wrote the words—"her soul was"—sudden sickness seized him. He dropped his pen, and never wrote a line again. The conclusion of the Fair Penitent, an incident in the Bard's own life, will therefore for ever remain a mystery."

An editorial which appeared in a previous number expresses the editor's opinion of the production, and gives some idea of its appreciation by the public, as also the estimate that was placed upon the tale of "The Broken Heart."

"THE BETRAYER, OR THE FAIR PENITENT OF WILMINGTON.—We shall publish in our next paper the first part of the above thrilling tale, by the Milford Bard, whose stories, as well as other writings, are exciting an interest in other cities and towns that is truly gratifying to us. We have just received a letter from Salem, New Jersey, with orders for our paper, in which the gentlemanly writer says, that there is a 'perfect mania' there for the Bard's writings. It is no wonder, for they are full of tenderness and feeling—they come *from* and *go to* the heart. This story will be the most interesting to our citizens of any the Bard has ever written, because it will not only be a local tale, every scene of which was enacted in Wilmington, but it is a true tale, and the Bard, himself, is one of the characters. Some of the love scenes, between Lothario and Amanda, are powerfully described, and calculated to touch the heart of sensibility. The scene, too, between Mr. Blondville and Lothario, when the former charges the latter with betraying Amanda St. Clair,—when he collars him, and they cling, and Mrs. Blondville throws herself between them, regardless of danger,—when pistols are sought for in the closet;—but what are we doing? We are giving the reader the secret of the plot, and thereby abridging the pleasure of the perusal. We will say no more on the subject.

"Of the tale of 'The Broken Heart,' we put on the press a tremendous extra edition; so large that we were fearful that a great portion would remain on our hands; yet, by the time the tale was finished, they were gone—we were unable to furnish a single set of the numbers. Of 'The Betrayer,' we shall put to press a still larger extra edition, for we are not only called on by single non-subscribers, but we have orders for large numbers of our papers containing the stories of the Bard. We foresee that great curiosity will be excited in this city, to know who the characters are in this story, which we assure our readers is true to the letter, and transpired in this city but a short time since. Every scene is described, as we are informed by the Bard, just as it occurred. We have seen the lovely Amanda St. Clair, and though the Bard has given a voluptuous description of her, if we may use his words, yet he has not exaggerated her charms. She is indeed fascinating, and it is no wonder that Lothario loved her."

The last letter of the Bard, which was written a short time before his death, shows the condition of his mind and feelings in view of his anticipated decease. It is expressive of a strange mingling of religious sentiment and resignation and dread of the pains of dissolution,—of doubt and hope,—of uncertainty and despair. It is the sad prelude of a result that might well have been anticipated of a life of waywardness and sensual indulgence. The letter was printed after the Bard's decease, preceded by explanatory editorial remarks in the periodical of which he was for several years the literary editor. The remark and letter are as follow:

"THE MILFORD BARD."

"The following letter of our deceased friend, was written to William T. Jeandell, the senior Editor of this paper, after one of the 'Bard's' unfortunate sprees, during which a slight falling out had occurred between them. The pure Christian spirit of forgiveness and love gushes forth from a good heart, like the cooling water from a spring in the desert. It is in some parts almost prophetic, particularly as to the time of his death.

"TO MR. WILLIAM T. JEANDELL.

"With feelings of despair at the prospect before me; the prospect of a short life, of constant sighs, tears and groans; of sleepless nights, and days of anguish, while as decay goes on, Death will stare me in the face.—With the consciousness that I have the melancholy evidence in my own breast, that I am doomed to run the same short race that my beloved sister ran, I cannot be satisfied without disclosing to you the present state of my mind, and the present sentiments of my heart. My reasons for doing so, are—that I may be suddenly snatched out of the world, either by the arm of Omnipotence, or by my own hand; for I candidly confess to you, that when I now reflect upon the bright prospects of earlier and happier years, and contrast them with those of the present—when I think of the life I have led, and above all, that I have been instrumental in signing the death-warrant which I this moment feel in my left breast, despair comes upon my heart like an icy flood; the world grows dark before me, and I am strongly tempted to steal to some lonely spot, and put an end to the fitful fever of life. You, no doubt, think from my sad look and silent manner, that there is anger in my heart; but, oh! could you look into that heart you would find no trace of anger or animosity—nothing but despair.

"It is my desire to take the warning I have had, and, in the language of a pious old gentleman in Baltimore, 'to post up my books in this world and prepare for another.' I wish to die as a man should die; with fortitude, resignation and decency. I can truly say that I have no particular desire to live in this world, for it has long since ceased to give me any pleasure. I do not fear death—it is only the manner of it; the thought of lingering for months in agonizing misery. No, I often wish, in my calmest moments, that I were in the grave. All that now harrows up my soul is, that I have signed and sealed my own death-warrant. I am going or have started in the very path that my sister trod to the grave, and could I go down as she did, with a conscience void of offence, I would not complain.

"I desire to alter my life in toto, and to live and die in peace with all mankind. I can truly say, that I do not harbor an ill-feeling towards any man, and it is my desire to do all the good I can, towards my fellow-men, while I live. From my knowledge of disease of the lungs, I know full well that I shall not live to see the year 1850; and, therefore, it is time for me to think seriously, and make my peace with God and man. I have outlived all my own brothers and sisters. They all died at an earlier age than I now am, and I have from year to year expected to receive the summons. I received it on the last Fourth of July. On that day I took a long walk into the country, and walked rapidly several miles, for exercise. I felt no way sick until about one minute before the attack came on, when a deathly sickness came over me. I sat down under a tree, to vomit, as I thought, when blood came gushing out at my mouth. Its redness proved it to be from the lungs. I thought I should bleed to death, and

resigned myself. How long I remained there, or whether I fainted, I do not know. I afterward took medicine to relieve me. This was not on the Brandywine; I was not there that day. The next day I felt very unhappy, and went down there. While there, I threw up blood again, and one of the men said it was a bad sign. I came home and went to bed, determined to be quiet. Should any thing happen by which I should be suddenly snatched out of the world, I will thank you if you will inform my mother of the event.

"I have written this that you may know my mind and sentiments. If despair does not hurry me to distraction, I wish to alter my life in every respect. In other words, to become a better man and die decently. * * * * *

"Henceforth I will be at enmity with no human being. My late misfortune has brought me to my senses. When I am dead I know you will not remember me in anger, and will not think me the worst, though the weakest of men. I am eccentric, but my heart is not evil. In my present state of feeling and resolve, I desire to be friendly with you, as well as all my fellow-men. I hope that nothing will ever again mar the good feeling between us. It would render me in my present state, very unhappy, were I to think that you would not forget and forgive the past. Strange as it may seem, I have never felt that I could do you an injury. I may have said harsh things in drunken madness, but never when in my reason. I have ever felt that you was my nearest friend, since I came to Wilmington, and though I have been strange in my ways and manners, I can say in the presence of God, that I have never seen the moment when in my reason, that I could have injured you. For the truth of this, as a dying man, I call God to witness, before whose bar I must ere long stand. Think not, then, that I have any ill-feeling towards you. In the sincerity of my heart, I hope God may bless you with long life, prosperity and happiness. The day will come, my dear fellow, when you will think of me with pity and sorrow, when I shall be slumbering in the cold grave. In writing this letter, I have discharged some of the feelings of my heart, and I do not feel so melancholy. To fall out with a friend is equal to a spell of sickness, to me, of a week's duration. Such a thing shall never occur again, if I can help it. Again, I wish you to consider me friendly, though sad, and that I feel no anger toward any human being, much less towards you.

"Yours in heartfelt friendship and sadness,

"JOHN LOFLAND."

After a brief illness the Bard paid the great debt of nature on the 22d day of January, 1849. He died in the fifty-first year of his age, in the midst of a large circle of friends, many of whom were very much devoted to him, and were greatly affected at his unexpected decease. In accordance with his own request, he was buried in the Cemetery of St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, by the side of his sister, Mrs. S. V. Chambers, wife of the Rev. Corry Chambers, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. During the whole of his life he was very much attached to this sister. A few weeks before his death he visited her grave, and gave vent to his feelings while standing by the monument erected over her remains, in one of his most tender poetic effusions. It will be found in this volume.

Of the writings of the Bard, a great proportion of which are collected in this volume, the reader will judge for himself. They are of various degrees of

merit, and will doubtless afford both pleasure and profit in their perusal. The most of them appear to have been written with ease, and in a pleasantly glowing style. They afford indications of the buoyant spirits of the Bard, as well as of a religious impress, which, in spite of his wanderings, had its influence upon his mind. He composed with facility. Perhaps the most prominent characteristic of his poetry is the ease with which it appears to have been written. The following lines, a copy of which was found among his papers, were composed, in a few minutes, in the house of the writer of this memoir, upon whom he called to make the compliments of the season on Christmas day, 1842. On being informed by the servant that the family were out, he took a slip of paper and a pencil from his pocket, and placing the paper against the wall, wrote the lines.

To my friend M'Giltau:

According to my promise made last year,
I've called again, but find you are not here.
O may the blessed boon to us be given,
To meet together at the gates of Heaven;
There may we tune the holy harps above,
And gather laurels in the land of love—
There in the blooming garden of our God,
Beyond the dreary, all-entombing sod,
When suns and stars and systems shall consume,
And vast creation crumble in the tomb,
O may we mingle with the mighty throng,
And sing through heaven an endless, joyous song!

Votre tres humble serviteur,

Christmas Day, 1842.

MILFORD BARD.

N. B. As I last Christmas day was here,
I'll call again this time next year.

The Bard appears to have entertained a high regard for religion, although he does not seem to have had any definite views of the subject. Nearly all the religious instruction he received was communicated by his mother, who was herself, for some time after her marriage, deprived of the opportunity of intercourse with religious society. The family of his father was connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, but for forty or fifty years there was no clergyman in the vicinity of his residence, and of course no service was held there. It was not until the year 1836, when the Bard was in his thirty-eighth year, that the old Savana Church, near Milford, then in ruins, was revived by the Rev. Corry Chambers. The Bard's habits were then fixed, and he had progressed considerably in his wayward career. His mother joined the Methodist society, but the Bard was never inclined to follow her example. His sister,

the wife of the Rev. Mr. Chambers, was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Chambers was a woman of considerable energy and talent. Her letters were well written, and of highly interesting character. She composed and published a number of poetical articles. Some of them appeared in the periodicals of the neighborhood in which she lived. The following is copied from the "Blue Hen's Chicken."

Pleasure.

BY S. V. CHAMBERS.

SOME are toiling hard for pleasure,
In the fleeting things of time;
Hoarding up their earthly treasure,
Digging deep in sorrow's mine.

Some the midnight lamp are burning,
Lost in books they sit alone;
Thinking that a store of learning,
May for wealth and health atone.

Others to the wars are speeding,
Seeking for a wreath of fame;
Death, nor blood, nor carnage heeding,
So they gain a warrior's name.

Some for beauty now are sighing,
Using every hidden art;
Paint and powder oft applying,
To enchain some roving heart.

Some are wasting precious hours,
In the ball-room, o'er the bowl;
Heeding not the storm that lowers,
O'er the much neglected soul?

Why should mortals thus be drinking,
Pleasure in the things of time;
Never once of judgment thinking,
Or the blacken'd list of crime?

Cease to court this earthly stranger,
Stop and spend a solemn thought;
The soul is precious, why endanger,
That which is so dearly bought.

The death of the Bard produced a considerable sensation in Wilmington, and was succeeded by the regret of his friends in Baltimore and elsewhere. A number of pieces were written upon his death, most of which were published in the Blue Hen's Chicken. With the insertion of two of these we close this brief memoir.

A Dirge on the Death of the Milford Bard.

BY ROMEO.

THE shaft of Death with fatal aim,
 Has pierced the tuneful throng,
 And high within the dome of fame,
 Has slain a child of song.
 That mind of genius and of lore,
 Touch'd with Promethean fire,
 Alas! its music swells no more
 Among the earthly choir;
 Cold is the hand that touched the string,
 And hushed the chords symphonious ring,
 And broken is his lyre.

No more the rosy wreath he'll twine,
 From legendary flowers;
 No more he'll lead the tuneful Nine
 To trip in fancy's bowers;
 No more he'll sing his country's fame.
 Warm'd by her heroes' fire;
 Quench'd is the patriotic flame
 That did those thoughts inspire;
 Cold lies in death his honored brow,
 His heart is still and pulseless now,
 And broken is his lyre.

No more his soul that lyre shall tune
 With sweet enchanting spell,
 Like warbling birds in lovely June,
 Or harp Æolian's swell;
 No more will beauty's rosy blush,
 His melting muse inspire,
 Or his responsive feelings gush
 Upon the trembling wire;
 Chilled is that heart's impulsive move,
 That felt the thrilling touch of love,
 And broken is his lyre.

But friends bereav'd refrain from woe,
 There's peace for him you love,

MEMOIR OF THE MILFORD BARD.

Though one less harp is heard below,
 There is one more above;
 Although he sleeps beneath the sod,
 A form without its fire,
 His soul ascendeth to his God,
 Among the happy choir;
 And there with that seraphic throng,
 He joins with an immortal tongue,
 And strikes anew his lyre.

 An Humble Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MILFORD BARD.

THE Bard that erst so sweetly sung,
 To the cold and silent grave hath gone;
 His lyre hangs on the yew, unstrung—
 His chamber is all dark and lone.
 The Poet's soul, its mystic flight
 Hath winged from this drear world of sin,
 Upward, to those glorious realms of light,
 Whose courts no sorrow reigns within.
 His lifeless body, let us bear,
 And lay it in a marble tomb;
 And let us ever nurture there
 The Amaranth's unfading bloom.

THE WIZARD OF VALLEY FORGE,

OR THE

Revenge of the Mysterious Man.

CHAPTER I.

“ Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.”—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.



ON the 11th of December, 1777, was seen the American Army, consisting of 12,000 regulars, and 3,000 militia, under the command of the now world-worshipped Washington, on the road from White Marsh to Valley Forge; and a more miserable looking army never followed that redoubtable hero John Falstaff, of whom the immortal Shakspeare has given us so graphic a description. But notwithstanding their miserable appearance, never did a braver set of men endure hardships in the cause of liberty—hardships that would appal the stoutest at the present time, and such as are unknown to our soldiers at this day.

No language is adequate to the task of describing the privations and sufferings through which these self-devoted men passed, that they and their posterity might enjoy the blessings of freedom. Shoes and shirts were a luxury among them. Thousands were barefooted, and as they trod with their scarred and cracked feet the frozen ground, they left their tracks in blood. Some poor fellows could boast of having one whole shirt, which, when taken off, would almost be moved

by vermin; some had only a piece of one, while the greater part had none at all. To cap the climax of misery, but a very few had the luxury of a blanket in which to wrap themselves at night, and as straw could not be obtained, the greater part were under the necessity of sleeping on the humid ground, fast to which they were not unfrequently found frozen in the morning.

Scarcely had Washington established himself in his winter-quarters, ere it was found that the magazines did not contain much more than a single day's provision. Benumbed with cold, and enfeebled by hunger, disease was the consequence; and the hospitals were filled up as fast as the dead were removed. A fatal fetor arose from the multitude of sick soldiers, confined in badly constructed buildings, and hospital fever was the consequence, which could not be alleviated or warded off by wholesome diet, change of linen, and proper medicines, as none of them were to be had. Even the coarsest diet, and that in small quantities, was scarcely attainable.

More than three thousand of these brave men were exempted from duty on account of their nakedness, and the sufferings they endured from intense cold. "The patience with which these patriotic votaries of freedom endured such complicated evils," says a distinguished female historian, "is, we believe, without a parallel in history. To go to battle, cheered by the trumpet and the drum, with victory or the speedy bed of honor before the soldier, requires a heroic effort; much more to starve, to freeze, to lie down and die, in silent obscurity. Sparta knew the names of the three hundred who fell for her at the Pass of Thermopylæ; but America knows not the names of the hundreds who perished for her in the Camp of Valley Forge."

But though their names are unknown, their memory has been immortalized on the imperishable pages of history as martyrs, who perished to perpetuate the sacred principles of freedom, and the glorious privileges we enjoy; and which we are bound, by every impulse of honor and gratitude, to transmit untarnished to the millions yet unborn. Ye mothers of America—ye daughters of the illustrious women of SEVENTY-SIX; teach your sons and daughters the story of the mighty sacrifice; of the melancholy martyrdom of those who immolated themselves on the sacred altar of their country—teach them the story of the suffering and death which the heroic sons and daughters of Seventy-Six endured, that they may learn the price of liberty; that they may realize the value of the virtues that achieved it; and of the privileges they enjoy;

and that their hearts may be imbued with a sense of the gratitude they owe to the illustrious men who planned, and the brave soldiers who battled and bled for freedom. The virtues and the valor of those men and mothers must not be forgotten. They must brighten still brighter, as they roll down the restless tide of time; and the youth of our country shall catch inspiration from the deathless deeds recorded on the record of renown, and at the shrines of those martyrs of emancipated America.

There were several causes to which the sad and suffering condition of the American army could be traced, the first of which I shall mention, is that of bills of credit, which had depreciated in value one-fourth. Linen and leather had become extremely scarce, and contracts had been entered into by the commissaries, at ten per cent. more than the price at which they were sold. Congress refused to accede to this arrangement, and stipulated that bills of credit should be paid as specie for supplies. The result was, that the materials could not be procured on these conditions; for the paper currency was vastly depreciated, and all articles of consumption had advanced in price.

To add to the distress of the great and good Washington, many of his bravest and brightest officers resigned their stations in the army, disgusted at the degraded situation in which they were placed; for, after having spent their private fortunes in endeavoring to support the dignity to which they were entitled, they found, that so far from being able to make a respectable appearance, and live as officers of rank should live, they were unable to procure the necessaries of life.

To cap the climax of Washington's troubles, and to show his virtues in still brighter light, intrigues were got up against that great man, and all the influences of envy and calumny were brought to blast him. The object was to disgust him with his situation as commander-in-chief, and thus drive him from the army; that General Gates might be promoted, whose fame was just then in its zenith, on account of his brilliant success in the capture of Burgoyne and his whole army.

One of the principal men engaged in this attempt to break down Washington, was General Conway, from France, a wily intriguer, and charged with being the author of the letters signed D'Lisle. He represented to all the members of Congress that there was no order or regulation in the Camp at Valley Forge, and he was appointed inspector-general by Congress. Congress received a remonstrance from Pennsylvania, censuring in strong language


the measures of Washington: and another from members from Massachusetts, Samuel Adams being one of them. They were displeased that a Virginian should command the army, instead of one of their own generals, whom they ranked as superior to Washington. Gates and Mifflin, both believed to be engaged in the machinations against the commander-in-chief, were placed at the head of a board of war; and Congress, at the suggestion of this board, ordered an expedition against Canada, without consulting Washington. He was ordered to detach La Fayette for the object, but he was recalled from Albany, and the expedition there ended.

During this dark crusade of envy and calumny against suffering virtue, the confidence of Congress in the commander-in-chief was shaken; but persecuted virtue ever comes forth from the fiery ordeal more bright and beautiful, and thus it was with the man whose memory is now enshrined in the hearts of all.

CHAPTER II.

“I have seen an American General and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, dining on roots, and drinking water, and all these privations undergone for Liberty.”

REPLY OF A BRITISH OFFICER TO COL. WATSON.

HE indignation of the army and of the people surpassed any thing that language can portray, when the intrigues against Washington were revealed. The soldiers were excited to the highest degree against the authors of this persecution, particularly Conway; and even Samuel Adams found it unsafe to approach the army. In the camp, the cottage, and the cabinet, all were exasperated; and this gave the tories, and the British army quartered in Philadelphia, much comfort, as they hoped it would result in the resignation of Washington. Conway was succeeded as inspector-general by Baron Steuben, a Prussian officer, and dared not make his appearance among the soldiers.

It was a beautiful morning in the Spring of 1778; the lofty woodlands of Valley Forge were alive with feathered songsters, and all nature was bursting from her long and dreary sleep to put on her gorgeous robe of green, when Washington, who had long been reflecting in his tent on the dangers which had, and still surrounded him, arose, went forth, and taking the arm of La Fayette, proceeded along the road which led to the Forge. The army was

encamped on the high hill, which rises to the east of that place, and they were taking the western road, occasionally stopping to survey the lofty hills covered with dark woodlands, which arose in all their gloomy grandeur at a little distance in the south. They were surrounded on all sides with dark dense woodlands, some of the oaks of which had perhaps braved the storms of a thousand years, and they were deeply engaged in conversation.

“Think no more of the matter,” said La Fayette, “for I assure you, General, that Congress has seen its error, in listening to the machinations of those envious men.”

“I have never noticed my personal enemies,” returned Washington, “for I have enough to do to contend with the enemies of my country.”

“You have triumphed over the one,” rejoined La Fayette, “and God grant that you may yet triumph over the other. It is rumored that your countrymen, now in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, have negotiated a treaty with France, and if so, which God grant it may be, you may bid defiance to the lion of England.”

“God grant it may be so,” repeated Washington, who had partly fallen into a musing mood, “for we are surrounded by dangers on every side, not least of which are the foes who are in our very midst, yet who profess to be our friends. Nothing but the mighty arm of God can lead us to victory.”

As Washington spoke, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and stood for a moment in a sublimely solemn attitude, wrapt as it were in devotion. La Fayette was silent.

“Yes,” continued Washington, as they turned into a by-path that led into the very depth of the forest, “I am satisfied that the power alone of Him, who spoke the universe into existence, can give a handful of men in distress, the victory over the legions of England, fresh from the well-fought fields of Europe; and to Him alone I shall look for strength to put down our enemies. If God is with us, the treaty with France has been made, and we shall triumph.”

“We shall triumph,” repeated a mysterious person, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, who was seated on a hollow tree to the left of the path which they were pursuing. Washington instantly drew his sword, and demanded—“Are you a friend or foe?—speak.”

“You have nothing to fear from me,” after some pause, said the strange looking individual. “You have seen me ere this, and you will no doubt see me again, ere the war is ended.”

“Your manner, as well as your meaning, is mysterious,” observed La Fayette, as he stood with a pistol in his hand; the thought flashing upon his mind, that they might be surprised by a party of tories, or the British in disguise, and concealed in the woods; inasmuch as tories were said to reside in the neighborhood of Valley Forge, and as the British general, in Philadelphia, by order of his government, had offered a large reward to any person who would bribe, or by stratagem bear off any of the principal American officers; and an immense reward to the daring individual who should take, or betray George Washington, into the hands of the British.

“Put up your weapons, gentlemen,” said the mysterious man, “for I again assure you that you have nothing to fear, but much to hope from me. I know you both, though I am unknown to you, and must remain so; for my history is beyond your reach. Seek not, I beseech you, to know me any further, that I may voluntarily be of service to you.”

Washington could not avoid smiling at the idea of such a looking object being of service to him; yet he was staggered at his confident tone, and the still more mysterious language which he used. How such an abject looking being could be of any service to the army he was at a loss to conjecture; but Washington had sufficient knowledge of human nature to know, that it is not always safe to judge, or form an estimate of a man's character or qualities, by his external appearance.

“Who are you, and from whence?” enquired Washington, as he approached the mysterious man.

“You do not know who I am, and never can, as I told you before,” returned the stranger. “My present habitation, like your own, is in the dark forest of Valley Forge; yet, mean as I may appear to you, I have moved amid the mightiest men, and shone in the princely palaces and courts of Europe; have trod the halls of grandeur and gaiety, and am not unknown in the temples of learning. But pardon me, I can say no more; save to assure you that no coward blood runs in my veins, and that I am not what I seem.”

If Washington and La Fayette were excited by curiosity before, they were still more so now; and they stood for a time gazing upon him, with a consciousness that he was a man of no ordinary stamp, as was now strongly evinced by his manner, and still more by his language. A man of superior intellect and education, may be easily distinguished from one of an opposite character. There

is a nameless something, a peculiarity of mien and manner, which I cannot describe, that renders him as readily distinguished from an ordinary and ignorant man, though there may be no difference in dress, as he would be by difference in features.

"We are satisfied," said Washington, "that you are not what you seem; and we would fain know your history, and render you any assistance in our power; but as you have forbidden any further enquiry, we will not intrude."

"As to assistance," returned the stranger, with a polite obeisance, "I need it not; but I expect to assist you and your nation, in rending asunder the chains that have so long rattled on your arms, and in hurling to the earth the galling yoke that has so long bowed you to the dust. All I ask is, to have free access to your person, and permission to enter and leave the camp, when and at what time I please."

"But," returned Washington, as he turned his scrutinizing eye on the stranger, "we must have confidence——"

"Ah," replied the truly mysterious man, "when you know me longer, you will like me better; that is, if you will always know me, for I am like Protæus—I assume many shapes. Would you know whether I am an American at heart? Look at that."

He handed him a copy of an oath, taken by him before a civil officer who was well known to Washington; a powerful oath, never to rest until the country should be freed from the thralldom of Great Britain, and he had revenged his injuries, without stating what they were. At this moment a lieutenant, in company with another officer, approached the interesting spot, from the interior of the forest.

"His Excellency, the commander-in-chief, and General La Fayette," exclaimed the officer, "in conversation with the strangest, most mysterious being I have ever seen!"

"Lieutenant, do you know this man?" enquired Washington.

"As much, I presume, your Excellency," replied the lieutenant, "as any one does; for he is the most singular and deceptive being I have ever met."

"Did I ever deceive you?" enquired the stranger, with a haughty air, and drawing himself up to his full height.

"You misunderstand me," returned the lieutenant, "I only meant that it was hard to comprehend you. Why, gentlemen, at the taking of Burgoyne he fought like a tiger; was at one time down on the field, with a stalwart Hessian over him, in the act of giving him his death-warrant, when he suddenly drew a pistol, and

sent a ball to the heart of his antagonist. At another time I saw him battling, single-handed, with three Englishmen, when I went to his assistance. I have met him on several occasions; but had he not made himself known, I should never have recognized him as the same being. He is here, there, and every where."

"He may be of service to us," said Washington, turning to La Fayette.

"Right," returned La Fayette, "especially in secret expeditions."

"You will find in me a friend," observed the stranger, "though you may not at all times recognize me as such."

"Then," said Washington earnestly, "I will see that your wish shall be gratified—you shall at all times have free access to the camp, and my person. To have fought against Burgoyne is a sufficient recommendation, and entitles you to my regard."

"I ask no further favors," returned the mysterious stranger. "What services I may render, will be as much to gratify my own revenge, as to benefit you and your country. Seek not to know who I am, as your curiosity would be gratified at the cost of my services. In other words, the knowledge you would acquire, would place it out of my power to benefit you. Be not surprised at any disguise I may assume, or at any situation in which I may be placed; but be assured of my fidelity. Be my disguise still impenetrable, my name unknown. Should I ask any assistance, render it, without seeking to know the why or wherefore. This is all I have to ask, and you to grant; and if I do not render you service, it will be because it is beyond my power—if I prove recreant to my vow, may the lightnings of Heaven——"

"Enough," exclaimed Washington, interrupting him.

All stood gazing on the mysterious individual with perfect astonishment; not so much at what he promised, as at the confidence and dignity of his language and manner, which so ill accorded with his plebeian appearance. His dress consisted of a pair of linsey-woolsey trowsers, instead of breeches; an old vest, a slouched hat, a pair of coarse brogues, and a check shirt, but no coat. His person was more remarkable. His head was peculiarly intellectual. His forehead, which was extremely high and broad, jutted far over his keen penetrating eyes, which were black as jet, and gave to his countenance the expression of deep thoughtfulness. There was nothing remarkable about his face, save his compressed mouth, which was strongly indicative of a determined spirit—a spirit as dauntless as it was determined. The whole face

and form, manner and movement, were indicative of an educated and enlightened being, born to command, and to move in a higher sphere than that in which he seemed to move. His form, built for activity, seemed to be, and was endowed with Herculean strength; for he gave a proof of it by lifting the lieutenant from the ground, who was of ordinary size, with one arm; at arm's length. He also amused the company by bending down a young tree, which two of them could not accomplish.

It did not require the practised eye of Washington long to discover the inherent superiority of this mysterious man; and the more he conversed with him, the more was he convinced that there was something extraordinary, as well as strange, in the being before him. Though weather-beaten, and weighed down by hardship, the stranger appeared to be in the full vigor of manhood; not more, perhaps, than forty years old, though, under the circumstances, it was difficult to guess his age.

"I bid you farewell," said Washington, grasping the hand of the stranger, "I hope we shall meet again, to our mutual benefit."

"I hope so," repeated he; "but of our present, and future interviews, let nothing be said."

Washington and La Fayette turned their steps towards the camp, attended by the officers, who were a few steps behind.

"A strange individual," ejaculated La Fayette; "but it behooves you, General, to keep a look out in these troublous times, for we know not in whom to trust."

"I will answer for the fidelity of this man," said one of the officers.

"Ay, and so will I," replied the other, "for I saw him at the battle of Brandywine, fighting like a tiger. I saw him at different times, and marked his peculiar appearance."

"I have no fears on the subject," said Washington, coolly. "I shall watch him, and be aware of the first approach of danger."

Thus the conversation, respecting the strange individual they had seen, was kept up until they had reached the encampment; while each, and all of them, felt a secret desire to know the history of so mysterious a man.

The strange one, to whom we have introduced the reader, and whom we shall call the mysterious man, for the want of a knowledge of his name, now left the spot, where he had had an interview with others, besides the officers; and wended his way to the place of his habitation, which was not less mysterious than the man who had chosen it for his abode. There was no path to it,

for he never left it or returned to it in the same direction. In the very depth of the immense forest, which then extended from Valley Forge in a north-eastern direction, was an immense cave or cavern, the walls and roof of which were of solid rock. The door or opening which led to it, was down a narrow defile of rocks, covered with earth and shrubbery, and so completely embosomed, that a person might pass over and around it many times, without being aware of the existence of a cave, or perceiving the entrance to it. A man might stand in the door or opening, and not be seen by a person within a few feet of him, so complete was the roof of rocks over his head.

In this gloomy cavern resided the mysterious man; and here he concocted his plans. If the reader will follow me, I will introduce him into the wild, yet not uncomfortable dwelling. The roof was about ten feet from the floor; and from the great hall in the centre, extended several recesses on either side; in one of which the mysterious man made his bed, and in another he wrote; having a shelving rock for his desk, which was so completely adapted to the purpose, that it seemed formed by the hand of art. This recess was just opposite the door-way, and sufficient light was admitted to answer his purpose. At the furthest extreme was an opening, which served for a chimney; and with a moderate fire, he was comfortable: so entirely was he screened from the stormy blasts of winter.

CHAPTER III.

"Now is the Winter of our discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this son of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd above our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."—SHAKSPEARE.



HE bells in various towns were ringing out merry peals; the roar of cannon reverberated along a hundred hills, and bonfires and illuminations told the joy of the people, at the tidings of a ratification of a treaty with the French government, the old rival and enemy of England. Joy was depicted on every American face; while, on the contrary, the British were struck with dismay, though they affected to treat the matter with contempt.

Washington despatched La Fayette with 2,000 men, and posted them at Baron Hill, about ten miles in front of the army at Valley Forge. This was an advanced guard, which was intended to harass the British army, in case it attempted to retreat to New York. The news of the capture of Burgoyne and his whole army, had excited an intense sensation throughout Europe, and particularly in England; which, together with that of a treaty between France and the United Colonies, caused despondency in every British bosom; for they had sent generals and soldiers to America that were considered invincible, and inferior to none in Europe. These had been vanquished, and they knew not what course to pursue; for if the raw, undisciplined, badly fed, and worse clothed Americans, were more than a match for the flower of Europe's chivalry; what was to be expected when those soldiers should become confident from success, and perfected in discipline by practice and experience?

The British government feared, also, that Canada might revolt, and make common cause with the Colonies; and a proposition was made in Parliament, to send commissioners to America, with powers to grant all that the Colonies asked before the commencement of hostilities, in case they would lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance. This measure was opposed and advocated with great warmth; but the ministry prevailed, and Governor Johnstone, the Earl of Carlisle, and William Eden, were appointed and despatched on the mission. The ministry had other objects in view, in case the commission failed in their first object; which were to make efforts to corrupt, bribe, and divide the people. It was too late to be successful in the first, and we shall record their efforts in the latter.

An inferior officer had deserted from the detachment under the command of La Fayette, at Baron Hill; and had communicated to the British commander, in Philadelphia, the situation and resources of the American band. The consequence was, a determination to annihilate, if possible, this portion of the heroic, suffering followers of Washington.

"Thank God!" exclaimed a beautiful dark haired girl, whose dazzling eyes were fixed with intense emotion on a young man who stood before her, "thank God, that you, Charles, have at last been prevailed on to abandon the unrighteous cause of the rebels, and return to your allegiance to your lawful sovereign. Never could I have accepted your hand on any other terms."

The last sentence was spoken in an under tone, for they were in the midst of a party of ladies and gentlemen, in the parlor of one of the most splendid buildings that then graced the city of Philadelphia. Charles Moreland hung his head, for he was not satisfied in his own mind of the correctness of the step which he had taken, or that the cause he had forsaken was an unrighteous one. Far, very far, was his conscience from approving his conduct, and the word, "traitor," rung like a death-knell in his ears. But an absorbing passion that had grown with him from childhood, and now amounted to adoration, swayed his soul; and so devoted was he to the fair Charlotte Summers; so completely fascinated was he by her resplendent charms of person, mind and manners, that he would have sacrificed his life for her, had it been impossible by other means to obtain her hand.

"Cheer up, my boy," said Mr. Summers, "you are not only entitled to the hand of my daughter, but to the thanks of all loyal, well disposed people."

"Ay," added Mrs. Summers, "and you will receive a higher commission in the British, than you held in the rebel army. Here is Mr. Mandeville, just arrived from England, and with whom we became acquainted by accident, who can inform you of the brilliant offers made to all who will relinquish the rebel cause."

Charles, who had hung his head in apparent reflection, now looked up, and catching a glimpse of the person spoken of, started, he knew not why. It seemed that he had seen that face before, yet it could not be, as he had just arrived from England. Still there was a something, a *je ne sais quoi*, as the French call it, which caused him to shudder, whenever he caught the eye of Mr. Mandeville.

"As you have just arrived from England, Mr. Mandeville," observed Mr. Summers, "you cannot conceive with what desperation these rebels fight. Who could have believed that General Burgoyne and his whole army would have been taken by a shirtless, shoeless, and half-starved set of ploughmen?"

"Though I am an Englishman," returned Mr. Mandeville, "I should say that they were the very men to accomplish such a triumph; for what may not men accomplish who will endure such privations, and who are fighting for their own homes, their firesides, their wives and children, to say nothing of the freedom of their posterity."

"They cannot stand the contest long," said Mr. Summers, "and though I was born in America, I ardently hope to see the day

when Washington will fall into the hands of the British, for whom already large rewards have been offered."

"That will be a difficult matter to accomplish," said Mandeville. "He is too good a soldier, and too wary a man."

"Why, Mr. Mandeville," exclaimed Summers, smiling, "did you not stand before an Englishman, I should take you to be a rebel."

"Rebel or not, Sir," said Mandeville, "I would gladly know the mode or manner in which that hero could be entrapped."

"Would you hesitate at being concerned in taking him, Mandeville. I have a scheme on foot ——"

"Not a moment," exclaimed Mandeville warmly, at the same time interrupting him. "Nothing would give me a greater pleasure than to know your plan, and to hold a villain up to the execration of mankind."

"Come this way, my dear Mandeville," said Summers, and they retired to another room.

"Well, Charles, have you told Sir Henry Clinton all about that Frenchman's situation at Baron Hill?" enquired Mrs. Summers.

Charles, at these words, turned aside and burst into tears. The thought of the price he had paid for the hand of Charlotte Summers, which price was no less than that of having turned traitor to his country, harrowed up his soul.

"Fie, Charles, for shame!" continued Mrs. Summers. "Do you weep that you have obtained the fair hand that you so ardently sought, or that you have done your duty by returning to your allegiance to your lawful sovereign? Neither of these should be a cause of grief. Cheer up, for you will yet have cause to rejoice that you have done your duty."

"I have a presentiment of evil," returned Charles, sorrowfully. "As I was walking alone, I encountered a strange looking being, who represented himself as a soothsayer or fortune-teller, and certainly no man, if man he was, ever more thoroughly embodied my ideas of what a wizard should be, than did he. I threw him a piece of silver, and humorously asked him to tell my fortune. My blood even now runs cold at the recollection of his solemn manner, and the expression of his face, as he foretold my destiny."

"And what was it?" enquired Charlotte and her mother simultaneously, both laughing.

"Ah!" returned Charles, "I laughed myself when he commenced; but he seemed so earnest and so emphatic, that though

I have never believed in supernatural revelations, a cold chill crept over me, and I shuddered."

"But what was it, Charley?" asked Charlotte, playfully imitating the melancholy manner of Charles.

"I shudder to think of it. He foretold that I should meet the doom of a traitor to my country, and that those, by whose influence I was actuated, would ——"

"My dear child, what is the matter?" enquired Mrs. Summers. "You are pale and trembling."

"I cannot go on," said Charles; "for the bare recollection of the man and his manner, freezes my very soul."

"Well, well," observed Charlotte, "these notions will pass away when you are a great officer in the king's army."

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Summers, as he and Mandeville entered the parlor.

"Oh! nothing," returned Charlotte, gaily, "only Charley has been frightened at the goblin story of a wizard."

"The wizard—right," said Mr. Mandeville, apparently musing, "I have seen this same wizard of the forest, and never were the predictions of a prophet more certainly verified. If he forbodes you good or evil, you may rely upon its fulfilment; for I am told he is deeply skilled in astrology, and reads events in the stars, as others do in books."

Charles started, and the company were silent.

"Well," continued Mandeville, "we must part for the present."

"And may we meet again to the fulfilment of our wishes, and the triumph of the king," added Summers, as he advanced and cordially shook him by the hand.

"And may we all triumph, as well as the cause of the good king George," said Mrs. Summers, "in spite of the wizard."

"Amen!" shouted Charlotte, with a hearty laugh, as Mandeville opened the door, bowed, and descended the marble steps.

Summers was a wealthy man before the commencement of the war, but during the war he had amassed much, by furnishing the British army with supplies, and other acts of toryism. He owned a farm not far distant from Valley Forge, at which he frequently resided in the pleasant season. His principles were known to few persons; he had, like Janus, two faces; one for the Americans, and the other for the British. This man, on account of his wealth, had great influence; and Washington had long doubted his fidelity, though he had no positive proof that he was opposed to the cause of the colonies. Summers had three daughters, one of whom had eloped

with a captain in the American army, to whom she had been married, in spite of the entreaties of her parents. This was Nora, the eldest. Charlotte had long been addressed by Charles Moreland, but not being so self-willed as her sister, they prevailed upon her to make the apostacy of Charles from the cause of freedom, the price of her hand. This, the young man had long resisted, for he had risen from the ranks by his own bravery, and was known by the appellation of the "hero;" and his pride, to say nothing of his patriotism, revolted against changing that honorable title for that of traitor. But though he withstood all other temptations, his heart was not proof against the fascinating power of beauty; and by listening to the seducing language that fell from the lips of the lovely Charlotte, he, in an unguarded moment, pledged himself to renounce the cause of freedom, and to fly from the American army. Mr. and Mrs. Summers both joined in persuading him to take that step, promising him preferment in the British army, as well as a rich reward. The mind of Charles was not yet fully reconciled to the sacrifice he was about to make, for he had not irrevocably passed the barrier which would blast him. He might yet, if he would, return.

"You seem dejected, Charles," said Mr. Summers.

"I know not what to do," replied the unhappy young man.

"Can you hesitate a moment?" interrogated Mrs. Summers. "Can you hesitate a moment, when fame, fortune, friends, and a beautiful bride await you?"

"I am fearful," returned Charles, "that my dereliction from duty will bring ruin on us all. In the perplexity of my mind, I know not what course to pursue. To delay, even, will be fatal. May God direct me what to do for the best."

"Poh! poh! Charles," said Mr. Summers, "give not way to foolish fear. What harm can reach you, when under British protection?"

"Indeed," rejoined Mrs. Summers, "you pay but a poor compliment to Charlotte, whose heart and hand you protested you prized above all else in the world. And now you hesitate in doing that which it is plainly your duty to do. You hesitate in laying down the arms you had raised in rebellion against your lawful king, and in returning to your duty; when honor, wealth, friends, and the hand of her you profess to adore, are to be your reward!"

"Well, I will think of it further," said Charles, as he took up his hat and left the room.

"Oh! what a fearful fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Summers. "He starts at his own shadow. But we shall bring him to the sacrifice of his darling hobby, and mushroom reputation. We'll rob the rebels of one brave fellow, at all events; and Nora shall be made to repent her bargain, and her rebel notions, before a great while."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Summers, "her ragamuffin husband, like the rest of the rebel officers, has scarcely enough to eat and cover his own nakedness, without having a wife dependent on him."

"You'll see her sneaking home before long," said Charlotte.

"She need not come here," said Mr. Summers. "Let her find friends among those whose cause she has espoused. She has no reason to expect sympathy from us."

"Right!" exclaimed Mrs. Summers; "if she had not been told beforehand what she had to expect, I would not be so severe; but when I remonstrated with her respecting her marrying that Captain Danvers, she had the impudence to stand up for the rebel cause. But she'll repent her rash, runaway adventure, as sure as I'm a dutiful subject of the good king George."

"Ay!" rejoined Mr. Summers, "how willingly will she sneak back to the family, when George Washington shall be delivered into the hands of the British general, and the upstart rebels shall have been put down, as they ought to be. If we succeed in the undertaking, which I expect to do, we shall be immortalized in history, and celebrated throughout the world. Wealth will be showered upon us, and I expect nothing else but that we shall be among the nobility."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mrs. Summers, "but won't that be a glorious triumph! We can then look down upon those who now hate us, because we do not favor the rebel cause."

"Oh! happy, happy day!" exclaimed Charlotte. "How I would like to move among the nobility, and be styled her grace and her ladyship!"

"Oh! yes," shouted Mrs. Summers, "won't it sound grand to be called his grace, the Duke of Summers, and the Duchess of Summers; or Lord and Lady Summers?"

"And the Marquis and Marchioness of Moreland," screamed Charlotte, "won't that sound delightfully grand? Oh! it makes my heart leap with pleasure, to think of it."

"You must remember," said Mr. Summers, putting his finger on his lips, "that all this glory will depend upon your keeping the matter a profound secret. The truth is, I never should have con-

fided it to women, for it has been discovered by a profound naturalist, what the cause is that a woman cannot keep a secret."

"What is it?" enquired both at once.

"Why, it has been discovered," returned Mr. Summers, "that Eve, the mother of all mankind, instead of being made out of one of Adam's ribs, was manufactured out of the greater part of his tongue."

"How, in the name of sense, could that prevent her from keeping a secret?" asked the beautiful Charlotte, laughing.

"Because she has an irresistible propensity to talk," returned Mr. Summers; "and she must and will talk. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than to have something to tell."

"You have a very contemptible opinion of our sex, my Lord Summers," observed Mrs. Summers, with a dignified courtesy.

"Nothing more than the sex deserves," said Mr. Summers.

"It shews," returned Charlotte, "the generous, confiding, social disposition of woman. If she enjoys any thing, she is willing to share it with her neighbor. Unlike the selfish disposition of man, she wishes others to know what she knows; to feel what she feels; and to enjoy what she enjoys."

"Yes," retorted her father, "and if the revelation would hang a dozen men, she could not resist the pleasure of telling what she hears. But I hope you will take heed and be silent. Our intention is now known but to ourselves and Mr. Mandeville; as our company left when he entered. If our intention should be revealed, it would bring eternal ruin to us all."

"It will never go from us," said Mrs. Summers.

"No, never," chimed in Charlotte, haughtily, as the three left the parlor.

Before the sun had sunk in the western heavens, it was whispered over the whole city, that an attempt was on foot to betray General Washington into the hands of the British, with a thousand and one variations and embellishments; though, luckily, no particular person or persons were designated as the leaders of the enterprise. Mrs. Summers had confided the profound secret never to be divulged, to her dear friend Mrs. Simpson; in whose secrecy she had the most implicit confidence; and Mrs. Simpson had confided the secret to her confidential friend, on whose silence she could rely, Mrs. Pemberton told it to her husband. Charlotte, too, had told it to the Misses Crumptions, who were never known to divulge a secret. The story, of course, lost nothing in its travels; but at last became so overburdened with embellishments, that nobody would believe it in any form whatever

CHAPTER IV.

“Strange things occur in man’s eventful life,
That baffle the most cunning and the wise;
And such I shall relate.”—OLD PLAY.



URING the Spring of 1778, the British General, in Philadelphia, sent out his light troops to scour the country, and massacre in cold blood any unfortunate soldiers who fell into their hands. At the bridges of Quinton and Hancock, a number of American soldiers had been butchered in cold blood, while crying for quarter. This caused La Fayette to be ever on the watch.

On a beautiful morning in May, while he was walking along the road at Baron Hill, listening to the incessant songs of birds in a neighboring copse, he insensibly fell into a musing mood; and the subject on which his mind dwelt, was the strange predilections of man.

“Strange,” thought he, “that man, with all his reason, and all his capabilities for appreciating and enjoying the beautiful in nature, should mar it by the horrors of war! Strange that one portion of mankind cannot, or will not suffer another portion to enjoy life and liberty, without bloodshed to obtain the privilege! Here is a beautiful country; a perfect Eden; where peace and plenty alone should dwell; but owing to the selfish nature and vile passions of man, it is turned into a slaughter-house; where instead of the hum of peaceful industry, and the music of nature, the roar of cannon is heard; and instead of the husbandman returning to his happy home to be cheered by the smiles of his wife and children, he returns to see midnight glitter with the blaze of his burning cottage, and the bleeding bodies of his children, butchered by the hands of the Indian, or no less savage white man. Strange, indeed, are our notions of murder! If one man kill another in time of peace, he is execrated as a foul murderer; while he, who butchers by the wholesale, is immortalized on the pages of history, as a great man—when at the same time, too, he butchers those who are struggling for the rights and privileges which God has decreed to the whole human race. When will men learn to live in peace!”

Thus did *he* muse, who had left the splendors of the French court, and all the fascinations of Parisian society; to battle, in the wilds of America, for a struggling people, whose rights had been trampled in the dust, and whose cries for redress were unheeded.

Suddenly lifting his head, he beheld before him an old woman, carrying a basket in one hand, and a staff in the other. She had on a short gown and petticoat, and the enormous stays worn at that time. A jib bonnet, of faded calico, covered her head, and almost concealed her face. La Fayette started with surprise, so sudden and unexpected was the meeting.

"Good morning, General," said the old woman, familiarly, "I am happy to meet you again, and alone, too."

"I know not that we have ever met before," returned La Fayette, turning upon her a scrutinizing gaze.

"It matters not, General, as respects that matter. I have come to ascertain something more important."

"And pray what may that be?"

"I come to know whether you are ready to meet the enemy?"

"What enemy, Madam, do you mean?"

"I mean your enemy in Philadelphia—the British, sir."

"There is no prospect of an attack from that quarter at present."

"You are mistaken."

"In what manner?"

"Has not an officer deserted from your command?"

"He has—Charles Moreland."

"The same, sir; and he has communicated to the British General some particulars which, I expect, will induce an attack. I come, therefore, to warn you to be in readiness to receive them."

"I thank you for the intelligence," said La Fayette, at the same time offering some pieces of silver.

"Nay, sir, I ask, and can receive, no reward."

La Fayette stood for a moment in wonder. He had supposed that the object of the old woman, was to obtain a reward, as her tattered clothes bespoke her poverty. From this supposition, he had placed but little confidence in her story; but now he was led to appreciate her motive. His curiosity was excited.

"Did you say we had met before?" enquired La Fayette.

"Ay, at Valley Forge—in the forest."

"Good heavens! can it be possible that you are the same unknown, that Washington and myself encountered in the woods?"

"The same, General. By my disguise as a fortune-teller, I am enabled to wander where I could not otherwise go; and to obtain knowledge, that I could not otherwise acquire."

"I should never have recognized you," replied La Fayette, taking the mysterious man by the hand. "You must be some extraordinary being."

"To my art in disguising myself I am indebted for my safety; for I have been in the presence of, and conversed with those, who, had they known me, would have rejoiced to sacrifice me."

"May God protect you!"

"Farewell," said the mysterious man, grasping the hand of La Fayette, "and remember to say nothing of our interview, or of my disguise. I should not have made myself known, had I not wished to impress it upon your mind, that there is danger of an attack."

"You may rely upon my secrecy—farewell," said La Fayette, who stood some time gazing at the strange being, as he trudged along bending on his staff, until lost in the shades of the woodland. A thousand conjectures crossed the mind of La Fayette, with regard to the real character of that man; but conjecture ended in conjecture.

La Fayette now held his force in readiness, and he did not wait long for the whole British army came out of Philadelphia, and a detachment of five thousand men, under General Grant, was ordered to surprise, and cut to pieces, the forces under the command of La Fayette. Silently and stealthily along the road to Baron Hill, moved the British, under Grant, with the expectation of taking the Americans by surprise; but, to their utter astonishment, they found them waiting their approach. Now sounded the clangor of trumpets, and the roll of drums, as the two forces drew up in battle array. A desperate conflict ensued. The British made a determined onslaught, and for a time the battle waxed hot. Grant urged on his men, confident of victory; for every thing was now in his favor. The Americans were doubtful; but at length La Fayette, with consummate skill and bravery, made a sudden and unexpected move, and turned the tide of war. The British began to waver and give way, and finally returned to Philadelphia; while La Fayette, with honor, removed to Valley Forge, to receive the congratulations of Washington. With two thousand suffering men, he stood triumphantly before five thousand choice British soldiers.

Several officers that day performed prodigies of valor, and distinguished themselves; among whom was Captain Danvers, who, at the close of the engagement, was severely wounded. Nora, the devoted wife of Danvers, and daughter of Mr. Summers, had been since her marriage, living in the family of a farmer; but she now flew to the camp, at Valley Forge, to attend her disabled husband, perhaps to witness his death. He was now all in all to her; the only friend she had in the world, for her parents, and

indeed the whole family, were bitterly incensed against her, for having eloped with a rebel. People of the present day, can have no conception of the bitter hatred that then existed between the whigs and tories. If her husband should die, she saw nothing but servitude and toil before her; for though her father was rolling in wealth, she well knew that he would hold her sin of marrying a whig; unpardonable, and that she could never return home as a daughter. Her fate was sealed in that quarter, and bitterly did she deplore the wounded condition of her husband. All day, and through the long watches of the night, did she sit in the hospital, administering to his wants and watching for the favorable symptom, by which she could augur his recovery.

"Oh! Doctor," she exclaimed, with a mournful voice, as the surgeon entered, "tell me candidly, is there any hope?"

"He *may* recover; but at present the chances are against him. He has lost so much blood, that the energies of nature are destroyed.

"Tell me, in one word," cried the agonized wife, foreboding the worst from the purport of his words, "must he die?"

"He will die in less than three days."

The unhappy wife burst into a paroxysm of grief, and a gush of tears seemed to unburthen her overloaded heart. Her husband slowly opened his eyes, and, fixing them upon his weeping wife, said, with deep emotion:

"Do not weep, Nora; this is the fate of war, and if I die, I die nobly in the cause of my country."

"I thought he was delirious," said the surgeon. "Dry up your tears; a change has taken place, and he will recover."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Nora, elevating her eyes, and clasping her hands in an attitude of devotion. "Then I shall have one friend remaining this side the grave."

With that deep devotion of woman which knows no change, whether it be exhibited in the halls of grandeur and wealth, or in the hut of the humble poor, she watched beside—his bed I was going to say—but alas! it was only an apology for one; for as before stated, even straw could be obtained in only small quantities. She watched beside his pallet, day and night, until her blooming and beautiful cheek began to wear the tint of the lily. Day and night did Nora faithfully administer medicine to her wounded husband, and endeavor to comfort him by cheerfully conversing with him, and reading to him passages from such books as she had brought with her.

“Och! noo, and its a mighty great blessin till hev a lovin wife,” exclaimed a fine looking young Irishman, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Brandywine, “till sit by ye the day, an rade, an be spaking the word o’ comfort, whin ye hev a British ball in ye’er body. Och! but its meself that ’ud be after hevin that same meself.”

“Hoot, mon, awa’” said a wounded Scotsman, “ye winna think sic a thing, as to hae the puir guid lassie yoursel’? I wadna think o’ sic a thing, Tam.”

“Hoot, mon, yoursel’,” returned the Irishman, imitating him, “ye don’t understand me meaning at all at all. I didn’t be after sayin I’d hev the ledy meself. I intended till mane that I’d be after havin one jist like herself. There’s a mighty great differ betwaine the two, though they’re jist alike.”

“True,” said the Scot, “I dinna ken the meaning o’t; but I spak out, and o’ guid advisement comes nae ill. I dinna care at a’, for I never felt the luvver’s joy; but I maun think the guid dame has nae love to spare ye.”

“Och ye spalpeen,” exclaimed young Teddy, somewhat nettled, “the back iv me hand till ye; an sure I niver meant to mane that I’d begrudge another mon’s wife, an its meself ’ud say ye’er a foolish felly, ye are.”

“Gae mind yer business, Tam. I would make ye tak that back, but I hae twa wounds already.”

“I’ll fight ye wid a shelalah on the flure; an ye don’t hould yer yer tongue, I’ll put me fut in yer face.”

The altercation between the two soldiers, Teddy O’Rafferty, and Jessy Mac Donald, waxed warmer and warmer; and a pitched battle would have been the consequence, had not an officer entered the hospital, and restored peace, by a threat of having them marched off to the guard-house and punished.

If there is a situation in life, in which woman becomes angelic, it is that in which she appears at the bedside of her sick and suffering husband; and if there is a scene on earth, which the angels of heaven delight to witness, it is that wherein, entirely forgetful of herself, she devotes herself to the blessed task of alleviating the miseries of another. If Nora was beautiful before, thrice beautiful did she now appear, as she sat breathing hope into the desponding heart of her wounded husband. The cynic may sneer at the assertion, that when woman loves, she loves forever; and he may say with Shakspeare,

“Frailty, thy name is woman.”

but it is nevertheless true, that in her devotion she far outstrips man, and, with all her delicacy, she patiently endures for him she loves, what man would quail at, and sink under. He would have her, as Cæsar wished his wife to be, not only virtuous, but above suspicion; but no sooner does a stain darken her reputation, than he forsakes her—he throws her from his bosom as a worthless weed. Not so with woman. Though a man may become steeped in crime, and be forsaken, may be execrated by the world; the wife of his bosom, she who forsook a happy home for him, will follow him through good and evil report—she will follow him to the dark and dismal dungeon, and embrace him in his chains—nay, she will cling to, and plead for him, as long as a ray of hope illumines her mind.

Nora Summers was indeed an amiable, lovely, as well as a beautiful creature. She met Captain Danvers by accident, and so congenial were their minds, that she soon loved him, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the bitter opposition she met from her parents, on account of Danvers being a devoted whig, he having eagerly espoused the cause of freedom as soon as hostilities commenced. Though confined to her room, she, through the assistance of an old domestic, made her escape at night, and fled with Captain Danvers to Germantown, where they were married.

Nora was as different from the gay, gaudy, thoughtless Charlotte, as though they had not been related. In their beauty alone was there a resemblance. Nora was all gentleness and affection; Charlotte was haughty, passionate and hollow-hearted. Nora had but one object in forming a matrimonial alliance, which was love, based upon her high respect for his character; while interested motives swayed the soul of Charlotte. Nora was faithfully devoted; Charlotte was fickle and foolish.

CHAPTER V.

“Things ill begun, strengthen themselves in ill.”—SHAKSPEARE.



ENGLAND, proud, imperious England, that had listened too long to the tyrannical measures of Lord North and his coadjutors, was now very willing to accede to the former wishes of the Colonies, and to grant what they had so long plead for in vain. She found that France, her ancient powerful enemy and antagonist, had become the ally of suffering, down-trodden America, and Carlisle, Eden and Johnstone were despatched, to offer concessions; but her magnanimity was shown too late, for Congress now refused to negotiate on any other terms than the unconditional recognition of their independence, and the withdrawal by England of all her forces.

The commissioners, finding that there was no prospect of success in that quarter, fell upon the expedient of flooding the country with writings, in which Congress was denounced as demanding from the mother country what was unjust and injurious, and representing the alliance with France as the offspring of meanness, while the generosity and forbearance of Britain were extolled in the highest strains of panegyric.

Johnstone, one of the commissioners, had at an antecedent period, resided in the Colonies; and subsequently, as a member of Parliament, he had espoused and vindicated the cause of the whigs. Cloaked in the influence which these circumstances gave him, he was peculiarly fitted to the ignoble purpose of sowing discord, and of corrupting the minds of the patriotic by false representations. He was an adroit intriguer. He had it in his power to approach the most influential patriots, and while he flattered them for their talents and conduct, he cunningly insinuated, that if the rebellion could be suppressed, and the authority of the *good* king George again established, that the names of those who aided in effecting it, would be given to immortality, and their services rewarded by untold wealth, titles and honors. He and his compeers did not hesitate at times to make direct offers of bribery.

A number of distinguished men were tried by Johnstone without success, among whom was General Reed, whose answer has become famous in history. A lady was employed to meet the General at the house of Mr. Summers, while residing at his country-seat; where a party of both sexes had been assembled as

if from mere sociability, but in reality, for the purpose—the base purpose, of attempting to bribe those patriotic men, on whom hung the destinies of America in the hour of her sore trial.

The summer country-seat of Mr. Summers was a beautiful retreat from the heat and bustle of a city, though Philadelphia was then but a village, compared to what she has become under the blessed influence of those privileges for which the whigs were then contending. It was situated a few miles from Valley Forge, in the midst of a rolling and romantic country, and was surrounded by almost interminable woodlands in the distance, rising in the manner of an amphitheatre, in true majesty and grandeur. The house, built somewhat after the old Dutch fashion, was seated on an eminence overlooking the valleys around, but far below the sublime and solitary waste of woodland in the east and north. From the balcony a splendid view could be had of hill piled on hill, till the dark green woods seemed to bathe their heads in heaven. A park of old oaks in the rear of the house was appropriated to the use of deer, while in front of the building was a beautiful garden, filled with all manner of flowers from every clime. The uncle of Mrs. Summers being a sea-captain, brought from distant shores every thing that was rare. This garden was the work, principally, of poor Nora, who was sympathising with her wounded husband in the hospital at Valley Forge, and ministering to his wants as far as lay in her power. Many a happy moment had she passed in its blooming bowers, planted by her own fair hands; and it was here that she first listened to the protestations of love breathed at her feet, by moonlight, by him who won her heart, and married her.

In the large hall were assembled the gay, the grand, the gifted, the beautiful and the brave. Merrily passed the hours, and Mr. Summers was peculiarly gay and joyous, as he had ardent hopes of making, or having made, more than one convert to the royal cause. Johnstone had made him brilliant promises, in the name of the king, and he was secretly using all the influence he had, in undermining, where he could not at once corrupt, the principles of patriotic men.

“What do you think, General, of the cause of freedom?” interrogated Madame Vandore, as she strolled along one of the winding walks of the garden. “Can it succeed, think you?”

“As sure as there’s a God in Heaven,” returned General Reed, laying deep emphasis on his words.

“I hope it may,” said the lady, anxiously looking in his face, “but I have my fears—indeed I have had several fearful omens in dreams and otherwise, that make me tremble for the result; and I have heard that the wizard, who roams the forest, and who is so deeply skilled in astrology, has foretold the speedy fall of our high built hopes ——”

“I neither put faith in dreams nor astrology,” bluffly answered the General, “and if all the wizards in Christendom were to tell me so, I would not believe them.”

“Oh! it will be a sad affair,” continued the lady, affecting not to have paid any attention to what he said, “and an awful reckoning with the Americans. Better had they never been born, than to have taken up arms against the mother country. I tremble when I think of the awful consequences.”

“It will only be the present of a hemp collar or cravat,” said the General in a jocular manner, “and we shall not be the first who have been elevated for having loved liberty.”

“Ah! General, but think of the anguish such a catastrophe would carry to the bosoms of mourning mothers, weeping wives, and fatherless children; to say nothing of the odium, the deep disgrace, that ——”

“No, Madam, you should call it glory,” exclaimed the General warmly, at the same time interrupting her. “I should consider it glory to hang for the sacred cause of liberty, and as to mourning mothers, wives and orphans, they must take the fate that awaits them, as we shall.”

Madam Vandore for a moment was silent. The firmness with which General Reed met her suggestions, baffled her; but after a pause, in which she seemed absorbed in reflection, she again addressed him. His stern virtue was more antagonistic than she expected.

“If *we* should fail,” said she, laying great stress upon the word *we*, “it will be awful indeed! We have disregarded the repeated admonitions of the mother country to desist; and if we are forced to lay down the weapons of war, which I religiously believe will be the case, death and distraction will fill the land. The cry of mourning will be in every habitation, and it will cost the lives of most of our great, talented, and distinguished men.”

“And what would you do, madam, in such a case?”

“Why, sir, if I were an American General, I would lay down my arms, and accept, not only mercy, but brilliant reward ——”

“God of heaven!” exclaimed the General, “and would you turn traitor to your country, to your home, to your God? Then, indeed, would that American General deserve hanging.”

“Had you rather suffer ignominious death, and send sorrow to every bosom in which your blood runs, than to return peaceably to your allegiance, blessed with wealth, honor ——”

“But what surety is there of that,” enquired the General, again interrupting her, and suddenly forming the resolution of seeing to what length she would go, being now satisfied that she was of the tory school, dyed in the wool: “What surety, madam, has a General of reward, who should agree to assist in bringing the colonies to subjection?”

At these words the basilisk eye of Madam Vandore gleamed with delight, for she was now sure that he was about to bite at the hook baited with gold.

“Why, sir, he has the solemn assurance of the British government, that if he forsake the rebel cause, and assist in restoring the colonies to their former allegiance, he will be munificently rewarded.”

“But how do you know this to be true? Pardon me, madam, but if I accept the terms, I wish to know the certainty.”

“Well, sir, England has sent three commissioners, Carlisle, Eden, and Johnstone, the latter of whom assured me that if any General would forsake the rebel cause, and assist in putting down the rebels, he will be rewarded, not only with showers of gold, but with honors and a title.”

“That is very tempting,” said the General, affecting a serious countenance.

“General Reed, I am empowered to make you a confidential offer, if you will seriously listen to it; and the terms will lift you above the frowns of the world.”

“I am anxious, madam, to know it.”

“It is this,” returned Madam Vandore, delighted with the conquest which she supposed she had made. “If you renounce the fallacious cause of freedom, and do all in your power to put down the rebels, your immediate reward will be ten thousand pounds, and any office in the colonies within the king’s gift.”

“It is folly to trifle any longer,” returned General Reed, “I AM NOT WORTH PURCHASING; BUT SUCH AS I AM, THE KING OF ENGLAND IS NOT RICH ENOUGH TO BUY ME.”

Mrs. Vandore now discovered that she had encountered the wrong man—a man of Roman virtue, to whom gold had no charm,

when placed in the scale against his patriotism. Without saying another word on the subject, they turned their footsteps towards the house, where they were met by the tory Summers, who was full of hope that she had been successful in her infamous proposal, but he discovered, to his secret mortification, that General Reed was not to be bought.

Mirth and music were resounding through the buildings; and the gay dancers were realizing the poetry of motion, while the tories were secretly endeavoring to win over the friends of freedom. Summers was laying a deep scheme to undermine the virtue of some of his guests, and it was for this purpose that he gave a series of splendid parties, to which the French and American officers were invited.

While joy and hilarity pervaded the brilliant assemblage of revolutionary belles and beaux; while the laugh of the dark eyed beauties, who have long since passed away, rung through the hall and the gay coquettes were trifling with their enamored attendants, there was one without who was slowly approaching the mirthful scene, but far other feelings than those of joy pervaded her heart. She gazed through the window into the room, where every face was clad in smiles—into the room, where she had spent some of the happiest days of her life. It was the unhappy Nora. As she gazed on the gay forms and happy faces, as they wheeled in the dance, her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, and she sat down on a bench beneath the shadow of an oak, under which she had played with her sisters in childhood, and wept long and bitterly. The memory of happier days arose before her, and when she thought of her poor husband, who was suffering from want, as well as wounds, she could not restrain her grief sufficiently to enter.

“A ’oman, massa, in de yard, what want to speak to ye,” said a coxcomb of a negro servant in livery, as he entered the hall.

“Who is she?” enquired Mr. and Mrs. Summers.

“Can’t tell dat, massa, for she’s a crying so dat de poor gal cant speak. She hab on an ole bonnet and linsey-woolsey frock, and hardly got no shoes on de feet.”

“Can it be Nora that’s come here to pester us at such a time as this?” enquired Mrs. Summers, with a sour look.

“Taint Miss Nora, don’t tink, Massa, hoy sumdever I see.”

The negro, who possessed a better heart than his master or mistress, was going to enquire, when Mrs. Summers whispered:

“Tell the good for nothing trollope, to clear out—she has no business here at such a time, be she who she may.”

The unhappy Nora was waiting anxiously for an interview with her parents, when the negro ordered her away.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, with a heart-broken sigh, "can I not then see my parents, whom I have ever loved so dearly, and whose injunctions I have never transgressed but once!"

"Dar, den," said the servant, visibly affected by her grief, "I gib ye three cents, go away now, de great folks am not to be stürbed."

This was more than Nora could bear, and she sobbed so loudly that Mr. and Mrs. Summers went out, highly incensed at what they called her impudence.

"What do you want here, girl?" interrogated Mrs. Summers, "that you are yelling like a screech owl."

"Oh! my dear mother, do you not know your poor Nora?"

"We don't wish to know you," observed Mr. Summers; "but what brings you here at such an unseasonable time?"

"Oh! my dear father, pardon me for the intrusion? Nothing but necessity—the keenest pangs of ——"

"Oho!" exclaimed Mrs. Summers, with a frowning look, "you had better go to your rebel friends for assistance, as none but an upstart rebel captain could satisfy you for a husband. I said you'd be sneaking home when pinched with want, and now, madame trollope, you'd better be off, or Mingo shall take you off."

Nora turned upon her mother her imploring eyes, filled with tears, but met no sympathy; and as she fell upon her knees before them, her father coldly addressed her—

"Come, come, none of your play actress here! You have come to the wrong place to beg. Had you not meanly stolen off with that ragamuffin captain, you need not have been a beggar."

"But, dear parents, I have never transgressed but once ——"

"And that was enough," said Mrs. Summers, with a haughty air. "You had better be moving, for we have nothing to give beggars, and we will not support rebels and their brats."

"For mercy's sake, forgive an unhappy daughter, if you will not listen to her tale of woe," exclaimed the weeping Nora, as she endeavored to take the hand of her mother.

"We have no time for either;" observed Mrs. Summers, "you should have thought of this before you eloped with your pretty jewel of a rebel captain. Not a cent of our's shall go to minister comfort to him, if he dies, and you need not expect it."

"To cut the matter short," added Mr. Summers, "you must leave here immediately. I will not have my respectable friends interrupted in their enjoyment by such characters as you are."

As he said this, he took her by the arm to lead her away, when she uttered a soul-piercing shriek, which rung through the building, and clung convulsively to his arm.

"Take the woman away, Mingo," said Summers, as a number of the guests came running from the hall, to ascertain what was the matter.

"Who is she? What is the matter with her?" enquired several, as Mingo was leading the weeping Nora away.

"O! nothing but a beggar woman," carelessly observed Mrs. Summers, "who is in the habit of pestering us at such times as this."

"Oh! forgive me, my father—my mother," exclaimed Nora.

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Summers, noticing the expression of curiosity in the countenances of the guests at hearing her call him father; "she's somewhat deranged, and imagines that we are her parents."

"Yes, poor creature," added Mrs. Summers, "I pity her; but in her crazy moments she is so troublesome that we have to drive her away, though my heart aches to do so."

Mr. Summers caught the eye of his wife, as much as to tell her that she was as good at lying as he was himself. The evening passed away in uninterrupted hilarity afterwards; and it was nearly the hour when fair Aurora, the goddess of the morning, drives up the eastern hills her stamping steeds, when the gay guests separated. And these hard-hearted parents felt no pang of remorse for having so cruelly treated their own daughter, and for having descended to the turpitude of lying to cover their meanness.

CHAPTER VI.

"There was a heart of treachery, that beat
Beneath that smiling face; and there was guile
In every word of his smooth tongue."—OLD PLAY.

FOR Nora trudged her way back from the home of her unnatural parents, and arrived, almost exhausted, at Valley Forge before the day dawned. She found her husband no better than she had left him, and indeed there was not much prospect of his being any better, unless some proper diet could be obtained to nourish him. His little stock of

money had all been exhausted, and Nora had sold, one by one, and piece by piece, all her jewelry, she had once idolized, and all her elegant dresses. She had retained for her use the meanest of her clothing. It was in the desperate hope of obtaining assistance, that she had gone to her father's house; but, alas! the reader is acquainted with the reception she met. Disconsolate and weeping, she sat by the pallet of her now emaciated husband; without a penny to procure even the most ordinary delicacy for a sick person. The fare meted out to the soldiers was scant, and of such a quality that was repulsive to a delicate palate.

"Don't grieve any more about it, my gentle wife," said Captain Danvers, who idolized Nora. "Providence will take care of us, and the day will come, perhaps, when your parents will be glad to receive us."

"I rely upon that Providence of which you speak," returned Nora, "and were it not for that firm reliance, I should sink under the distress of mind I endure."

To procure a small pittance with which to purchase necessaries for her husband, Nora was under the necessity of washing for the officers, though she had been reared in delicacy, and never had known what toil was, save by the name. In the halls of gaiety and grandeur she had moved amid the proudest of the land, who had considered it an honor to be favored with her smile; and now, when her hands bled at the wash tub, and she thought of the cruelty of her parents, she paused from her labor and melted into tears. She did not repine at the task of laboring for the comfort of her husband, but that her parents, possessing thousands, refused even to listen to her tale of want and woe.

"Oh! how much," she would exclaim, when weary with toil, "should our children appreciate that liberty, to obtain which so much is endured, and so much blood is shed! Never, never should they forget the immense price at which, if obtained, it must be purchased."

The night was dark and stormy. The lurid lightnings leaped athwart the gloomy concave of heaven and thunder rolled along and reverberated from hill to hill, and died away in the distance of the dark forests that frowned around. A black cloud, portentous of rain, hung in the western heavens, and was rising rapidly to the zenith. Nora was seated beside Captain Danvers, reading to him a passage in the Scriptures, relating to the trials of life and the promise that the righteous shall never be forsaken, when she suddenly lifted her eyes, and started at the presence of the strangest

looking being she had ever seen. She had heard of the wizard that roamed the forest, and a feeling of awe pervaded her heart; for, like most people, she was not free from superstition. Her husband had fallen asleep, and there was a deep silence, save when the crashing thunder clap came, deafening the ear, as if a thousand oaks had been riven.

"Be not afraid my child," said the withered looking being.

"From whence come you, and how did you find entrance?" enquired Nora, looking anxiously in his face.

"I have a charm, madam, by which I gain admittance everywhere; and I come to place in your hands the means of supplying your husband's wants. I was at the house of your father when you appealed to him for assistance, though I was then in a very different character; and I heard all that passed between you. Here is a purse, which will supply your wants for a time. In the character of a fortune-teller, I have acquired the contents from the rich, and it will serve to relieve suffering virtue."

He handed her a purse, and so fully did it fulfil the passage she had been reading in Holy Writ, that she could not refrain from shedding tears, and offering up thanks to the Author of all good, and the Giver of all that we enjoy. She turned to thank the immediate donor; but found, to her surprise, that he was gone. So mysterious was his appearance and disappearance, at such an hour, that she felt an indefinable fear, she knew not why, and it was some time ere she could compose herself.

"Strange things are related of this strange being," said she to her husband, who had been awakened during the latter part of the interview. "It is said that he has a ring which by an incantation, renders him invisible, so that he can enter where he pleases; and that whatever he foretells, is fulfilled to the letter."

"Yes," returned Captain Danvers, "he has prophesied that the struggle for independence, in which we are engaged, will triumph, and may God grant that his words may be verified."

"God grant it!" repeated Nora, as she counted the pieces of silver which the wizard had given her, and then re-commenced her reading.

The wizard approached the tent of Gen. Washington, and found him engaged in devotion. He was offering thanks to God for the triumphs he had already achieved; and praying that the chains, imposed by England, might be eventually riven, and that success might crown the efforts of a suffering, bleeding country. The solemnity of the scene arrested him in his progress, and he stood

listening to the rich melodious tones of the good soldier, who was pleading the cause of a nation baptised in blood and tears. Washington arose from his knees, and was informed that a person wished to see him on particular business.

“Let him enter,” said Washington, and the mysterious man stood before him.

“Well, General, we have met again, as I told you we should.”

Washington surveyed him from head to foot, and for a time seemed puzzled; but at length took him by the hand.

“Had you not used the expression you did, I should not have known you,” returned Washington, motioning him to be seated.

“I have come, General, upon momentous business—business that closely concerns your welfare.”

“And, pray, what is that?”

“You are aware, sir, that Johnstone with his associates, sent from England with offers of what the Colonies demanded, being foiled in their attempt at negotiating a treaty, are employed in attempting to corrupt the people, and are offering bribes to any who should be treacherous enough to receive them.”

“I am,” coolly answered Washington, “and they richly deserve the halter.”

“Well, General, an infamous offer, of twenty thousand pounds and a patent of nobility, has been made to any one who will be base enough to betray you into the hands of the British.”

Washington started with surprise and smiled.

“And has any one accepted the brilliant offer?”

“Yes, sir! odious as it is in the eyes of the upright, it has been accepted and by one you would little suspect—by one who pretends to be the friend of freedom—by one who would flatter you to your face, and who is already wealthy, and stands high in society.”

“And, pray, who may the honorable gentlemen be, who would reap so great a reward by the capture of my humble self?” enquired Washington humorously.

“You may rely upon the truth of the matter, General. The bargain has been struck, the plan arranged, and the villain is no other than your quondam friend, Thomas Summers.”

Washington started at the sound of the name, for he had but recently been at the house of Summers, and had been flattered in a fulsome manner for his success in the capture of Burgoyne, and the wisdom he had generally evinced. As before observed, Washington had long suspected the fidelity of Summers.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Washington, elevating his eyes, "how can it be possible for a man to be so deceitful! How can he express the warmest friendship of the heart, at the same time that he is planning the ruin of his misnamed friend!"

"Ah! General, the word *gold* can solve the mystery. Ambition unlawful ambition, has been, and will be, the bane of thousands."

"But how do you know this?" enquired Washington.

"I have it from his own mouth. I was introduced to him in Philadelphia by accident, as an Englishman; and he believes me to be the bitter enemy of those he stigmatizes by the name of rebels. I have had two interviews with him, the last in the presence of Johnstone, Carlisle and Eden, and heard the matter discussed. It is to put you on your guard, that you may keep your eye on Summers, that I came here at such an hour. He is treacherous, and will stab while he flatters you. He is in raptures with the prospect, and the emoluments he will reap by the consummation. Beware of him."

"Is it his intention to take me dead, or alive?"

"Alive, of course. The triumph would be half lost, if you were not taken alive. And, then, it is desired by hanging *you* to strike alarm to others; and thus crush, at one blow, the cause of freedom in America."

"That can never be done," said Washington proudly. "The fire which has been kindled, will continue to burn, until the long oppressed people of this country shall be free. That man shall yet repent his treachery—ay, he shall repent it in sackcloth and ashes. What is the plan fixed upon for carrying the capture into effect?"

"This is not fully arranged, General, in every particular; but as it is more and more developed, I will communicate it to you, Summers is the leader in the affair, and is to betray you under the mask of friendship."

"I have observed," said Washington, "that he is particularly friendly of late, and anxious that I should visit him."

"Ay, sir, he has his object in view. It is growing late, and I must leave you, General. Be assured, however, that I will sift the matter, and disappoint the villainous intention after all."

With the thanks of Washington, the mysterious man left the camp, and took his way through the dark forest, his path illuminated by the occasional flashes of lightning, that shot from a retiring cloud. Washington remained some time reflecting on the desperate wickedness of the human heart, and the deceitfulness of man.

CHAPTER VII.

“O God! thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thine arm alone,
Ascribe we all.”—SHAKESPEARE.



THE adventure, about to be described, really occurred; and shows to what desperate measures men will resort for the sake of gold, and the bubble of fame. Summers knew, that if he could capture Washington, the leader of the American army, that it would immortalize his name, and fill his purse; though the fame he would acquire, would bear upon it the curse of every patriotic heart. Johnstone had promised him, not only wealth, in the event of his capturing the commander-in-chief, but nobility; for which, not only Summers, but his whole family sighed. It was ludicrous, as well as ridiculous, to hear Madam Summers and her two daughters, for Mary had now returned from school, talking of the style in which they would move, when Lord and Lady Summers should receive the patent of nobility, and rank with the aristocracy of England, whither they meant to go.

The mysterious man, who had become known to Summers as Mr. Mandeville, from England, had the advantage of knowing all that passed in the British army, as well as in the family of the tory Summers. So perfect a Proteus was he, or so skilled in disguising himself, that many persons declared it to be like magic; for in a few minutes he could so completely change his appearance, that no one would have recognized him as the same being. At one time he was seen as an old man, bending on his staff; at another as an old woman, decrepid with age; and at a third as the polished and dignified gentleman, in the name of Mandeville, or some other cognomen. He possessed too, a perfect command over his voice, and the motions of his body; so much so, that those who were permitted to know anything of his actions, surmised that he had formerly been a play actor, a mountebank or juggler. Added to all this, he was a ventriloquist; often amusing himself by creating ludicrous scenes, and imitating voices at a distance. It was by these means that he had acquired the reputation of being a wizard, a soothsayer, augur, or fortune-teller; and many believed implicitly whatever he foretold. By means of his many disguises he gained admittance everywhere, and was of much service to the commander-in-chief, by communicating the

designs of the British. Very few, however, were suffered to know that he assumed so many guises, or he would long before have paid for his temerity with his life.

The family of Mr. Summers had been busily employed, during a week, making preparations for a grand display at a party, to be given to Washington and his officers, in honor of the capture of Burgoyne and his army.

"Tell General Washington," said Mrs. Summers to the servant about to be despatched with the note of invitation, "that he must be certain to give us the honor of his company on Wednesday, as the party is given entirely to do his honor."

The servant mounted the horse, and as he rode off, she added in a triumphant tone——

"To do ourselves honor I mean, for if he comes he will certainly be in our power; and if he become our captive, O happy, happy day! what honors will await us!"

While she was thus enjoying an imaginary triumph, Mr. Summers rode up to the door and dismounted in haste.

"Good, wife, good news!" he breathlessly exclaimed.

"What is it! what is it!" she enquired.

"What is it! Why General Washington is to be here upon a certainty, without fail," and he clapped his hands.

"How do you know, husband?"

"O, I met him, and he assured me he would be certainly with us on Wednesday, and do himself the honor to ——"

"To do us everlasting honor," screamed the wife, finishing the sentence, and laughing with joy. "Good news indeed!"

"I guess he'll catch a tartar this time," said Mr. Summers, as he playfully ran after his wife into the house.

Scarcely had they entered, when Mary Summers came running in, frightened at a queer looking being in the yard.

"O, it's the wizard, I presume," said Mr. Summers. "Come in, Mr. Fortune-Teller, and we'll have some fun. Here's some money for you, my good fellow; now tell us what will happen at our house this week."

They all laughed, as the wizard drew forth his mysterious implements, and stood in the middle of the floor waving a wand, while he drew an imaginary circle on the carpet.

"I am now in a charmed circle," he said, drawing out a scroll, on which were strange characters.

"Well, what is to happen?" enquired Summers, winking at them. "The horoscope is obscure to-day," he answered, "and I

cannot read the stars distinctly; but, *est in domus Jovum*, I see a great and grand assembly of military men, among whom is George Washington."

Mrs. Summers started with surprise, and the giggling ceased.

"What more?" enquired Summers eagerly and seriously.

"I see a party coming on horseback covered with dust, that look like British soldiers—they arrive and dismount ——"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Summers, "this is strange."

"Silence!" exclaimed her husband, joy spreading over his features. "What next, Mr. Wizard."

"George Washington, or some one else, is a prisoner, in the hands of a party I cannot distinguish—all else is in obscurity."

"Enough! enough!" cried Summers, rubbing his hands.

"Well, it's mighty strange indeed," said Mrs. Summers, "that he can tell what is to happen! Who would have believed it!"

Summers, secretly rejoiced, handed some silver to the wizard, and he departed, well pleased at having obtained the means of relieving the wants of Nora and her husband.

Astonishment succeeded ridicule in the minds of the tory family. They were left to wonder at what they had heard, for they never suspected that they had been speaking to Mr. Mandeville, in the character of a wizard; and little did they know of the sequel to what he had foretold. Stars and garters, and the gew-gaws of nobility, were all that now had charms for them; and for these they were resolved to sell the life of Washington, and the freedom of the country. Johnstone had nearly turned their heads with brilliant promises. They dreamed of nothing but the capture of Washington, and nobility.

At length the day, the long wished for day of the grand party arrived, the events of which were to render them illustrious and happy, and all was activity and bustle. In addressing one another, it was "my lord," and "my lady," until they rendered themselves ridiculous, even in the eyes of the servants. The guests began to arrive, one after another, and an eager eye was kept to catch a glimpse of the countenance of Gen. Washington; but still he did not arrive. Madam and Mr. Summers were in hysterics about it, and began to fear that he had, by some means, received an inkling of what was going on; when, to their joy, Mr. Mandeville made his appearance, and informed them that the object of their peculiar solicitude would soon be there.

Washington rode up in a few minutes, and Summers was very particular in his attentions to him; so much so, that he

seemed to doubt that he was any thing else than what he appeared, a friend. Large was the party there assembled, but Summers paid little attention to any but the commander-in-chief, on whose arm he hung, and whom he introduced to each and every stranger. He flattered him incessantly, and congratulated him on the taking of Burgoyne, and the prospect of the triumph of liberty. Washington listened to him complacently, as though ignorant of his design; and seemed pleased at all he saw and heard. While some were strolling in the beautiful garden, now in full bloom; and others were mingling in the merry dance, Summers and Washington were busily conversing on the affairs of the country, and of the exploits in which the latter had been engaged. Mandeville kept his eye on the two; followed them wherever they went, and occasionally joined in their conversation; though he was now unknown to Washington. During the absence of Summers, however, he made himself known, which absence lasted but a few minutes. Every few minutes, during the first hour of the afternoon, Summers walked to the window; or, if near it, turned his eye anxiously towards a skirt of woodland in a south-western direction; but Washington affected not to observe him.

“Well, General,” said Summers, with a dignified manner, “what is your opinion of the war?”

“In the first place,” said Washington, “it is a just one on our side; and in the second, we shall triumph.”

“Just my opinion precisely. It would be a pity to fail now, after being so deeply plunged into it.”

At this moment Mrs. Summers motioned her husband to look from the window, which he did; and saw some soldiers in red coats, on horseback, just emerging from the skirt of woodland spoken of.

“But, upon second thought,” said Mr. Summers, with some trepidation, “I am inclined to think you will not succeed.”

“Why do you think so, sir?” enquired Washington, glancing his eye in the direction of the approaching soldiers, but betraying no emotion.

“Because you have many obstacles to overcome, which I fear will be insurmountable,” returned Summers, looking anxiously from the window at the soldiers, who were drawing near.

“Never fear,” returned Washington, coolly.

“You have cause to fear,” said Summers, as the red coats rode up into the yard.

“Why so?” demanded Washington.

"Because you are already in the hands of the British."

"I hope not, sir."

"You are my prisoner, General, in the name of the king," exclaimed Summers, with great pride and pleasure; slapping him at the same time on the shoulder.

"I presume not, sir."

"You will find it so, General, in a few minutes," said Summers, laughing with joy, in which Mrs. Summers joined.

"You may think so," returned Washington; "but I know you are my prisoner, in the name of outraged America. Captain Morton," said he to an officer that came in at the instant, "seize him and bear him instantly to the camp."

Summers could not believe that he was himself a captive, until the American soldiers, disguised in red coats, advanced and pinioned him; so certain was he that the party of soldiers were British, he having made arrangements that they should arrive at three o'clock, and Washington having directed his own soldiers to be there half an hour before the time. Thus was he taken in his own trap, and borne off in triumph before the British.

At the moment her husband was seized, and discovered his mistake, Mrs. Summers uttered one piercing scream, and fell swooning to the floor; nor less wretched were her daughters. The dancing instantly ceased, and mirth that reigned supreme a moment before, was changed into consternation and wonder.

Washington and the prisoner were gone, ere the British came, full of hope of taking him prisoner; but great was their disappointment and chagrin, when they found that Summers, the tory and traitor, had been taken. They found the house filled with lamentation and woe, where they expected to hear the shouts of rejoicing and triumph.

This incident, so full of interest, the reader may have met with elsewhere, as it really occurred during the revolution; though it has never, I believe, found a place on the pages of history.

As the soldiers were conveying the prisoner to Valley Forge, he made several ineffectual attempts to escape, and to bribe them to set him at liberty; but they heard his offers with contempt and ridicule. Finding that all his endeavors failed, he maintained a sullen silence during the rest of the journey, and submitted to the fate he could not avoid.

CHAPTER VIII.

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea’e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.”—BURNS.



LETTER after letter did Washington receive from Mrs. Summers, couched in the most pathetic language, imploring him, in the name of a wretched wife and daughters, to set his prisoner at liberty; and thus show to the world that magnanimity for which he was distinguished. Washington felt the force of these pathetic appeals, but firmly and politely denied the request. But there was another pleader for the liberation of the captive; for whom he felt a greater sympathy. This was Nora, who, notwithstanding the cruel treatment she received at the hands of her parents, could not close her ears to their cries. She added her supplication to their’s, but Washington was still unmoved by their entreaties, or at least appeared to be so. Summers meanly humbled himself so far as to beg his life of him whom he was strenuously endeavoring to devote to the scaffold, as well as to defeat the struggle for liberty. Most humbly he begged for life, while his wife and daughters left nothing untried, which they thought would be likely to influence the soul of Washington. They evidently had not known the man they had to deal with, and they now felt it keenly.

Summers was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to die, without a dissenting voice. Every effort was now redoubled to save him, not only by his family, but by tories and the British. On a lovely morning in June, when the woodland was vocal with the songs of birds, and all nature was bursting into bloom and beauty, Washington was sitting in his tent, conversing with General La Fayette, when a messenger entered with a letter. He broke the sable seal, and read it aloud; while a tear stole down his cheek. It was from Mrs. Summers, who was really a lady of education, having been educated in England; and in this letter she displayed all her powers of composition.

“GENERAL.—On my knees humbly before you, and in the name of a heart-broken wife and weeping daughters, distracted at their father’s fate; I implore you to spare—Oh! yes, to spare a poor unhappy husband and father, who, through the influence of others, in a moment of excitement, forgot his duty and committed an error, which he, in his calmer hours of reason, I am sure, would have disdained. Oh! General, pardon him this first act of wrong he has

ever committed against his country and your illustrious person; and save, oh! save, from irretrievable ruin and despair, the wretched wife of his bosom, and the children of his love, one of whom is connected in marriage with a brave officer under your command. Save my husband—Oh! General; spare his life, and the world, which now so highly esteems your virtues, will venerate your character for magnanimity and mercy. While the tears of anguish and despair are gushing from eyes that, until now, never knew sorrow but by name; we humbly implore you, in the name of mercy; in the name of humanity; and in the name of that glory, which you have never yet tarnished by stopping your ears to the cries of helpless woman; Oh! General, in the name of that God you profess to adore, we beg you; we conjure you; we implore you, to spare him who is doomed to die on the scaffold. Think, oh! think, how much misery the exercise of your mercy will spare to hearts already bleeding and breaking, with anguish unutterable. Spare him, and you will thus, like the good Samaritan, bind up the bleeding bosom of a miserable mother—you will, by this heavenly act of mercy, save his distracted daughters from the gulf of despair and ruin—you will, by thus imitating Him who came to forgive, and who hung the rainbow of redemption round a dark and dying world, crown yourself with a glory more imperishable than that of having achieved a thousand victories in the field, or of having subverted a thousand thrones.”

This letter was signed “Mary Summers;” and Washington, after having read it to La Fayette, sat some time with his eyes fixed on vacancy, wondering that a mind so refined could yet be so depraved, as to have given her sanction to the act for which her unhappy husband was doomed to die, and which had called forth the exercise of her talents. He now turned to his writing-desk, and wrote her an answer in equally pathetic language, the conclusion of which ran thus:

“MADAM:—I sincerely deplore the necessity of signing the death-warrant of your husband, whose weakness in being tempted by the bribes of the British I pity, and the sorrow, of which his fate will be the cause, I deplore. I would not cruelly cause one tear of anguish to flow from the eyes of his unhappy wife and children, or one sigh of sorrow to break from their bleeding bosoms; but I cannot disregard the interests of my country, and the safety of her sons, who have so long suffered and bled beneath the inflictions of her enemies. I regret it—I pity the pang it will give—but to-morrow, at sunrise, he dies.”

This letter was signed “Washington,” and despatched to the miserable mother and her daughters; and with it went the dark-winged angel of despair. The halls that so lately rung with mirth and music, now echoed the soul-piercing shriek of anguish, and the long drawn groan of agony. Those who were so recently priding themselves on their aristocratic greatness, and the prospect of wealth and nobility, were now sunk in degradation and misery; while the husband and father was trembling at the sight of the

scaffold, which was being erected, and on which he was soon to perish.

The morning on which he was doomed to die at length dawned, and a lovelier morning never broke upon the cradle of innocence in Eden. The whole army was put in motion, and marched to the place of execution; where it was formed into a great circle around the scaffold. The musicians were then attached to the provo-guard, and marched to the provo-guard-house, from which the prisoner was brought out, and placed in the centre of the guard. With slow and solemn steps they marched to the scaffold, the musicians playing the dead march, to which the soldiers trod perfect time. When the prisoner was brought up, the chaplain addressed the army in a very appropriate and solemn manner; after which, a prayer was offered up to God, who, in his infinite goodness and mercy, had defeated the designs of the enemies of freedom, and saved the life of the commander-in-chief. When allusion was made to this, Washington wept.

At this moment the attention of all was directed to three female figures, habited in deep mourning, who were approaching; and whose cries resounded through the depth of the forest. The three advanced near Washington, and knelt at his feet, in an imploring attitude.

"Spare, oh! spare my husband," cried Mrs. Summers, in tones that spoke the deepest agony.

"Spare the life of my poor father!" exclaimed the youngest daughter, and fell swooning on the ground.

At this moment, Nora, whose face was bathed in tears, came rushing to the spot, and knelt beside her mother, adding her supplications to that of her mother, that the life of her father might be spared. At the sight and sound of Nora's grief, many of the soldiers shed tears, and felt sincere sympathy; for they had long noticed her devotion to her helpless husband, and formed a high appreciation of her character. Washington, too, had a high respect for her, and therefore felt inclined to listen to her prayer that her father might be saved. He was visibly affected at her grief, and the natural eloquence that flowed in glowing language from her lips. After listening to her pleading some time, he gave orders, with tears in his eyes, that the prisoner should be conveyed back to the guard-house, and the execution suspended, at least for the present. This clemency being viewed in the light of a pardon, the grief of the mother and her daughters was changed to rejoicing, and none seemed more rejoiced than poor Nora, though

she was still unnoticed by her mother and sisters, notwithstanding the fact that they felt conscious she had saved the life of the doomed one. Such is the uncompromising character of the human heart, when it cherishes the bitterness of malice and revenge; and there is no hatred so keen and cruel, as that which is excited in kindred souls.

The mother and her two daughters left Valley Forge with far different feelings from those with which they arrived, and impressed with a high sense of the Christian character of Washington. At the suggestion of the mysterious man, Washington pardoned Summers, on condition that he should leave the country and go into exile; leaving to his own choice the country to which he would go. Summers gladly accepted the proffered terms, to save his life; and soon after sold his property, and made preparations to sail for England, attended by his wife and youngest daughter; Charlotte having resolved to remain with her husband, Charles Moreland, now an officer in the British army.

To Nora, the thought of eternal separation from her parents was severe; for she lived in hope that she would succeed in reconciling them to her marriage with Captain Danvers, notwithstanding their bitter enmity to him. Her lot, however, was cast in troublous times, and she endeavored to bow submissively to the decrees of heaven, which she knew it was useless to resist, and sinful to repine at. Still there were moments after they had departed, when she could not refrain from tears, at the melancholy thought that she would never behold them again on this side of the grave.

CHAPTER IX.

“The tide of war rolls on, and the red arm
Of carnage reeks with gore, in battle shed,
By man opposed to man.”—ANON.



N the 18th of June, 1778, the British army evacuated Philadelphia, and took up their line of March, through New Jersey, towards the city of New York.

Washington immediately after put the American army in motion and left Valley Forge. He sent out a detachment to collect the Jersey militia, that he might be enabled to

harass the rear of the retiring British; for he was of the opinion that the wisest course to pursue was to bring them to a general engagement; though in this opinion he was opposed by the judgment of a majority of his officers. He was, however, not to be moved in his determination, based upon cool and deliberate calculation; and, accordingly, a battle was the result on the 28th of June, at Monmouth, in which the republican army had the advantage. The victory was claimed by both armies, but the Americans remained masters of the field, having far less killed and wounded than the British.

Gen. Lee was associated with Gen. La Fayette in the command of the van; and here it was that Lee committed the act for which he was censured, and suspended one year from his command. Thinking that the ground in his rear was more favorable than that on which he had been standing, he in haste was making a retrograde motion, when he was met by Washington; who, astonished at his abandoning a ground which he had commanded him to take, thus giving the British the idea that he was retreating, asked him abruptly what he meant, and gave orders for forming the battalion. In consequence, however, of the brave conduct of Lee that day, after this occurrence, Washington would have taken no farther notice of it, had not Lee thought proper to write disrespectful letters to him on the result of the battle.

An Indian fought desperately during the battle, and was seen flying wherever the contest was hottest. Every eye was upon him, though no one knew him, or from whence he came. At one time, he was seen engaged, hand to hand, with a British officer; and at another, pouring a deadly fire upon the British ranks. Many a Briton that day bit the dust, beneath his dextrous and powerful arm. Wounded and bleeding, he rushed on like an enraged tiger. As night threw her mantle over the bloody scene, he was observed in deadly strife with a British officer, whom he seemed to know, and on whom he appeared to wreak his vengeance. Both were active and powerful, and when night ended the battle between the armies, no one knew which had become the conqueror, or what became of the Indian; for he was not found among the dead.

In every battle, afterward, during the Revolution, this Indian was seen in the thickest of the fight, and always appeared to be in search of some particular combatant. He performed prodigies of valor, and Washington wished to discover who he was, that he might be rewarded: but after the battle was over, he was always

missing—no one knew from whence he came, or whither he went; though some surmised that he was the identical wizard of Valley Forge, or the mysterious man.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, this Indian disappeared, and all attempts to discover him proved futile. His gallant bearing, and wonderful achievements had reached the ears of Congress; and he would have been honored but could not be discovered.

The first part of the tale of the Mysterious Man, here terminates, and the second part will be a Sequel to the first, disclosing who he was; the cause of the course of life he had led, and the revenge he sought and consummated; which will disclose to the reader some thrilling and touching scenes. The manuscript, containing the history of his life, love, and revenge, was found some time after the war had closed and peace visited again a smiling country, in the cave, occupied by him at Valley Forge. It was placed in the crevice of the rock and forgotten, or suffered to remain by design, when he left that place.

In the succeeding history of the Mysterious Man, the reader will be led to contemplate the effects of some of the most powerful passions of the human mind. The Sequel will be given in the manner of an autobiography, as it was written by the identical wizard of Valley Forge; in which will be found a history of the future fate of the different characters I have introduced. The reader will find the Sequel the more interesting part of the tale.

CHAPTER X.

“A weary wand’rer in the wild.”—OLD PLAY.



FEW years after the dark storm of war had rolled away, and the independence had been obtained, for which the brave men of the revolution had fought; bled, and immolated their lives on the sacred altar of their country; an old soldier might have been seen, bending upon his staff, up one of the hills that rise in majestic grandeur from Valley Forge. He was paying a visit to the spot where the army had encamped, in order to pick up any relics of that trying period, and of that army of heroes that, with stoic fortitude, had endured so much hardship and suffering, that they might bequeath to their posterity, sealed with their blood, the glorious privileges which we now enjoy. Though he lived not many miles from Valley Forge, he knew nothing of the cave in which the Wizard performed his incantations, until chance led his footsteps to the very entrance,

now overgrown with weeds and shrubbery, briars and bushes; nor might he now have noticed it, had not a hare leaped out from its enclosure. Turning aside the bushes, he looked in and discovered that the passage led to an expanded room, like that of a house; but he halted, lest some wild beast might have made it his lair, and his curiosity should cost him his life.

But having, in the days gone by, been inured to hardship and danger, when the leaden messengers flew by him on the field of battle; he prepared to enter. With cautious steps he trod the rocky pavement of the passage, and soon found himself in a capacious hall. It was the place where the mysterious man had spent many a gloomy night, when the artillery of heaven rolled through the dark forest, which every minute was illumined with the lurid glare of the lightning as it leaped along the concave, like a fiery serpent, and flashed into the mouth of his cave, eclipsing the lamp which dimly shone upon the paper on which he was writing.

The soldier soon discovered that it had been the habitation of some human being, as the ashes still remained in the fire-place of the chimney formed by nature. His curiosity was now excited, and led him to examine minutely every recess, crack and crevice; but, for a time, he discovered nothing but some fragments, and crusts of mouldy bread, and pieces of paper, stuffed away in the dry crevices of the rock.

At length, when nearly weary of his pursuit, his eye detected, in a concealed nook of one of the most secluded recesses of the cave, the end of a scroll of paper, which he eagerly drew forth and unrolled, though in some degree injured by moisture and the tooth of time. He sat down on the identical projection of rock, where the mysterious man had so often sat, indulging in reminiscences of his past life; in forming plans for the defeat of the British; and in writing the history which the soldier held in his hand.

In glancing over the pages, he perceived that it was indeed a history of that strange individual, of whose exploits and hair-breadth escapes he had heard so much during the revolution; and he sat some time, wondering what had become of him.

We shall here transcribe the contents of the scroll, found by the soldier in the cave at Valley Forge. We shall

“Nothing extenuate,
Nor aught set down in malice.”

THE SEQUEL,

OR THE

Revelation of the Mysterious Man.

CHAPTER XI.

“Homo homini Lupus.”

Man is a wolf to man.—ERASMUS.



AM an Englishman by birth, but through strong prejudices and unparalleled injuries, I have been made an American at heart. I was born in London, and educated at Edinburg. I was the second son of the Earl of —, and, of course, by the unjust law of primogeniture, I was not the heir of my father's estates and titles. It was the intention of my parents to educate me for the church, and I was accordingly entered at the University of Edinburg, under the direction of some relatives of my mother.

At the University, it was my fatal fortune to be associated with two youths, who were brothers, sons of Lord Manley, and who possessed talents of a superior order. But they were, also, endowed with passions the most vile and vicious.

Being twins, they were so much alike, that the one was often mistaken for the other; and, indeed, few could distinguish them but by a certain mark on the brow of Roland. His brother, Oliver, was, like him, in the indulgence of every ignoble passion, and their dissipation, while at the University, became proverbial.

We were, unfortunately, class-mates at the University, and became rivals; which rivalry, in the classics, led to hatred, as is often the case, especially where one may excel. Being more stu-

dious than they were, the honors I received, gradually engendered in their hearts a bitter animosity against me; though they dared not openly exhibit it, but endeavored to injure me by detraction, in every secret and underhand manner in their power.

Time rolled on, and their hatred of me increased, in proportion to the degree in which, by superior application and industry, I excelled them in the progress of education; and yet, with that deceit which seems to be inherent in the human heart, they were polite, and pretended to be fond of my friendship; though their object was, by doing so, to have it more effectually in their power to injure me.

In the neighborhood of Edinburg resided a widow and her two daughters; and two fairer or more lovely creatures, the sun never shone upon. This family was a decayed remnant of one of the most noble and powerful clans, that ever sounded the pibroch on the highlands of "Auld Scotia."

Rosalie and Elvira Mac Donald had been left with their mother, with enough of this world's wealth to live comfortably, with economy, and no more. The beauty of the daughters, who resembled each other almost as much as the two brothers I have mentioned, became the theme of all the gay, dashing young fellows of the college; and, indeed, no eye could have gazed upon their wax-like features, without feelings of admiration. It is needless to describe them now, further than to say, that they were beautiful, beyond that beauty which commonly falls to woman; and they were no less happy, amiable and virtuous.

"George St. Leger," said Roland, as he passed with his brother on the way to the cottage of Mrs. Mac Donald, "you are a favorite with Rosalie; but you must look out, or I'll rout you, horse, foot, and dragoons."

I paid no attention to his slang, but felt a sensation of jealousy creep into my heart; for in spite of opposition, I felt that I was attracted towards the cottage with a power that I could not resist. I felt that Rosalie possessed charms, aside from her personal beauty, that I fancied no other lady possessed; and, then, I was at that age, (nineteen years,) when love unlocks our hearts, in spite of resistance, which, however, is seldom made, save when it is too late.

It will forever remain a subject for debate, whether love and jealousy are compatible. Some contend that jealousy is mean, and that it is by no means the concomitant or follower of love; but it is my opinion, that jealousy is the offspring of love, as a shadow

is of light; and that the more devoutly we love, the stronger will be our jealousy. It is evident that we are never jealous of that object for which we have but little regard; and, consequently, the very existence of jealousy, proves how much we prize the object of our regard or love.

But to proceed. Rosalie was in her sixteenth year; her sister being a year older. They were both extremely lively and communicative; and there is nothing on this side of the grave so lovely, so fascinating, so winning, as a beautiful and communicative woman. Rosalie won my heart ere I was aware of the matter, and I found myself sighing in secret, abstracted, and fond of solitude, without knowing what ailed me; until I discovered that I could not be happy away from the fair idol of my heart. I discovered, too, that I could not study—indeed, I could do nothing but think of the charms of the beautiful Rosalie. Oh! happy, happy days of courtship, now gone forever! When I turn mine eye upon the past, and survey the miseries I have endured, my heart bleeds with sorrow ————— * * * * *

Here the manuscript was obliterated, and bore the marks of stains, as if overpowered by feelings, a gush of tears had been poured forth upon the paper.

My visits to the cottage of Mrs. Mac Donald became more and more frequent, and I often found my rivals there; they used every means to supplant me. Roland fixed his serpent eye on the charms of Rosalie, and through that bitter hatred which he secretly cherished for me, used every scheme, and all the powers of language, to prejudice her mind against me; but in vain, for he who seeks to rend asunder the silken chain of love, which has been riveted around the heart of woman, can never do so, by persecuting the object of her affection. The more the idol of the heart's idolatry is persecuted, the more closely does she cling to him; for she learns to pity him who is persecuted, and pity, which is akin to love, fans the fire into a fiercer flame.

Two years passed away, and I resolved to marry Rosalie, in spite of the opposition of all my friends, my parents, and my rival. Oliver, the brother of Roland, who was famed for his manly beauty, had wooed and won the heart of the fair Elvira; but it was with that love which the tiger feels for the lamb; it was that affection which the serpent feels, when his fascinating eye tempts the bird within reach of his fatal fangs.

I married Rosalie secretly, for my family, particularly my parents, were violently opposed, and had threatened to renounce me for—

ever, if I thwarted their wishes. But shortly after this event, the fatal truth was made manifest, that Oliver had proved a villain; and that the beautiful, the amiable, and innocent Elvira, was the victim of deception, and that she was blasted forever.

Never shall I forget the hour that followed the disclosure of this heart-rending event. But notwithstanding the timid and gentle nature of Elvira, the spirit of the Mac Donalds animated her heart; she shed not a tear, save when her distracted mother fell and expired in the arms of Rosalie, the moment she learned that her daughter had become the victim of a villain.

Terrible, indeed, is the revenge of woman when deeply wronged; and thus it was with Elvira. She wept not, for her soul was bent on wreaking vengeance on the villainy of him, who had basely betrayed her. She sent for him, and he came with a smile on his countenance; for he knew not yet, that his cruelty had killed her mother.

"Behold, base man," she cried, "the ruin that the wrong you have done me has caused. Behold the corpse of my sainted mother, doomed to death by the deception you have practised. I give you three days to fulfil your solemn vow to me; and if on the fourth day you have delayed to do me justice, mark me—the knell of my revenge shall break upon your ear, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky."

The young man uttered not a word, but fled from a scene that he had little expected to witness. The fourth day came, and Oliver had paid no attention to the warning she had given. He, with his wild and reckless brother, were dissipating time as gaily as if nothing had happened, little knowing the determined spirit with whom they had to deal.

It was on a beautiful evening in spring, when the hills of Scotland were carpeted with green, and the fields redolent with flowers, that with Rosalie and Elvira, I had been to pay a visit to a poor cottager. We were sauntering along the road, when, to the surprise of Rosalie and myself, though not to that of Elvira, for she expected it; Roland and his brother came dashing down the road, in a splendid barouche, with two horses. What followed was the work of a moment.

Elvira sprang into the road, which caused them to draw up, before they discovered who she was; and, the next instant, she drew a pistol, which she had concealed, and fired. The wretched young man, who was the object of her vengeance, leaped head foremost from the carriage, and fell on the road at her feet.

"You have revenged your wrongs—I am a dead man!" he exclaimed, as he turned his dying eyes upon her, and expired.

Alarmed at what had taken place, I hurried her away; and, ere one hour had elapsed, we were on the road towards Liverpool, post-haste, where a relative of my wife had recently died, and bequeathed to Rosalie the sum of three thousand pounds sterling.

On our arrival at Liverpool, I hastened to obtain the money, and immediately took a passage for America; and never was there a happier man than I was, when the white cliffs of England were receding from my view; for I felt that I never could be happy with my wife in the presence of Roland, whose attempts to defeat and injure me, had been made known to me by my wife. On the wide waste of waters I felt safe and happy; for we were going to a fair land, with three thousand pounds, which would lift us above the frowns of the world, and render us comfortable in our new home. Already we began to have indications that the home we were seeking was not far off, and we all rejoiced in the prospect before us.

But, alas! who can tell what a day may bring forth? We had been at sea four weeks; had had a succession of delightful weather; and, when almost in sight of the happy shores of America, a tremendous storm arose at night, and in the gloom of the tempest, our vessel came in contact with another, and almost immediately sunk.

"To the boats, to the boats!" cried the captain through his trumpet, which was scarcely heard above the raging of the storm, and the awful roaring of the sea.

I started to run below in search of my money; but, alas! it was too late—the vessel was sinking. Scarcely had I thrown my wife and Elvira in the boat, ere the vessel sunk. One wild scream that still rings in my ears, was heard; and I found myself buffeting with the waves, surrounded by a number of drowning victims. Blessed with "lusty sinews," I swam to the boat, and was saved. Three days without food or water, we wandered on the wide waste of waves; but on the fourth a sail appeared to view, which proved to be a vessel bound to New York.

We were all three saved; but oh! who can fancy our feelings, at the thought that nearly all we possessed, was buried in the deep. But I consoled myself that none of us had perished.

In a short time, we arrived at New York, and prepared to push into the wilderness; for I now saw nothing before me but toil, though I might yet be happy. I made known my misfortune to

the Governor of New York, who was a distant relative of my family; he directed me to a spot where I might settle, though he refused to loan me a penny. On foot we trudged into the then wilds of Pennsylvania, where we found the Eden of our hopes; and where I reared a cottage, to which Rosalie and Elvira added a beautiful garden for vegetables and flowers.

Hard, indeed, for a while, was the life we led; but nature will accommodate herself to any circumstances, and as year after year rolled by, fortune favored us, and plenty crowned our efforts. Four lovely children blessed us; two boys and two girls, beautiful as their mother had been, ere labor and the sun had soiled her charms. Though Rosalie often wept at the recollection of her mother, and her far off home in Scotland, she had gradually become reconciled, and even happy—yes, happy in the possession of the smiling children around her.

Time rendered us able to rear a beautiful cottage, and to cultivate around it a perfect paradise. The Indians, whose friendship we had studiously cultivated, often came to see, and to admire the happy habitation we had made in the wilderness.

When I had reached my thirty-fifth year, six prattling children were around us, and my eldest were able to assist in the field, and the affairs of the house; and never, perhaps, was there a happier family. Not a care came to disturb the tranquillity of our home; and, by economy, I had laid up a sufficiency of money to give our first daughter, married, a handsome portion. I had collected a library from the neighboring village, and our leisure hours were spent in reading. All the unhappy past was now forgotten, for we lived a new life in the lives of our children.

CHAPTER XII.

“When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.”—BURNS.



T was at this period that the first muttering of that terrific storm, which afterwards burst on devoted America with such tremendous fury, was heard. Alas! little did I know of the horrors that were in store for me! I took no part in the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country; but listened in silence to the excited language of the people,

with whom business threw me in contact. The Stamp Act had roused the colonies to a sense of their condition, and of the tyranny of England; and the flame of discord was flashing in every direction.

At length the dreadful storm burst, and all eyes were turned towards Lexington, where the first blood had been shed. Still, while all ranks rushed to war, I remained quiet at home, resolved neither to favor the one nor the other. But fate had resolved that I should not always remain thus happy; for he, who had been my enemy at the University in Edinburg, had come to America, as a colonel in the British army, and had unfortunately discovered my retreat. The English had entered into a treaty with the Indians, who were to be their allies against the Americans: and this circumstance, which I fancied would be my security, proved my ruin, and blasted my happiness forever. I shall relate the first misfortune which befell me, and even now my soul sickens when I think of it.

A young officer in the British army, had seen, and had fallen desperately in love, with my eldest daughter; who was now sixteen years of age, and as exquisitely beautiful, in the formation of her features and the symmetry of her form or figure, as had been her mother in the days of her bloom. Her oval face was moulded after the Grecian models of beauty, her features being regular and fully developed, over which an intellectual expression played like sunlight upon a full-blown rose, giving an inexpressible loveliness to the bloom that heightened their beauty. Her dark eye had in it the dazzling brilliance of the diamond, and fascinated the beholder with a spell that was irresistible. Her figure was of the middle stature, and moved with a quick, light step, in which grace and dignity were blended. In a word, I might describe her in the sublime language of Milton; when speaking of Eve:

“Grace was in all her steps, heav’n in her eye;
In all her gestures dignity and love.”

Oh! how the pride of the father swelled my heart, when I gazed upon that darling daughter, and conversed with her on classic subjects; for I had devoted much time to the pleasing task of educating my children in the higher branches of learning, until they were looked upon as wonders among my neighbors, the education of whose children extended no further than the simple acquisition of reading, writing and arithmetic. None but a father can have any conception of the pride and pleasure with which I viewed my

children, particularly this lovely and accomplished daughter, who displayed talents, beauty and grace, calculated to shine in the courts of Europe, and to adorn and dignify any circle of society. Oh God! how my heart bleeds with sorrow—how my soul shudders with horror, when I think of the melancholy fate of that idolized and lovely daughter! But the ways of Providence are truly mysterious, and I have learned to bow to His decrees.

As observed before, a young English officer had seen, conversed with, and conceived a devoted affection, for my daughter, named Rosalie, in honor of her mother; who, to do her only common justice, was one of the best of women. Delancy, the lover of my child, laid siege to and won her heart, ere we were aware that his attentions arose from anything else than mere admiration of her talents and beauty, and the agreeable pastime he enjoyed in her society. When he appealed to me for my sanction to their union, I represented to him that he was a stranger, whose character and connections I knew not, and that the life he led would for the present at least, render it impossible for me to consent.

He acknowledged the justice of my refusal with so much candor, and with so gentlemanly a bearing, that I felt an interest in him, and regretted the necessity of refusing him the hand of my daughter, as I was soon fully convinced that he possessed her heart. For a time I heard nothing more of the matter, though I could plainly perceive the effect which my refusal had on the feelings of Rosalie, who loved Delancy with all the undying constancy of woman, as events amply proved.

Rosalie was one of those gentle, confiding, affectionate and obedient daughters, who had never pained the hearts of her parents, in her life, with a single act of disobedience until the occurrence of the one which I am about to describe, and for which, oh God! she, as well as her parents, paid so dearly!

Delancy had ceased paying his visits to Rosalie at our cottage; but they met, without our knowledge, at the house of a neighbor, until the presence of American soldiers rendered it imperative for him to cease visiting there. But his fascinating power had riveted irrevocably the chain of love around her heart; and, notwithstanding the powerful appeals of her aunt, Elvira, and the gentle admonitions of her mother, she in vain essayed to free herself from the sweet bondage—she loved on, with a devotion that no power on earth could overcome. When Delancy could no longer visit her, he wrote to her language that breathed the very luxury of love; and implored her to fly to the impatient arms of him, who prized

her above all else that the world contained, and who would perish in protecting her from danger. She relied upon his honor, and her reliance was not misplaced; for Delancy was upright in his intentions, and loved her with an intensity of feeling that was only surpassed by that of the adoration of her own heart.

Rosalie secretly resolved to follow the fortunes of him who, she was satisfied, would act an honorable part; and she consoled herself, in having resolved to disobey her parents and forsake her happy home, by the reflection that her own dear, idolized father, had done so before her. According to her determination, it was arranged by Delancy, that he should send a party of swift-footed Indian allies, who should convey her to the future husband of her heart.

It was at that season of the year, when the trees of the forest were in full bloom, and all nature was decked in her most gaudy attire; that a dozen of strong, swift Indians were despatched to convey her to the British camp; and a lovelier night never shrouded the world in silence. The full moon rose, round as the shield of Ajax, over the eastern hills; and walked up the great hall of heaven with all the brilliance and beauty of a new made bride, who comes forth to meet her husband. Rosalie, with a throbbing heart, had retired with the rest of the family; but not to rest. She packed up her clothes in readiness, and then sat down at the window to reflect upon the daring step she was about to take, which might render her happy or forever miserable. Not a sound disturbed the tranquillity of the scene around her, which was full of bloom and beauty; but she was too much excited; too much absorbed in the contemplation of what was soon to take place, to enjoy the exquisite charms of nature. The gay birds of the forest, that all day long had poured forth their song of joy, had retired to their nests; and the myriads of insects, that had hummed in the sunshine, were now silent—all the busy tenants of the world had sunk to repose, save the restless, beating little heart of Rosalie.

Hour after hour of anxious suspense passed, and still sat that fair creature, at the open window, gazing at the moon; while, ever and anon, a tide of tears poured over the roses and lilies that bloomed upon her cheeks—still she sat listening for the sound of the footsteps of the dark-browed children of the forest, to whose care was to be entrusted that beautiful creature, who was the idol and the angel of Delancy's heart.

At length a sound in the dim distance faintly fell upon her ear, and she started to her feet with indescribable emotions of mingled

pain and pleasure. Again she listened. She could not be mistaken—it was indeed the signal, which the terrific messengers were to give. Rosalie hastily snatched the bundle, containing her clothes, and descended the stairway, with a soft and silent step which could not break the slumber of her parents, who, alas! were totally unconscious of the fatal resolve of their idolized daughter.

When she reached the door, she turned, with tearful eyes, and bade farewell to her parents, and the sacred home of her heart, in the shades of which she had spent the happy days of childhood; in whose halls she had played with her brothers and sisters; and in which she had gradually put on all the blushing bloom and beauty of womanhood. Scarcely had she performed this pious act of devotion, ere the tall, dusky forms of the Indians, with their painted and grotesque faces, appeared in the yard before her.

Startled at their terrific appearance, she motioned them to be silent; and then stole into the apartment, where her brothers and sisters were locked in deep slumber. Approaching the bed, where lay her little sister, the youngest and the interesting pet of the family; she knelt down, tenderly embraced her, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips, while tears of regret gushed from her eyes, already swollen with weeping.

Returning to the yard, she bade a last farewell to the home of her childhood, where she had known nothing but unalloyed happiness; and then gave a sign to the Indians that she was ready to follow them through the wild, unfrequented paths of the forest. Undine, the leader of the Indians, gently took her in his arms, as a father would lift an infant; and, in a few minutes, they were buried in the gloom of the almost boundless forest. Rosalie's heart beat quickly, at the thought of him who was anxiously waiting for her arrival; and, in the happiness of hope, little did that beautiful creature dream of the awful destiny that awaited her—little did she dream of the agony that was to follow her disobedience.

Delancy, impatient and anxious to clasp in his arms the fair object of his idolatry, for he was an honorable man, and loved Rosalie with an intensity that amounted to adoration, started off in the direction that the Indians had gone, in the hopes of meeting them. He knew nothing of the machination of Colonel Manley, who hated me with a bitterness that nothing could extenuate or appease. He was aware of Delancy's intention to marry my daughter, and had suggested the plan of sending a party of Indians to conduct her to his arms.

After the first party had left, Manley secretly despatched another company of Indians, promising them a handsome reward if they would take her from her conductors and bring her to him, he having the base intention of seeking her ruin. He gave them orders to take her dead or alive, and to prepare them for the horrible alternative of imbruing their hands in the blood of so lovely a creature, or of conducting her to his salacious embrace, worse to a virtuous woman than death itself, he gave them liquor freely, until they were intoxicated to that degree which arouses the tiger passions of the heart.

The inebriated Indians departed, with the assurance that they would have her dead or alive; and the desperately wicked heart of Manley waited to receive her at a lonely place appointed, or to receive the scalp of her long beautiful hair. In either case, he felt that his malicious heart would be gratified. He would either have the bleeding memento of the lovely martyr, or have the beautiful Rosalie in his power, and have the mean, dastardly triumph over violated virtue. The man who tramples upon, and trifles with the affections of confiding woman, is a stranger to all noble and manly principles of honor; he who betrays her by false protestations and promises, is a base villain; but for him, who like Colonel Manley, seeks by stratagem and force to ruin an innocent and beautiful creature, and that, too, to wreak his vengeance on another, there is no epithet in the catalogue of villainy sufficiently heinous to characterize him.

In the course of the night the second party of Indians returned to the secret place, designated by Colonel Manley, bearing in their hands the bloody trophy. Manley, though disappointed at not having the person of his base passion in his power, was nevertheless gratified at the unutterable anguish he would thus send to the soul of him whom he hated. He smilingly paid down the sum of money he had promised, and received into his hands the beautiful hair which hung in clustering curls, and was lovely even as a bloody scalp.

The Indians employed by Delancy returned to inform him that they had been met by the other party on their way with the fair Rosalie in their arms, when the object of their solicitude was demanded, that they resolutely refused the demand, and that an altercation ensued. During a severe battle, Rosalie was murdered, and her scalp carried away in triumph.

The grief of Delancy, who met the Indians at a short distance, knew no bounds. In his despair he rent his garments, and acted

like a man bereft of his senses. Not less was the heart-rending grief that was carried to every bosom in my hitherto happy cottage; where sorrow had been a stranger, and where death had never entered. All had been sunshine in our joyous circle; and now, when the cruel intelligence came that our idolized and lovely daughter had been murdered by the Indians, for we knew not yet that Manley had been the instigator of the bloody deed, dreadful and miserable indeed, were its effects. My poor wife, under the blow, fell into a severe spell of sickness, and into a state bordering on insanity. For a length of time, I looked upon her death as inevitable, and gave myself up to unavailing despair. Oh! the recollection of that heart-breaking event still harrows up my soul, and the tears of anguish are now streaming while I write.

My wife and her sister Elvira, who were both prostrated by the fall of Rosalie, after unheard of suffering, at last recovered sufficiently to resume their duties; but the cloud of despair, that gathered on their brows, was never removed. They were never after seen to smile.

The most cruel and unrelenting heart would suppose that the murder of Rosalie was sufficient atonement to satisfy the most malicious and revengeful heart, but it did not, as I shall relate hereafter. The wicked soul of Colonel Manley yet panted for an opportunity more fully to gratify his hatred towards me, and to revenge the fall of his guilty brother.

Oh! what a change had taken place in our cottage! But a short time before, the merry voice of the younger Rosalie rivalled the mocking bird in its song, that rung through our happy halls; and, from morning till night, nothing was heard but the sounds of mirth and joy. Now that sweet voice was hushed, and every eye was weeping—every bosom heaving the deep groan of anguish and despair.


The death of Rosalie had proved too much for the noble soul of Delancy to bear—he had sunk under the infliction of such misery, and had become hopelessly deranged. He raved, and called upon the name of his butchered bride, but he called in vain. None can realize the sorrow of Delancy, but those who have had the cup of bliss dashed from their lips, just as they were tasting the delicious draught. His soul of honor could not bear the bereavement, and sinking under the severe blow, he pined in physical health, while reason lay in melancholy ruins. Of all the afflictions that man is heir to, derangement of mind is the most

severe as well as the most to be deplored and pitied. In the language of the celebrated Dr. Watts,

“Were I so tall as t’ reach the pole,
Or measure ocean with a span;
I must be measured by my soul,—
The mind’s the standard of the man.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“Man’s inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.”—BURNS.

EVERE as was the effect of the fate of Rosalie on me, I soon verified the truth of the trite proverb, that misfortunes seldom come alone. The malignity of Manley knew no bounds, and he was busy in inventing plans for my destruction, nor did he fail at last in his wicked design. My heart bleeds afresh, while I record the fiendish plan—the way in which he effected my ruin. Oh! memory, memory, how pleasing art thou to those who dwell on departed days and scenes of bliss, but to me thou art dreadful! Thou remindest me of happiness, only to render me more wretched by the recollection of hours of heart-breaking agony, and scenes that make my soul shudder while I recall and record them.

At the period of which I write, the Indians, encouraged by the British, were wreaking their vengeance on the unprotected denizens of the wilderness. Their hands were reeking with the gore of the aged and the innocent, while midnight glittered with the blaze of burning homes, and the forest echoed the shrieks of the assailed and the yells of the assailants. Oh God! terrific indeed were the bloody scenes that occurred; scenes sufficient to melt the heart of a demon!

It was in Autumn, that melancholy season of the year, when the falling leaves, and the general decay of nature, reminds us of the doom of mortality—that season so typical of age, when man is admonished that the shadows of evening are lengthening, and that ere long, like the leaves of the forest, he will fall—that I was under the necessity of going to a distant town, on business of importance, that could not be delayed or neglected. As I had never

taken part in the warfare between the colonies and the mother country, I considered my family perfectly safe in the vicinity of the British, and departed on my journey on horseback without a single fear.

I was leisurely riding along a road not much frequented, in the depth of the then almost interminable forest, and was sadly musing on the fate of my dearly beloved daughter, Rosalie, when I was suddenly recalled to consciousness by the tramp of a horse among the fallen leaves, and looking up, I beheld the demon whom I now hated as much as he had, and still hated me. I recognized, at the first glance, my old rival at Edinburg.

"Villain!" said Manley, "we are well met in this solitary wilderness, and you shall see how soon and how easily I can rid the world of a scoundrel, and the murderer of my brother;" and he bore down upon me full tilt, sword in hand, though I was unarmed, save with a heavy hickory stick, which I had fancied and cut for a cane.

"A villain be the victim then," I said, as he struck at me a tremendous blow, which must have sent me reeling from the saddle, had I not parried it with the stick; and the broken sword rung, as a part fell quivering on the ground.

In an instant I leaped to the earth, as he drew from his holster a pistol, and, levelling it, drew the trigger. But fortunately it missed fire, and ere he could re-fix it or draw from the holster the other, I flew at him like an enraged tiger, and with a well aimed blow felled him to the ground. Disdaining to triumph over a fallen foe, and not wishing to have the stain of murder upon me, for I did not yet know him to be the murderer of my daughter, I leaped upon my horse, ere he revived, and fled.

From that hour he swore vengeance against me, and that he fulfilled his oath, oh God! how miserable a witness was I afterwards made! How bitterly did I have to deplore that vengeance!

Owing to the tedious transaction of some important business, I was detained from home nearly a week. Having accomplished it, I hastened home with all speed, anxious to look once more upon my wife and children, who were dearer to me than life itself. I had never before remained from home so long, and none but a husband and father can appreciate the blissful feelings of my heart, as I passed through the last skirt of woodland, and approached nearer and nearer home, that happiest spot on earth, though it be in the wilderness or in the desert. My mind was occupied with the thought of the joy of my children, particularly my youngest,

when they should behold the toys and other presents I had purchased for them. I fancied the joy I should feel when my wife should meet me with her accustomed fascinating smile, and when my children should gather around me, contending for the first kiss. Though I had lost one, the eldest daughter, I was still the happy father of a number of as lovely cherubs as ever blest a parent. My heart swelled with indescribable emotions, as I ascended the hill that hid my cottage from my view.

As I ascended the hill, I wondered that no one was on the lookout for my approach. Never had I returned home before, without seeing one or more watching on the brow of the hill for my coming. But oh! God of mercy! when I had reached the summit, the soul-sickening truth flashed upon my mind. There lay my cottage in undistinguishable ruins, a heap of ashes, among which an Indian that I knew, was looking for pieces of money and other things of value that the flames could not devour. My heart sunk within me; I felt as if I had received a deadly blow upon my brain, and I fell insensible, to the ground. When I recovered my senses, the Indian was bathing my brow, and I asked, with a breaking heart, for my wife and children. He pointed to the ruins, and again I fainted. After a time, he related that Colonel Manley had instigated the Indians to do the cruel deed. I searched among the ruins for the bones of my beloved, but I could only find small fragments, there having been burnt with the building so much bacon and beef, that the intensity of the heat must have been very great.

Oh! who can describe the agony I felt, when the thought came into my mind of the pangs of my poor wife and children, when broiling in the flames! God of heaven! how great were the agonies I suffered, while I surveyed the small pieces of bone, that I picked from the ashes, and wondered whether they were those of my dear wife, or to which one of my darling children they belonged! Oh! what years of misery did I endure in that brief period when, in thought, I called them up before me.

Grief is conducive to sleep, and in dreams that night, as I lay among the leaves of the forest, my wife and children were again gathered around me, and again I pressed them to my bosom in joy, as in the happy days that were gone forever. Oh! in dreams did my dear little prattling boy, the idol of my heart, climb my knee again to snatch the envied kiss; again I met the sweet smile of Rosalie, and pressed her angelic form to my bosom in bliss untold; but oh horror! I awoke to a full sense of my misery and forlorn condition—I awoke to look upon the ruin of all my hopes.

I awoke to a realization of blasted bliss, and to the lonely, heart-sickening consciousness that I was alone in the world, with nothing to love me, or to love. Oh! yes, I awoke to behold my happy home a heap of rubbish, among which were the relics of those I had loved more than life, and to restore whom I would freely have suffered a thousand deaths. My grief was so great that I could not weep, and yet my heart was ready to burst. But my tears are now flowing freely, while I write the recollection of that heart-rending scene, in which I was suddenly bereft of all that I loved on this side of the Atlantic. Never, since that hour in which I found myself alone in the world, have I known a moment of bliss. From that hour I vowed revenge. Yes, I knelt down on the burning bosom of my home! upon the fiery tomb of my family, my heart's beloved, and swore that I would avenge their horrible death—that I would never rest, until I had revenged their fall in the blood of their dastard destroyer.

The Indian informed me of the author of the deed, which deprived me of all I held dear; and, also, that Manley had been the instigator of the doom of my daughter, Rosalie. Was not the fate of my daughter sufficient to arouse the spirit of revenge in a father's heart? Was it not sufficient, without the additional injury of the ruin of my whole family?

As I stood upon the brow of the hill, and took the last view of that ruined home, where I had enjoyed so much real happiness, my eyes filled, for the first time, with tears, and I felt that I was indeed, a blasted man. I felt that there was no more happiness for me in this world, bereft as I was of every one in whose veins my blood ran. Oh! with what a forlorn, soul-sickening sensation, did I turn to leave that spot for ever. Never can I forget my feelings at that sad moment.

The land, on which my cottage last stood, was my own. I sold it to a neighbor on certain conditions, and resolved to join the American army, that I might have the better opportunity in battle, to meet my enemy and gratify my revenge. But I soon saw that I could render more service by following the army, and gaining intelligence by means of disguise, in the art of which few could excel me. I had been a member, while at the University of Edinburg, of a company of amateur players; and melodramas being the principal plays we performed, I took parts that were romantic and uncouth, by which I acquired the art of so completely disguising myself, that few would have suspected my transformation.

I followed the American army wherever it went, and lived but in the hope of meeting in battle, the object of my revenge. My soul burned for vengeance. My injuries had been so great, that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and though I felt that revenge was an ignoble passion, yet without that thirst for vengeance which was burning in my heart, I should have spurned life and sought the quietude of the grave; for oh! when I thought of what the Indian had told me, of the manner in which Manley had blasted my happiness, my soul was on fire. When I thought of the cruelties he practised, in hiring the Indians at midnight hour to fasten the doors and windows of my cottage, and burn my family alive—when in fancy, I heard their screams, and their prayers to be spared from so cruel a death—when in imagination, I saw the reality of my cottage in a blaze, and my poor wife, with uplifted hands, imploring mercy, while the crackling flames were gathering around her. When, musing, I saw my children crying for help, and my poor little darling boy writhing in the fire, the revengeful spirit of a demon actuated my heart, and I longed for the hour when I should be the blood-stained avenger of my murdered family. Would to Heaven that I had reached home when the deed was done, that I might have died in defence of my beloved—that I might have revenged the wrong, and perished on the pyre of my shrieking family! Oh! what years of solitary anguish might I have thus escaped! What an age of heart-wrung grief would have been spared me. But it seemed that a life of misfortune was mine, and that, with much of real bliss, I was doomed to endure much of anguish, almost too severe for human endurance. Would to heaven that the memory of the past were a sealed book! Oh! that the recollection of my past life could be obliterated from the desert waste of memory forever! My heart, that once beat high with hope and was illumined with the light of love, has now become the tomb of affection, in which are inurned the ashes of my dear departed wife and little ones, the remembrance of whom harrows up my soul. Life is indeed a desert now to me. I see no hope, no happiness on this side of the grave. I have nothing to bind me to life, no pursuit in this world but revenge, and never will I rest till I have avenged the ruin of my race. From my own countrymen and kindred I have received nothing but wrongs, from my cradle to the present hour; while among strangers, in this land, I have found friends, who sympathised in my sorrows, and sought to bind up my bleeding heart. I will therefore, strike for the liberty they are fighting for, while I wreak my vengeance on

those who have wronged me, particularly Manley, whose mean and cowardly attacks have blasted me forever. When I have seen my hands reeking with his blood, I shall be willing to die. When I have seen this lovely land freed from the yoke of her enemy, I shall be satisfied, and not till then.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Cry havoc! and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
Groaning with carrion men for burial.”—SHAKESPEARE.



OR some time I followed the army of Washington without being noticed, save by some few, who could not avoid observing my impetuous career in battle, for I rushed into the thickest of the fight, and the enemy fell before my fearless arm, like wheat before the cradler's scythe. What did I care for danger or death! All that I loved were dead! I felt that I was alone in the world, and made a hermit by my fellow-man, and I fought like an enraged tigress robbed of her young ones.

At the battle of Brandywine my daring achievements were noticed by many, for I was ever seeking the object of my revenge, and in the hope of meeting Manley hand to hand, for I scorned meanly to take the advantage of him, I dealt death to every one who opposed my progress. Several times he went by me, like lightning on his splendid charger, and I struck at him, but was unnoticed. When the British and Americans were desperately fighting at the crossing-place, called Chadd's Ford, and a bridge had been made of dead bodies, I struck at Manley a terrible blow and unhorsed him, but ere I could deal death to him, the tide of war rolled onward and I lost sight of him, not however without the satisfaction of knowing that I had wounded him, for a stream of blood was pouring down his face.

The battle ended, and I felt dejected, dispirited, I had not accomplished the sacrifice to the manes of my murdered family. Every hour I thirsted more for revenge. I had the gratification, however, to hear that Colonel Manley had been seriously wounded, and my heart leaped with the first impulse of joy I had felt since I had gazed on the ruin of all that I held dear. I still lived in

hope that I should yet be crowned with success in avenging those who perished in the flames of my cottage.

When the army of Washington came here into winter-quarters, I resolved to make my habitation also at Valley Forge, and by chance, while wandering in the forest, I discovered this cave. Here I made my lonely home, so suitable to my forlorn feelings; and as the British army was quartered in Philadelphia, I determined, by means of disguise and by playing the wizard, to render all the assistance in my power to Washington, by communicating to him the plans of the enemy. Several times, when disguised and among the British, did I escape by a miracle. Once by the powers of ventriloquism that I possessed, I saved myself. With the family of Summers, from whose treachery I saved Washington, I became acquainted by mere accident, while wandering about Philadelphia as an Englishman just arrived. By my daring disguises I have been enabled to render much service, and hope to render more. While here, at Valley Forge, I have become warmly attached to Captain Danvers and his amiable wife, Nora, who, in her devotion to her wounded husband, reminds me of my poor unfortunate wife in her younger days. I must have something to love, and on them I have fixed my affections. Their difficulties and distresses I deeply sympathize in, for they remind me of my own. But for me, they must have suffered more anguish than they have known already.

To-morrow, the army leaves Valley Forge to enter on a new campaign, and I shall follow, that I may finally accomplish my revenge, and assist in achieving that liberty which so brave and hospitable a people deserve. Should I ever live to return to Valley Forge, and to this cave, I shall resume this history of my life.

* * * * *

Here, in the manuscript of the mysterious man, was a space, and when he commenced again, it was with ink of a different shade.

CHAPTER XV.

“The storm of war is past, and peace, once more,
Smiles on Columbia’s green and glorious shore.”



HAVE returned, and set down once more in this cave; and here will I finish my narrative. The stormy war is ended, and the glorious flag of freedom is triumphant, a happy people are blest at last with liberty! Immortal honor to the name of George Washington, who achieved it!

When I left Valley Forge with the army, I felt a pleasure, if I have ever known what pleasure was since my misfortunes, I say I felt pleasure at seeing Captain Danvers once more upon his feet, and his wife smiling at his side, after having suffered unheard of privations and sorrows. He was ready again to meet the enemies of his country in battle, and she to follow his fortunes, and minister to him in the hour of anguish or of sickness; and many an hour of anguish did that devoted woman suffer for his sake.

At the battle of Monmouth I anxiously expected to meet again the man by whose cruelty I had been made wretched. And during the conflict we did meet, and long and bloody was the contest between us, but just as I was in the act of despatching him, I was furiously attacked by a young man, whom I recognized as Charles Moreland, the apostate brother of Nora, by marriage to her sister, Charlotte Summers. In cleaving him to the earth, I lost sight of my bitter foe, and night coming on, the battle ceased. That night the Americans slept upon their arms, intending to renew the conflict on the morrow; but when the morning dawned, the enemy had fled. Clinton, fearful of a second attack, had decamped during the night, and passed on through Middletown to Sandy Hook, and finally to New York.

I now purchased a splendid horse with a part of the proceeds of my land, and followed the army as close as a shadow follows its substance. In every engagement my eye was ever seeking one object. He occupied my mind by day and by night, but I did not meet him in combat, until the battle of the Cowpens took place in South Carolina. We met during the heat of the battle, and instantly recognized each other. Furious indeed was the onset—terrible was the conflict. My horse seemed to be actuated by the same fiery spirit that burned in the bosom of his rider, and at the first blow, the blood gushed from us both. We both wheeled at the same moment, and came up again with the velocity of a

whirlwind. At the second blow I missed him, by a plunge of my horse, and reeled on my saddle. He wheeled suddenly, to repeat the blow ere I could recover; but I parried the stroke, and dealt him a tremendous one upon the head. My sword wrung like a shivered glass vessel. As we wheeled again, I drew a pistol from my holster and fired. The ball struck him on the face, and carried away part of his cheek. This unhorsed him, and he fell, dead as I supposed, to the ground. In the joy of the moment I leaped from my horse to triumph over the success of my revenge, for we were now some distance from the contending hosts of Tarleton and Morgan; but what was my surprise, when Colonel Manley leaped from the ground and, like a wolf covered with blood and his teeth gnashing with rage, rushed upon me with more fury than before. Hand to hand the fight between us was renewed, but so nearly equal were we in the use of the sword, that for some time neither had the advantage. But the longer the contest continued, the more savage did each become, till we foamed at the mouth like two mad animals, and both were covered with blood and dust. A cut on my head filled my eyes with gore, while I had given my antagonist a thrust that had severed a blood vessel, and the purple current was pouring forth profusely. At length we both became so weak, from the loss of blood and the long continued contest, that we could scarcely stand; and with a horrible expression of countenance, he at last staggered and fell fainting on the ground. I rushed upon him, to despatch him; but I could not strike a prostrate foe, though he had so basely murdered my family.

In the meantime the brave Morgan had defeated the British, and taken five hundred prisoners, with all the artillery and baggage of the enemy. Oh! how my heart leaped with joy, when I beheld Colonel Manley my prisoner; and how did he groan with anguish, when he discovered that he was in my power! His wailing, however, was of no avail, and I watched him with the eyes of Argus, lest, by some means he should escape, for my vengeance was not yet consummated.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Such was my life’s deceitful morning;
 Such the pleasures I enjoyed;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 A’ my flowery bliss destroy’d.
 Tho’ fickle fortune has deceived me,
 She promis’d fair, and perform’d but ill;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav’d me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.”—BURNS.

NEVER was a human heart prouder of a conquest than was mine, when I looked upon my captive; and never did a mind experience stronger contending emotions than did mine, whilst musing upon the ruin of my race, brought about by him who was now in my power. We felt towards each other as did Tamerlane and Bajazet, renowned on the pages of story. Sleeping or waking, Colonel Manley alone occupied my mind. How I should wreak my vengeance upon him, who “of many a joy and hope” had truly “bereaved me,” was my constant thought, by day and by night; and I felt the bitterness of anguish least he should escape my revenge, when I thought of the brilliant hopes, of the Eden of bliss, which he had malevolently blasted. In the language of Ossian, I felt the “joy of grief,” at the prospect before me of making him taste of the same overflowing cup of agony, that with a demon’s hand, he had held to my lips, until I had drained it to the very dregs. And that the cup he prepared for me was bitter, every heart, alive to the finer sensibilities of human nature, will readily acknowledge. Oh! yes, bitter, bitter indeed.

Though Manley was humbled, and meanly stooped to beg his life, he still secretly hated me.

“How base, how passing base,” said I to him one morning, when he hinted that I had it in my power to show my magnanimity, “must be the man who meanly begs a favor, and pleads for the magnanimity of one, whose hopes and happiness he has utterly blasted! How base, how bereft of every generous impulse, and every noble sentiment, must be the wretch, who stoops to beg his life from the mercy of him whose life he has made a blank, and embittered by his cruelty, and to whose desolate heart he has made the world a wilderness! Manley, you are mean indeed, to talk of magnanimity. Was it magnanimous to imbrue your cursed hands in the blood of my innocent, helpless daughter? Was it magnanimous to bid the scalping-knife of the Indian reek with

the gore of a beautiful woman, whose very helplessness should have demanded your protection? Was it magnanimous to wreak your vengeance on my innocent and unprotected family, and to behold my poor wife and children broiling in the flames of my home, while their cries and imploring prayers were drowned in the war-whoop and yells of savages less savage than yourself? Oh! villain, most damnable villain, was there magnanimity in the murder of my whole family, in the base butchery of all that I so dearly cherished and loved? Oh! how ineffably mean do you appear, when you implore the mercy of him, whose darling little children's agonizing screams could not melt your heart of adamant? Away, vilest of villains! To grant mercy to such an unmerciful wretch, would outrage the very name of justice, and bid humanity weep for the weakness of human nature. Never, till your blood, your base blood has atoned for the wrongs you have done me; never, till you have atoned for the happiness you have blasted, and the innocent beloved ones you have butchered; no, never, till those are revenged whose bones are bleaching amid the ashes of my home, that but for your accursed ferocity, might have still been happy, shall my soul know peace. When you have atoned for the misery I have endured, aye, atoned by the sacrifice of that life you meanly crave, then shall I be willing to die, and leave a world that now is indeed, a waste, a wilderness to me. But mark me, Colonel Manley, I will take no mean advantage of you, meanly as you crept into the Eden of my bliss, and like the serpent in Paradise, destroyed the happiness there. No, you shall fall by my hand, but it shall be in fair, open combat."

My captive listened to this harangue, and his eye brightened at the close, for he felt that he did not deserve the lenity shown to him. I kept him under my eye, and though badly wounded, he for a time rapidly recovered; but fever ensued, and he was prostrated on a pallet of severe illness. At length the fever became so severe that the attending physician expressed doubts of his recovery, and as death approached my victim, I felt the ferocious spirit of revenge forsake me, until I no longer thirsted for his blood. The bitter animosity that had throbbled in every pulsation of my heart, at first, sunk into a feeling of apathy and unconcern, and finally to something approaching to pity. Strange, strange is the heart of man, and still more strange are the passions which actuate it! As death approached my captive and intended victim, I was astonished to find myself feeling an interest in the fate of him whom I had recently hated so virulently, and who had

made me a wretched wanderer in the world, without one hope, save that of revenge, on which to fix my eye. Yes, when death came to release his guilty spirit, I felt pity instead of that soul-absorbing desire for vengeance, which had been the theme of my mind day and night.

I saw Colonel Manley die, with a prayer for forgiveness on his lips; and, strange as it may seem, I even upbraided myself with his death. Though he had not only blasted my happiness, but my very soul in the ruin of my household, I felt unaccountably strange, a feeling approaching to guilt, in witnessing his last dying agonies, and oh! if I were miserable before, I found myself infinitely more so now. I now felt like one who is entirely deserted, and who sees nothing in the world calculated to rouse the energies of his soul; nothing on which to fix the eye of desire; nothing to excite ambition. Oh! how desolate now was my heart, that once had been so happy! How dreary was the world, that once had been so bright, blissful and beautiful. The last hope that had stirred my drooping spirit, the hope of revenge, had perished in my heart, and there was nothing to excite; not a single tie to bind me to the world, in which I stood alone. When I gazed upon a withered, blighted oak, blasted by the thunder-bolt, I realized my own condition by the similitude. Oh! how far, far more miserable was I now, when Colonel Manley, my bitter enemy and the destroyer of my race, was dead! In my wretched and forlorn condition, with nothing to love, and nothing to hope for, the idea of suicide more than once presented itself to my mind, but was suppressed by conscience, which, Shakspeare tells us,

“Makes cowards of us all.”

Yes, reason told me that I had “better bear the ills I had, than fly to others that I knew not of.” I thought it better to endure “the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, than by opposing end them,” better to groan on in this world, than rush uncalled into the presence of that awful, yet merciful Being, who often sends us blessings in disguise. I discharged the unworthy thought from my mind, and resolved bravely to bear up against my misfortunes; for there is not in this life a spectacle so truly sublime, as to behold a good man buffeting the stormy waves of adversity.

The strong affection I cherished for Nora and her husband, whose bravery and brilliant achievements had earned for him an envied fame, and raised him to the rank of Colonel, saved me from absolute despair; and the desire to minister to their happi-

ness, constituted now the only link in that mysterious chain which bound me to life. I determined henceforth to tread the path of life together with them, and with them to share whatever fortune should henceforth bestow on me.

I followed the army, under Washington or one of his generals, and was in most of the battles that occurred after that of the Cowpens, in which the brave Morgan so shamefully defeated the braggart Tarleton. I was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and often did I wish, when in the heat of battle, that some unseen stray ball would put a period to those miseries, which conscience would not permit my own hand to do. Secretly did I hope that chance would end my sorrows, and reunite me to those beloved ones who had been so cruelly butchered; for often did I fancy the bliss of meeting Rosalie in yon far off home, where sorrow is a stranger, and no tears are ever shed. Often, in dreams, did I again sit in my once happy cottage, and clasp my wife to my bosom, while my little ones climbed my knee,

“The envied kiss to share,”

but oh! with what unutterable anguish did my bosom swell; what tides of tears did my eyes pour forth, when I awoke to find it all untrue, and busy memory pictured, in vivid colors, the horrors of the past!

The war having ended in the triumph of liberty, I was present when the great and good Washington bade the army an affectionate farewell, and a more affecting scene I never witnessed. Every soldier loved him, and many a manly eye shed tears at the thought of parting forever with their beloved chief. To me the thought was painful, for I had learned to love him; and now when I contemplate his character, I am lost in admiration of his greatness, and the glory of his virtues. Washington was not only a patriot and a soldier; he did not only lead to victory the armies of his country; he did not only counsel and direct the operations in the field; but he was the very main-spring of the cabinet, and directed the deliberations and decisions of Congress with all the energy of a master mind. Whether in the camp or the cabinet, the forum or the field, he was the same grand and glorious character.

Bidding an eternal adieu to this great man, to whom I had rendered many important services, and who begged me to call upon him if necessity should come upon me, I left the army, and with my usual gloomy feelings, I wended my way to Philadelphia, and there I resolved to visit Valley Forge, and this cave, which I have

called the *wizard's cave*. As I returned from the South, I stopped to look at the grave of Colonel Manley, the destroyer of my peace; but my feelings, when bending over his lowly bed, no language can describe; no fancy can conceive. The past, with all its bliss and beauty; with all its miseries and horrors, rose up before me, and in a few minutes I lived years of agony.

I am now near the close of the history of my life, and what is to be my future destiny I know not; I had almost said, I care not. I shall live only for the happiness of Colonel Danvers and his amiable wife who are poor, and for whose welfare I will work. There is nothing else to bind me to life, and as to happiness, I never expect to partake of it again on this side of the grave. Here I will end my narrative, and leave this cave forever.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ And joy shall shine again upon that brow
Where sat but dark despair, and hope relight
The gloomy heart, where youthful bliss and love
Had found a tomb.”—ANON.



HE mysterious man, George St. Leger, after finishing the revelation or history of his life, wandered through the cave for a while, in great distress of mind, and then left, forgetting in his perturbed state the manuscript which he had placed in a secret crevice of the rock, and where the soldier found it as described.

He returned to Philadelphia, where he had left Colonel Danvers and his wife Nora, the amiable Nora, who had, through the turmoils and terrors of a bloody war, followed him, partaking of his joys and sorrows, and ministering to his wants, when sick and wounded. The generous George St. Leger, furnished all the money he had remaining, with which Nora established a little fancy store, on the profits of which they lived comfortably. But, though *they* thus lived comfortably, thousands were in distress and poverty; for, when peace came and liberty smiled, the country was in a deplorable condition, being overwhelmed with debt, and trade and manufactures having decayed.

In 1787 a general convention of delegates was held at Philadelphia, when a new constitution was framed. St. Leger was

walking the street, when he suddenly cast his eyes upon the commanding form of Washington, and recognized him in a moment. Great was his joy to meet once more the beloved chief, whom he had followed to "the tented field." General Washington followed St. Leger to the house of Colonel Danvers, whom he well remembered, and St. Leger there gave him the story of his life.

After Washington heard him through, he said:

"Mr. St. Leger, there is an Indian now residing in Virginia, who bade me say to you, that he knows some Indians who possess some valuable property of yours, and if you will visit him, he will have it delivered to you."

In a moment St. Leger thought of a box of gold coin, which was in his cottage when burnt. With the promise to visit Mount Vernon and the Indian, Washington and St. Leger parted.

Some time elapsed ere St. Leger thought again of the box of gold, and he prepared to set out on a journey to the residence of the illustrious Washington. When he arrived at Mount Vernon, the General directed him to the wigwam of the Indian, whom he found, and recognized as the one who had told him of the murderer of his family. It was the same Indian he had seen standing upon the ruins of his cottage, when he returned home to find all his family destroyed.

"Years have passed," said St. Leger, "since we met before; and since that hour I have known no happiness."

"Cheer up," returned the good hearted Indian, "there may be happier hours in store for you, when I have revealed to you the place where you may find your lost property."

"Alas!" ejaculated St. Leger, with a sigh, "gold has but few charms now in my eyes. If I could call up from the grave my lost ones, or even one of the least of them, you might talk of happiness, and my heart would leap to hear you."

"Listen," said the Indian, seriously. "Had you not a daughter?"

"Oh God! yes, what of her, speak," exclaimed George St. Leger, with deep emotion.

"Would you again behold that daughter?"

"Oh! do not tantalize me, Onoko," exclaimed St. Leger, grasping the hand of the Indian, "but tell me, does my daughter yet live?"

"She yet lives," said the Indian calmly.

"God be praised!" cried St. Leger, covering his face with his hands and bursting into tears. "Oh! then there is some happiness still left for this poor heart."

"Your daughter lives with her husband," continued Onoko, "and you will find her in Alexandria. Long has she sought, but could hear nothing of you."

"How was she saved?" gasped St. Leger, overpowered by his feelings. "Tell me! tell me all, Onoko!"

"Well, you remember that Delancy and Manley both sent a party of Indians to conduct Rosalie through the forest, though with different intentions. The Indians felt pity for her beauty, and that they might both claim their reward, they agreed to conceal her, and report the story of her death. By this cunning trick she was saved, and both parties of Indians received their pay. When the war closed, I revealed to Delancy the place where he might find Rosalie, and he discovered and married her."

"Does she know that I yet live?" enquired St. Leger eagerly.

"No. Two or three years ago she met an old man, with whom she became acquainted, and who, on learning that her name had been St. Leger, gave her a scroll of paper, which he said he found in a cave at Valley Forge, and which bore the name of her father, George St. Leger. From that scroll she first learned the fate of her family."

"But does she know I live?" again anxiously enquired St. Leger.

"No. This same old soldier informed her that he was told by a man who fought at your side, that you fell at the battle of the Cowpens, in South Carolina, covered with wounds, and at your side died your enemy. Rosalie believes all her family to be dead. Your presence will give her great joy."

St. Leger rose in haste to depart. He showered his thanks upon the generous Onoko, and promised, that if ever fortune favored him, to remember Onoko. Bidding adieu to Washington, to whom he communicated what had passed, he left Mount Vernon and hurried on to Alexandria.

Having arrived at that ancient town, he did not wander long, until he beheld the name of Delancy, on a sign at the door of a public house, and entered. The moment he beheld Rosalie, who was followed by two rosy-cheeked children, he knew her, but did not make himself known, lest the sudden and unexpected meeting should overpower her. Alas! long continued grief and suffering had made such powerful inroads on his constitution, that she did not know him. She believed her father to be dead, and therefore did not recognize him.

The reader may wonder, and think it impossible that Rosalie should have lived several years in so ancient a town as Alexandria,

without the tidings having come to the ears of her father; but it was not then as now; there were no rail roads, no steamboats, no magnetic telegraph, scarcely any newspapers, and a mail but seldom. A travel of a hundred miles was then equal to a transit now of many thousands. News was not then transmitted with the velocity of lightning. Happy indeed have been the effects of freedom.

By degrees the excited father made himself known, and touching to the soul of sensibility was the recognition. Mingled grief and gladness filled both their hearts, and Rosalie rushed into the arms, and fell weeping upon the bosom of her long lost father. To realize the feelings of such a scene, the reader must place him or herself in such a situation.

"Forgive my disobedience, oh! my father," cried the weeping daughter, "for oh! what years of anguish did it bring on both!"

"Speak not of that, my child," sobbed St. Leger, "for the joy of this moment cancels all the past. Oh! could I but behold the balance of my family, who perished in the flames ——"

"God of mercy!" exclaimed Rosalie, interrupting him, "and have you not heard ——"

"Heard what?" interrogated St. Leger, staring at her like a maniac, as he threw her from his arms and rushed across the room, not knowing what he did or said.

"Be calm, my dear father. Did not Onoko tell you ——"

"Tell me what?" again enquired the distracted father, again interrupting her, and staring wildly at her.

"I see how it is," said Rosalie calmly, endeavoring to prepare her father for the news that she knew would overwhelm him with joy. "I see how it is, the generous Onoko, who plead for, and saved us all from the tomahawk, has left it for me to communicate to you the blissful tidings that our family are all alive."

Had a ball struck St. Leger in the brain, he could not have dropped more suddenly to the floor. Overpowered by the flood of joy, he swooned, and Delancy, who came in and learned what had passed, thought that sudden joy had killed him, for he remembered the case of the door-keeper of Congress, who fell dead from great joy, when he heard that Cornwallis had surrendered his whole army. He had, also, read in Hume's history of England, that several died of joy at the restoration of Charles II to the throne of Great Britain.

Delancy was alarmed, for he applied to the usual restoratives in vain. St. Leger remained insensible hour after hour, until the

physicians, who had been called in, gave up all hope of his recovery. The grief of Rosalie was unbounded. The thought that her father should perish at the very moment when he was about to be restored to his long lost family, was severe indeed, for it seemed as if she had destroyed him by communicating the blissful news.

But eventually, by great and constant exertions, the physicians succeeded in restoring animation, and he opened his eyes as if just awakened from a long and dreary dream. In the course of a few days he was perfectly recovered, though he seemed to have entirely forgotten the cause of his affliction.

Rosalie gradually and cautiously informed him, how Colonel Manley had hired a party of Indians to butcher his family and burn his cottage, and how Onoko had plead for their lives and saved them. She pointed out the tribe of Indians with whom they all were, and stated that her husband, Delancy, had sent for them immediately after Onoko came to Virginia, discovered Rosalie, and told her concerning her family. It had been so long since Onoko had seen Rosalie, that he had forgotten her, she had so altered since her marriage.

Some time had elapsed since Delancy had sent the second time, the first messenger having failed in finding them. St. Leger was anxious once more to be united to his wife and children, and resolved to set out in pursuit of them; but, to his great joy, on the evening before the day on which he was to start, the messenger returned, conducting the elder Rosalie and all her family.

A scene ensued, when St. Leger and his wife met, which beggars description. He was perfectly frantic, and ran to clasp his children one after another, though under other circumstances he would not have known them, so much had they grown, and all being clad in the Indian costume. Great was the rejoicing, that day, at the re-union of a family that had been so long separated, and had endured so much of hardship and sorrow. Many a sigh of untold grief had they breathed, but all now were happy.

St. Leger bent his knee before his God, in grateful thanks for having restored to him his lost ones, after years of tribulation, and when he had given up all hopes of happiness on this side of the grave. Scarcely had he arrived in Philadelphia with all his family, for young Rosalie and her husband removed with them, ere he received a letter from England, which stated that his eldest brother was long since dead, and that his parents had been sometime dead, having lived to a very advanced age. By the death of his father, he being the oldest male of the family living, he was, by

the law of primogeniture, heir to the titles and the whole of the immense estates of his father, the Earl of ———. For the titles he cared not a farthing, for in fighting for it, he had learned to love liberty, and was a true-republican.

St. Leger, once more a happy man and the possessor of immense wealth, resolved to spend the remainder of his days in America; and, with this view, he made a voyage to England, to settle and dispose of his estates. Having appointed an agent to transact his business, he took passage at Liverpool in a ship bound to Philadelphia, and what was his surprise to find, as passengers in the steerage, the once proud and wealthy Summers and his wife, in the most abject state of poverty. They were returning to America, after being banished, and informed St. Leger, that the ship on board of which they went as exiles, had been wrecked, from which they only escaped with their lives, having lost every dollar they possessed. They were now returning in poverty to their native land, and they wept when they spoke of their tory attempt to betray General Washington into the hands of the British.

When the ship arrived at the wharf at Philadelphia, and the friends of the passengers came flocking on board, his eye caught the form of the once proud and fashionable Charlotte Summers, but oh! how changed! Her husband, Charles Moreland, had been killed in battle, during the revolution, after he had, through the persuasion of the Summers' family, deserted from the American army.

They have met their desert, thought St. Leger, as he went on shore, and hastened to the large building in Chestnut street, in which his family had been placed. He found them all well as he had left them. His first care was to see to the education of his children; not only his own, but also those of Delancy and Danvers.

St. Leger now lived a new life. The world was again illumined by the sun of happiness, and "all the clouds that lowered above his house, were in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." His generous heart did not forget Onoko, the Indian, to whose generous exertion, he owed the safety of his whole family, and the happiness he now enjoyed. He invited Onoko to Philadelphia, but finding that he preferred the solitude of the forest, he purchased him a farm in Virginia, stocked it, and settled on him a pension for life. To Danvers he was also liberal. Discovering in him a penchant for mercantile pursuit, he started him in business in

Market street, from which, in the course of time, he became one of the largest shipping merchants in Philadelphia.

One evening in winter, whilst St. Leger and some of his family were at a party at the house of Danvers, and his splendid parlor was alive with the elite of the city, a poor woman came to the door to ask charity for her aged father and mother, who were suffering all the horrors of want. That poor woman was the once proud and imperious Charlotte Moreland or Summers. Mr. Danvers had recently bought the elegant residence in which he lived, and was lately removed to it, in honor of which occasion the party was given. Charlotte did not know that it was the house of her sister Nora, that she had applied to for charity, or her pride even in her poverty and want, would have prevented her from calling there. But she had committed herself; she was discovered, and it was too late now to retreat. The generous Nora endeavored to forget the sorrowful time, when, in poverty, she was rudely repulsed from her father's door, under pretence that she was a poor crazy creature who annoyed them. She endeavored to forget the cruel language of Charlotte, when she left Valley Forge, trudging her way on foot, to implore relief for her poor wounded husband. With tears in her eyes, she gave Charlotte money to relieve the wants of her suffering parents, and promised to come and see them, and provide for them in future. The proud Mr. and Mrs. Summers had suffered for turning against their bleeding country in the hour of her darkness and danger, and far were they removed from the wealth and titles which they once expected to crown their treachery and treasonable designs. And thus it ever is with those who spurn the dictates of virtue, and seek preferment in forbidden ways. In the language of Pope:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

St. Leger pitied these unhappy people, for they were now humbled to the dust, and truly penitent. He assisted in lifting them from their degradation, and in placing it in their power to live comfortably and happy.

When Washington was chosen the first President of the United States, honors awaited the family of St. Leger. He was offered and accepted a station under the government, of high distinction; and, in after years, his eldest son was sent as a minister-plenipotentiary to one of the courts of Europe. Among his descendants have risen some of the most gifted men that ever sat

in Congress, or made the walls of Washington ring with the thunders of their eloquence. Delancy rose to distinction; for, like St. Leger, he became an American in heart and soul, and was chosen to fill many important and honorable stations. One of the sons of Delancy occupied a high position under the government, during the administration of Mr. Madison, and became very celebrated as a statesman. Long life seemed to have been granted by Heaven to most of those who struggled for liberty. Look at the signers of the Declaration of Independence! But two of them died early; the one was drowned, and the other fell in a duel. For the others, in length of life, there is not a parallel on the pages of history. George St. Leger lived to see his great grandchildren playing around him. After their reunion, never was there a happier or more honored family, than that of

The Mysterious Man, or the Wizard of Valley Forge.

What is Hope?

O. WHAT is hope devoid of faith,
 In God's immutable decrees?
 It is a rainbow's radiant ray,
 A meteor bright that flits away,
 A brilliant bubble on the bay,
 The poet saith,
 That breaks at every breeze.

And what is faith devoid of light
 Within the immortal soul?
 The consciousness of sins forgiven?
 'Tis but a star that points to heaven,
 An ignis fatuus that leads
 The traveller o'er mounts and meads,
 Then sinks in night,
 Nor takes him to the goal.

Tour to Valley Forge.

A smiling country, graced with all that Art
And Nature join'd, may bring to bless man's heart;
Where every thing conspires the soul to please,
And life must pass in opulence and ease.



EARLY on Saturday morning, the 31st of July, 1847, the author, in company with one of the proprietors of the Blue Hen's Chicken, one of the most popular newspapers in the State of Delaware, started on a travel to Valley Forge, celebrated in history as the spot where the illustrious Washington, chief of the American army, went into winter-quarters, during the dark and dreary days of the Revolution. Our object was to view the scenery around Valley Forge, and pick up incidents among the old residents, on which to found a Revolutionary Tale.

We left Wilmington with a fixed determination to enjoy ourselves, and to be familiar with every thing but—brandy bottles,—and right well did we carry out that resolve; for though our spirits were ardent in the pursuit of enjoyment and information, we studiously avoided ardent spirits. Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, we mingled with, and enjoyed the overflowing of, many an ardent spirit, while we roamed—not rum-inated abroad. The reader will pardon my pun-y attempt at a pun.

Our ride to West Chester was not productive of any incidents, particularly interesting to the reader; nor did any accidents occur, save that we heard of a man who had been struck on the head with an axe, which of course was axe-eye-dent. A plague take the puns, for if one comes near me, I cannot help pun-ishing it.

Oh! how delightful the corn looked, over the innumerable fields we passed, both in Delaware and Pennsylvania! So rank, so tall,

so green! I observed one material difference between all the corn I saw growing in Pennsylvania, and that which is seen on similar land in Kent County, Delaware. It has been remarked, that there is no land in the United States, so easily improved, and so productive when improved, as that of Kent County, and I do not doubt the assertion. The corn in Pennsylvania is remarkably tall; but that which grows on rich land in Kent County, Delaware, though not so high by one, two or more feet, is at least one-third thicker in the stalk, and bears not only a greater number of ears, but those that are larger and longer. But, alas! there is one material difference observable in the lands of Pennsylvania and those of Kent County, Delaware. While in Pennsylvania you scarcely see a foot of ground that is *not* improved, in Kent County you find comparatively little that *is* improved. This is easily accounted for. The lands in Chester County are occupied generally by the owners, whose interest it is to improve them; while, on the contrary, those of Kent are occupied by tenants, who may remove at pleasure, seldom remaining more than two or three years; hence the unwillingness of the one party to improve the lands for the benefit of those who are to come after them; they raise every thing they can, and leave the farm poorer than they found it. All that is required to make Kent County the garden spot of Delaware, is for the lands to fall into the hands of *farmers*, men of scientific as well as practical knowledge; whose interest it will be to improve them. It is owing to the fact that the owners occupy, principally, and improve the farms of New Castle County, that the lands in that county have become so much richer than those in Kent. Look around you, and it is apparent. Would the lands of Messieurs Reybold, and many others, have been what they are, had they been occupied by different tenants every year or two, and by men who cannot analyze a soil; distinguish scientifically one soil from another, or make the proper application of manures to different vegetable productions? No.

But to proceed. West Chester is the most beautiful inland town I have ever seen in any part of the United States that I have visited, and it is no wonder that it is so; for it is surrounded by fertile fields that, in proper season, groan with golden grain—by a vast extent of rich country, equal to the State of Delaware, that is amply able to sustain it. I do not mean to infer by this, that the State of Delaware is a vast country—I speak comparatively—Delaware is like a diamond, diminutive, but having within it inherent specific value. West Chester is surrounded by a glorious

country, ample in its resources, and filled, as far as I could judge, with a liberal, generous, whole-souled people, who do not make their day-book their Bible, nor gold their God. Witness their public-spirited improvements; their lofty, airy, elegant mansions; grand but not gorgeous; beautiful but not extravagantly gay. In going to West Chester, we put up at the comfortable hotel of Mr. Samuel Guss, where we were well accommodated by a polite landlord.

From the hotel we sauntered forth to the office of the kind hearted and intelligent Mr. Bosee, one of the proprietors and editors of the Republican and Democrat; who, after introducing us to Mr. Strickland, the other editor, put on his coat, dropped business, and accompanied us about town. As a proof of the hospitality of the people of West Chester, I will mention one instance. As we were crossing a street, we were hailed by a gentleman, who came up, and after making himself known, and stating that he had read my writings years ago in Philadelphia, concluded by giving us a pressing invitation to dinner, which we politely declined, as we had already spoken for dinner at the hotel where we stopped. The gentleman alluded to was Mr. Brown, proprietor of the superb Mansion House, of which, as well as of its very affable, polite and agreeable proprietor, I shall have occasion to speak on our return. Mr. Bosee very kindly conducted us to the office of the Register and Examiner, and introduced us to the agreeable and communicative editor, with whom we conversed some time.

West Chester is not only beautiful in its private and public buildings; its wide, airy, clean streets, and city-like places of business; but it is surrounded by elegant situations that give to its suburbs or environs a romantic, as well as rural beauty. The water works are handsomely arranged. A branch of a rail road terminates there, and we saw a large car depart, well filled with gay forms and happy faces, for Philadelphia and parts unknown. The most prominent object in West Chester, that arrests the eye of the traveller, is the splendid, large Court House, that will now soon be completed. It is, judging by the immense iron columns that are being erected, of the Corinthian order of architecture, fire-proof. From the roof rises an octangular tower-like steeple, that at a distance gives to the town a city-like appearance. This large building, I am told, will cost, when completed, near fifty thousand dollars; it stands in close contiguity to the old court house, which looks like a pigmy in comparison, and reflects great

credit on the magnificent liberality of the county. A long, well arranged market house is situated in one of the wide streets. Some new buildings are being built.

In the afternoon we left West Chester on our way to Phoenixville, a distance of about seventeen miles. In passing through the rich country bordering on the Schuylkill, the traveller is not at all astonished at having left so flourishing and beautiful a town as West Chester; for, when his eye ranges over the rich green meadows, and gazes over a rolling country, divided into fields on which the tall corn, over the distant hills, looks almost like woodlands, he sees evidence of the cause. Oh! it makes the heart glad, when surveying the luxuriant pastures, on which large limbed oxen, and fat cows and huge oxen, and noble horses, are grazing. Such a country would support half a dozen large towns, or even cities. Such crops of corn, and so great a quantity, never, perhaps, was garnered, as will be taken from this rich land this season. There is no cause for wonder that the land is rich in this part of Pennsylvania, and no wonder that Pennsylvania is *one* of the richest, and might be made by far the *richest* State in the Union. As we rode along the rich and romantic banks of the Schuylkill, my eye rested on a lime kiln at every distance of a quarter of a mile; and wherever we see a lime country, there is a rich country. The resources of Pennsylvania in lime, coal, iron, and indeed every thing that pertains to wealth, are inexhaustible; and were her sons endowed with a tithe of the tact and talent that distinguish those of Yankeedom—had they that spirit of enterprize and invincible perseverance which belongs to brother Jonathan of the East, they might by their tact, like the fabled character in the Heathen Mythology, turn every thing into gold.

The nearer we approached Phoenixville, the more romantic became the rolling country. As we ascended a high hill, about two miles from the town, the most beautiful and brilliant scene—the most lovely and luxuriant landscape broke upon our view that my eyes ever surveyed, though I have gazed upon many grand and glorious exhibitions of nature. Far as the eye could reach around, were spread gay, green vales, and gorgeous hills, rising one above another in the form of a perfect amphitheatre; graced here and there with beautiful cottages, that looked like the happy homes of peace and plenty; and dotted with lone and lofty woodlands. When the magnificent scene first broke upon my view

a burst of enthusiastic admiration gushed from my lips, and I exclaimed in the lovely language of Thomas Moore—

“I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
 Around the green elms, that a cottage was near;
 And I said, if there's peace in the world to be found,
 A heart that is humble might hope for it here.”

It was a cloudy day, and how I sighed for a morning sun to be shedding his golden rays on that green and glorious scene! How I longed for the soft sun-rays of morn to illumine that lovely landscape—that Eden of the earth! Far, far below, in the luxuriant valleys, and on the sides of sloping hills, I gazed upon innumerable cattle grazing, that looked in perspective like guinea pigs on a green carpet, so small was the angle of vision through which we viewed them from the immense height. Beautiful indeed were the extensive fields covered with corn, that, diminished by the optic angle under which they were viewed, looked like small patches; and lots containing acres, seemed to the eye as mere hearth rugs covered with a shaggy worsted. Though many sublime scenes were witnessed along the banks of the Schuylkill, none were so exquisitely grand and glorious as this. Oh! if the first blissful abode of man on earth were more lovely, more romantic, more sublimely beautiful than this, I said, in my heart, it must have been a Heaven indeed; for here all the elements of sublimity and beauty seemed to have been exhausted! To my poetic fancy it appeared, in its peerless variety, nothing less than a perfect Paradise, where life might pass away in uninterrupted peace and pleasure. Oh! how happy were it here to a pure young heart, away from the distracting bustle of a city, to pitch his tent; to rear his cottage; surrounded with plenty, and blessed with one gentle spirit! How could he here

——“Sigh upon innocent lips,
 On lips never sighed on by any but his.”

The day was almost done—the sun was just sinking behind the lonely and lofty woodlands that lifted their heads on the dim and distant hills in the west, when we arrived at the thriving and picturesque, though scattered and neglected town of Phoenixville; and put up at the excellent hotel kept by Mr. Bröwer, a polite and well bred gentleman. After tea, we sauntered forth to the rail road, which runs by the town on the east, and is built up ten or twenty feet above the common level, as the place for some dis-

tance is low and wet. Night coming on, we went no further than the fine large bridge which crosses the Schuylkill, near the rail road. Over this road vast quantities of coal are carried, much of which is deposited at this place, to feed the immense iron works, in which iron is made from the ore, and manufactured into rail road bars.

Fatigued by our travel, for we are both devoted to sedentary employments, we returned to the hotel, with the intention of retiring for the night; but hearing a loud voice up the street as of some one speaking, we advanced to the spot, and found a Washingtonian, from Baltimore, addressing a multitude of men on the subject of temperance, most of whom were workmen from the different factories. He had a hard time of it, and proved, by his perseverance, how much he had the great and good cause of temperance at heart; for he was interrupted, ridiculed, and finally forced to relinquish his undertaking, after he had spoken about half an hour. He had a hard audience to deal with. His rostrum was reared on the street, near the temperance hotel.

Apropos! It will be recollected that, in the temperance election, in Pennsylvania, the license law was abrogated, and the sale of ardent spirits prohibited in Chester County. It is the intention of dealers in the article to contest the law, as was done in Delaware. But the law is a matter of moonshine to the people of Phoenixville, or at least to those who are determined to drink liquor; for the only obstacle to be overcome in obtaining the "joyful," is to cross the Schuylkill, when they are in another county, where the sale of liquor is not prohibited by law, and where it is kept for sale. The distance, it is said, is but a short walk; and thus, in effect, is rendered null and void the attempt to put down the sale and consumption of ardent spirits by the ballot box. The attempt to suppress the cause of intemperance by force, is futile. If "moral suasion" should prove insufficient, the partial exercise of the arm of the law can never accomplish it; but, on the contrary, in my opinion, will increase it, by creating an organized opposition founded in interest, the strongest motive that can sway the human mind; and by increasing desire, for it is well known to those acquainted with metaphysics and moral philosophy, that restraint is one of the most powerful incentives to desire. Our desire for liberty is more ideal than real, for though we might voluntarily confine ourselves to a room for days and weeks, no sooner would a tyrant decree that we should remain in it one day, than it would be invested with all the horrors

of a dungeon, and we should sigh to be freed from it in less than an hour, though we were perfectly satisfied before. Would to God that every drop of liquor were annihilated from the world, so far as relates to intemperance; but it is my humble opinion, that though man may by persuasion be induced to relinquish the curse, force will increase it, for we invariably feel an increased desire for that object or article from which we are debarred. This was the case with Adam and Eve, in Paradise. We hear nothing of their desire for *apple juice*, until they were forbidden to taste it; but no sooner did they hear the decree, than the flame of desire was lighted in their souls; and though they were permitted to taste of all the rest, none was so delicious to their notion as said apple juice. And, as their posterity have done after them, they determined to taste it, though certain death was the consequence. Their desire it seems was stronger than their moral force. Its gratification in the very face of the law which directed them to abstain under the penalty of death, proved their ruin. The desire for apple juice has since sent millions of mankind to untimely tombs. It is a desideratum "devoutly to be wished," that the tide of intemperance could be stayed; for oh! how many of the mightiest men; of the most glorious minds, and heavenly hearts; might be saved from ruin, degradation and death, thereby; but, in our first parents, we see an example of the influence of force superinducing, or, or least, increasing desire for that which was forbidden. We see that our first parents were *spiritually* inclined, for they loved the "juice;" which the Egyptians afterwards unfortunately discovered the mode of distilling; though the *alembic* is of Arabian origin, as it is derived from two Arabic words, *al ambix*, the pot.

But to return to Phœnixville. All night long we lay, at Mr. Brower's comfortable hotel, with the puffing sounds of locomotives in our ears. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed, through the night, between the passage of trains transmitting coal.

In the morning we visited, before breakfast, the immense iron works, viewing the great variety of machinery for making iron from the ore, and manufacturing it into rail road bars, which saves to the country vast sums, heretofore expended for that article in England, and for transporting it three thousand miles across the Atlantic. It looked queer to us to see the men at work on the Sabbath. The cotton factory was closed. In iron works a great amount of money must be invested, and profitably, I should suppose, for they are very extensive.

The streets of Phœnixville are not paved; the gutters are necessarily dirty, and the gravel sidewalks very narrow, though the town, computing all its scattered parts, contains three or four thousand inhabitants. It is, from appearances, a thriving place; and is extremely romantic, having some handsome buildings. The agreeable landlord is improving his hotel building.

"Birds of a feather will flock together," says the proverb; and accordingly after breakfast we called on the poet, Mr. J. Bayard Taylor, editor of the Phœnixville Pioneer, who, by the bye, is a beautiful writer; a gifted and very agreeable, good looking young man; and, as we expected to find him, affable, and entirely free from aristocratic stiffness, and vain, proud pomposity. He was *le debonnaire*; as the French would style him in their sweet, soft, and graceful language. Mr. Taylor very kindly agreed to pilot us to the further end of the rail road tunnel, which is cut through the solid rock of a mountain; but, as he was unfortunately afflicted with the jaw-ache, and a coming cloud portended rain, he was compelled reluctantly to return, when about half way to the tunnel, and we were deprived of the company and conversation of a poet, a man of sound sense, and very easy, graceful, and agreeable manners. Of Mr. Taylor's poetry, Willis and other distinguished writers of this country, we are informed, have spoken in the highest terms of eulogy. He pressed us warmly to call on him on our return from the tunnel, as he had some splendid drawings, engravings, and other matters of taste, to amuse us with; but, as we lost our way in the dense woodlands, and were so much delayed in our departure for Valley Forge, we were forced to forego the pleasure the interview would have afforded us. The paper published by Mr. Taylor, evinces the taste and talent of its editor. Success to him; may happiness and prosperity attend him.

After wandering some time in the woodlands, we enquired of a gentleman who pointed our way along the canal to the mouth of the Tunnel. Some men were engaged in passing a canal boat through the locks. At length, pelted by a heavy shower of rain, we stood at the mouth of the long looked for tunnel, the rock bound walls of which were as black from the smoke of the engines as those of Pluto's dungeons. The watchman, an intelligent son of the Emerald Isle, whose little cabin was stored with books, came out and gave us the following information.

This Black Rock Tunnel was completed in September, 1837. Length 1,932 feet; width 19 feet; height 17 feet. The engineers

were Messrs. Robinson and Prim; assistant engineer, Mr. Wm. H. Wilson. Contractor, Mr. James Appleton.

The depth of earth and rock over the Tunnel is 164 feet. Seven persons were killed during the construction. I am astonished that the rail road company does not build a comfortable house for Patrick ——, the watchman, for in the one we took shelter a man can scarcely turn round, and is withal very uncomfortable, scarcely screening him from the storm.

Returning to Phoenixville, we ascended the mountain from which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country, the canal and rail road, that wound along the green, fertile valley like two huge serpents winding along till they were lost to the eye. After again being lost, we fell in with two jovial gentlemen who laughed heartily at our ignorance, and piloted us to town by the way of the large iron works of Messrs. Buck & Reeves, who employ between two and three hundred hands. Standing on the rail road the scenery to the north, west and south is indescribably grand, sublime and romantically beautiful. Some views are indeed wild and wonderful.

Late in the morning we left Phoenixville for Valley Forge, the celebrated spot on which our reflections centred, and fancy had arrayed in the gay, grand, gorgeous robes of romance. As we approached it, our impressions were grand though gloomy; sorrowful though sublime. We were about to wander where the world-worshipped Washington once trod, and where so many brave men once suffered, through the storms and darkness of winter, all the horrors of poverty and privation, that they might transmit to us the blessed privileges we enjoy. Glorious men! Great was the distress they endured, while spending the winter months amid these grand and gloomy—these sublime and solitary scenes; which now look as brilliant and beautiful as though no sigh of sorrow, no groan of anguish had ever been repeated, amid these romantic and renowned woods, on the silver shell of echo.

Valley Forge is indeed a grand and gloomy; a sublime and solitary spot; though, to my eye, speaking paradoxically, its very gloomy grandeur gave it a glorious brilliance and beauty, and association threw around it a romance; greater than even that with which it was invested by its sublime scenery; its lone and lofty solitudes. Approaching, the eye of the traveller rests upon three vast bodies of sloping woodland which, in two places, are connected in the form of an isocetes triangle. To the eastward of this scene rises the sad and solitary hill where the ragged, half fed

heroes of the revolution were encamped, and spent the winter in want and woe, which alas! the Government was too poor to alleviate. The spot is surrounded by high hills, covered with dense woods; and if it has a grand and gloomy aspect now, what must it have been in the year 1777, before the hand of art had set the wheels of industry in motion, and had much encroached upon the domain of nature? We observed a cotton factory, but, as it was the Sabbath, it was closed. After visiting the spot where the Continental, or rather the *American* army encamped, we went in pursuit of that immortalized character, "the oldest inhabitant," whom we found, and from whom we gathered what we desired—some incidents on which to found a Revolutionary Tale.

Having accomplished our object, we departed for Norristown. The first part of the road was wet, stony and disagreeable; but changed in its character as we advanced. At Norristown there is a very extensive bridge crosses the Schuylkill, so extensive indeed that, in perspective, it looked like the tunnel at Phœnixville. This is a pretty town, well paved, and has many fine buildings; but, as we did not remain more than an hour or two, we had but little opportunity to view it. We stopped at the excellent hotel of Mr. Markley, where we had a good dinner of broiled chicken, which disappeared *instantly*, as the hour was late, and we were hungry. At the *table d'hôte*, we were waited on by two gay and graceful *filles de chambre*, at whom I could occasionally detect my companion in the act of stealing a sneaking glance. In the hall, we met and conversed with one of the most agreeable and communicative young ladies, with whom it was our good fortune to be introduced.

After giving our faithful horse sufficient time to refresh himself we left Norristown, and turned our faces towards the land of the Blue Hen's Chickens, dear little Delaware. In passing along the road, I could not keep my eyes from the rich fields, that seemed to groan beneath the luxuriant corn, of which an enormous crop will be produced this year, from the circumstance of farmers having planted more than usual, they having been frightened at the cold spring, which portended a failure and a famine.

As we approached the Paoli, which is about twelve miles from West Chester, my mind dwelt upon the awful tragedy which was enacted there, a short time after the battle of Brandywine. The reader, acquainted with history, will remember, that Washington ordered General Wayne, with a detachment of 1,500 men, into the rear of the British army; and that they were surprised at the

Paoli, at eleven o'clock at night, by General Gray, aided by some Tories, and, before Wayne could form his men in battle array, between fifty and sixty were massacred in cold blood. Wayne with his right wing sustained a fierce assault, until he could direct a retreat; but that cowardly attack by Gen. Gray, cost the American army three hundred brave men.

Chester, aided by other counties, and the city of Philadelphia, purchased twenty or more acres encircling the massacre ground, and reared a mound, containing the bones of the butchered brave, on which a marble monument has been erected, surrounded by a brick wall. We stood, with strange feelings, on the spot where sleep the heroes, who were pinned to the earth by the bayonet on that dreadful night, September 20th, 1777.

About sunset, under a gentle shower of rain, we again entered the quiet and beautiful town of West Chester. As we could not accept of Mr. Brown's polite invitation to dine with him, when passing through, we now stopped at the Mansion House, kept by him; its large airy rooms, comfortable arrangement, extensive dining and reading rooms, and spacious yard, forcibly reminded me of Barnum's City Hotel, Baltimore; which, the reader will recollect, was the only hotel that Dickens, the English author, eulogized, when in America. The very first man who took us by the hand, when we alighted, was a Blue Hen's Chicken from Wilmington.

The Mansion House at West Chester is decidedly the most sumptuous public house I have visited for a long time, and its proprietor, Mr. Brown, the most attentive, polite and agreeable host. The reading room contains papers from all parts of the United States. A gentleman informed us, that more than three hundred persons, on one day, dined at the Mansion House, during the sitting of court; and that the house has sixty regular boarders. Every thing is comfortable and convenient; the waiters are attentive and polite; the table luxurious and plentiful. My associate was captivated by the kindness of Mr. Brown; for when at bedtime he complained of being unwell, that gentleman was very attentive, and seemed to evince much solicitude. We went up to the balcony, from whence we had a full view of the town, and of the country many miles around. The sun was up in the eastern heavens, and the scene of a smiling country, arrayed in its rich robe of green, was delightful.

After breakfast, we met on the street, and conversed with the liberal, generous-hearted, public-spirited Mr. Everhart; who, we

are told, has been a benefactor to the town of West Chester. By industry he has acquired wealth, and he uses it to good purpose. He has built, or had built, some of the finest houses in the town; and his liberal hand is in every thing which has for its object the improvement of the town. I have heard it said, that Mr. Everhart was the only person saved from the wreck of the ill-fated ship Albion, many years ago. His countenance is the index of the kindly feelings of his heart. As we went up to bid an old acquaintance farewell, at whose house we had been the evening previous, I for the first time noticed the Chester County Banking House, which I mistook for a church.

At eight o'clock we left West Chester for Kennett Square, in and around which there were many tories during the Revolution. A mile or two from the town we got into a funeral procession, which must have had nearly a hundred carriages in it. The burial took place in the Friends burial ground, in Kennett Square. We stopped for dinner at the hotel of Mr. Wiley, the well known improver of the plough. A plough stands on the sign-post. The tavern house served for the British barracks, about the time of the battle of Brandywine.

The pretty little town of Kennett Square contains about 500 inhabitants, and is graced with water works, a thing I did not expect to find, and speaks well for its thriving, industrious people. In their yards, filled with flowers, they exhibit taste.

After dinner we left for Centreville; and while riding we discovered a snake along the road, which my associate was very anxious to get out and kill. "For shame," said I, "let the poor creature live, as God intended. He is in his native wilds. If he were to encroach upon your domicile, you would have a moral right to kill him; for, as Cowper says, 'a necessary act incurs no blame.' Every man's hand is lifted against that poor proscribed creature, and therefore I pity him. If you do not disturb him, he will not disturb you." This appeal, to one who has naturally a generous heart, had the desired effect; for his wish to kill the snake was but the impulse of a moment. His kindly feelings were awakened from a momentary sleep, and we rode on, leaving the poor denizen of the forest to enjoy life.

We stopped at a temperance tavern near Centreville, with the view of getting our horse watered; and, though we desired no drink, we called for some Sarsaparilla, as a kind of compensation for watering the horse. But no hostler came. I said aloud, "our horse wants water;" but the lady said nothing. The horse whick-

ered for water, and the landlord passed by him, standing alone, but did not pay any attention to him. We had to carry the water some distance ourselves, and water the horse, though we expected to pay a "fip" to the hostler. My companion agreed with me, that if all temperance houses are equally inattentive to travellers, it is no wonder they do not succeed. At all other taverns, an hostler came the moment we stopped.

We were treated very politely at the public house of Mr. Robinson, in Centreville, where we soon after arrived. After visiting a lady, we returned to the hotel, where a man, on being told who I was, disputed my being the Milford Bard, as, he said, I was too young looking a man. "Why," said he, "I have read his writings more than twenty years ago. Indeed he can't be the man." He did not know that I wrote my first poetic article at ten years of age, at school, addressed to my little dulcinea about knee high, and that I have been scribbling ever since. When I look back upon that green spot on the waste of memory, how rapid appears the flight of time! Happy days, departed never to return!

We left Centreville about four o'clock, and arrived at Wilmington before sunset, as safe and sober as we started, well pleased with our little tour through one of the paradises of Pennsylvania.

The Washington Monument.

Lines on seeing the sunlight fall on the head of the statue of Washington, on the Washington Monument, Baltimore, on the Fourth Day of July.

FATHER of Freedom, on thy brilliant brow,
 Where reason sat the monarch of the mind;
 I see heaven's glorious sunlight streaming now,
 As still thy glories shine upon mankind.

Father of Freedom, at thy sacred shrine
 A nation kneels, in homage to thy name;
 To catch the spirit of thy deeds divine,
 And send it down the tide of time to fame.

The thunder of a thousand hills this day,
 Rolls on the Pæan of thy praise afar;
 While on thy lofty brow the sun's bright ray
 Now shines, like glory's everlasting star.

A halo should for ever circle thee,
 Thou friend of Freedom and of deeds sublime;
 For had'st thou spurned thy love of liberty,
 Thou might'st have ruled, a despot o'er this clime.

A thousand thrones, in glittering glory, ne'er
 Could have betrayed or won thee to betray;
 Thy noble soul was never born to fear,
 A traitor's tempting or a tyrant's sway.

In all things noble and in all divine,
 The child of glory and the heir of fame;
 Fair Baltimore hath reared a glorious shrine,
 Where thousands bow in homage to thy name.

Prayer for Greece.

Look down, illustrious souls, look down,
 And say to Greece be free;
 Look from Empyrean fields, and frown
 On Turkish tyranny;
 Shake heaven's high halls with dreadful ire,
 Send thunder from the skies,
 Wrap Moslem towers in flaming fire,
 Till the strong demon dies.

Great spirits of the fallen brave,
 Tread now thy classic shore,
 The sun of Greece in Freedom's grave,
 Has set to rise—no more.
 Her lamp of learning, once so bright,
 That lit a hundred hills,
 Hath long since set in endless night,
 Dark woe her bosom fills.

Her halls, where once sweet rapture rung,
 No sounding lyre now sighs;
 But where was heard the trumpet tongue,
 Are heard but shrieks and cries;
 And there the crimson crescent waves,
 Where once the lyceum stood,
 The cross in Grecian gore still laves,
 The moon doth blush in blood.

Look down, immortal Thunderer, look
 On Homer's happy land,
 Thou who the heavens and earth hath shook,
 Preserve the brilliant band;
 And from her dungeon drag once more,
 The genius of the brave,
 Then Greece shall dig, in human gore,
 The Turkish tyrant's grave.

The Last Patriot,

OF THOSE WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHERE are those great immortal sires,
 Who ruled the western world,
 Whose daring hands,
 With flaming brands,
 Proud usurpation hurled;
 And where are those whose deeds divine
 Live on the eternal scroll,
 Whose names shall shine
 On freedom's shrine,
 While endless ages roll.

Illustrious souls ye dwell on high,
 In heaven's ethereal halls,
 But ne'er shall shame
 Enshroud your fame,
 Till freedom's fabric falls.
 Ye brilliant sons whose light we prize,
 Gone down the sky of time,
 Yet doth arise
 In other skies,
 To shine with light sublime.

Soon shall the last illustrious star
 From glory sink to gloom;
 But freedom's light
 Shall gild the night
 That clouds Columbia's tomb.
 His monument shall joy impart
 To him who reads his name;
 Unbuilt by art,
 Within the heart,
 Shall live his deathless fame.

Not one ere long of all the band,
 Who in Columbia's cause,
 Redeemed in fight
 The rule and right
 Of liberty and laws,
 Will here remain; but long enrolled
 On Fame's pure page shall stand,
 Bright to behold,
 In burnished gold,
 The names of Freedom's band.

Of all the sages none remain
 But Patriot Carroll, he,
 Weighed down by time,
 'Mid scenes sublime,
 Stands like an aged tree;
 Where Franklin sleeps, and Washington
 Lies in his country's tomb,
 He soon must rest
 By millions blest,
 A sad tho' glorious doom.

O Erin Arise!

O ERIN! thou queen of the ocean, arise,
 Seize the lightnings that lumine the vault of the skies,
 Grasp the weapons of war, for thy valor is known,
 And the tyrant shall tremble on Albion's throne.

Go forth like a flame, in the forest afar,
 Sound the trump of thy triumph from liberty's car,
 Rend the chains of oppression—be monarchy hurled,
 And thy glory shall gladden the gloom of the world.

Th' avalanche of the Alps shall not strike more alarms
 To dread monarchy's monsters, than Ireland's arms;
 An eruption of Ætna less dread shall impart,
 Than the valor of Erin, best vein of her heart.

How long shall the sceptre of slavery wave
 O'er the wish of the world, and the blades of the brave?
 How long shall the crown and the crosier unite,
 To extinguish the lamp of thy liberty's light?

How long shall the weapons thy warriors wore,
Cease to spread the red gush of tyrannical gore?
How long shall the grave of thy glory be viewed,
Where the tomb of the tyrant should glitter with blood?

O Erin! arise, in the strength of thy might,
Go forth in thy pride to the field of the fight:
Let the wrath of thy wrongs nerve the arm of the brave,
And the march of the monarch shall be to the grave.

Bid the angel of death visit Erin once more,
Wake thy engines of thunder on every shore,
Wrap the ranks of oppression in floods of thy fire,
And the doom of the despot the world shall admire.

Then shall freedom walk forth in thy gardens again,
And the voice of her victory sound o'er the main;
Then millions unborn shall rejoice in the cause,
That gave Ireland liberty—liberty laws.

O hasten the hour when the flame shall retire,
And the breast of the brave of all Europe shall fire;
When each tyrant shall fall, and when tyranny hurled,
The banner of freedom shall wave o'er the world.

Cupid in Exile.

YOUNG Cupid roved upon the strand,
In tenderness and tears;
Far from his love and native land,
And all that life endears.

He stood upon the sounding shore,
And saw the ship depart;
He turned his eye to home once more,
While sorrow pierced his heart.

Then as on Hope's sweet anchor nigh,
He leaned, with joy sincere,
He breathed to sorrow one last sigh,
And dashed away a tear.

ONO-KEO-CO,

OR

The Bandit of the Brandywine.

“Let them blast me now!

I stir not—tremble not! these rocky shores
Whose daté o'erawes tradition, gird the home
Of a great race of kings, along whose line
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes
Of armed sovereigns spread to godlike port,
And frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,
Strike awe, as powers who ruled an elder world,
In mute obedience.”—TRAGEDY OF ION.



It was at that eventful period of the world when, driven by oppression, the pilgrims of Europe were seeking a home in the mighty wilderness of the western world, that this story commences.

I say *eventful*, for never since the foundation of the world, has there been a period so eventful as that in which this continent was discovered and settled, whether we view it in respect to commerce, science, invention, or general discovery. The dark days of Gothic and Vandal barbarity were passing away, and the world was emerging from the gloom that was produced by their long reign of tyranny and oppression, during which the chains of despotism had rattled on the mind, as well as the limbs of liberty. The same century that gave this mighty continent to civilized

men, also gave to the world the great and glorious art of printing, the fountain of light, the flood-gate of knowledge, at which Socrates, Plato, and all the glorious philosophers of Greece, would stand astonished, could they rise from the tombs of oriental genius.

The discovery of this continent produced a great jubilee in the family of nations, for thereby was brought to light a nation of red men, long lost, and the language of prophecy was fulfilled—"I will give thee the Heathen for an inheritance," and "the desert shall blossom like the rose." The sons of civilization have proven too strong for the benighted wanderers of the wilderness; the forest has disappeared before the axe of the pioneer; cities have sprung up, as if by magic, on the banks of rivers, and the white sails of commerce have banished the bark canoes of the Indians. Truly has the desert blossomed like the rose.

But the reader must be informed that this story does not commence at the era of the discovery of this country, but during the first settlement of the state of Delaware. It begins at a time when not only the forest of Delaware echoed the war-whoop and yell, but when the whole country swarmed with the dusky forms of the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. This country then was a great Indian Empire; but where now are the immense hosts that then assembled in battle array? Where are the myriads that made the mighty swamps of Sussex, and the banks of the Brandywine, echo the war-whoop? Where are they, who gathered at the council fire, and mingled in the war dance? Ay, where are the tall, straight, graceful warriors, who wooed their dusky damsels in the beautiful bowers of the rock embattled Brandywine? They are gone like the leaves that fell upon its swift waters. The tide of civilization has rolled over them, and a remnant only remains of the once proud and numerous tribe of the Delawaras.

It was on a dreary day, in the month of December, that a party of emigrants landed at Lewistown, in the Colony of Delaware, then called Hoarkill, and prepared to strike into the wilderness, to rear a home far away from the land that contained the ashes of their ancestors, and all the fond, endearing recollections of childhood. Heroic hearts were theirs, thus to go forth into a wild wilderness, among a fierce and warlike people, to whom the merciful precepts of the Gospel had never been taught, but who were prone by nature to revenge the slightest wrong, whether real or imaginary.

Among that band of adventurers were English, Dutch and Swedes, who from different vessels, had landed at Lewistown, as a starting point. Nicholas Brabant was chosen the leader, who, on account of his fearless and determined spirit, acquired the appellation of Old Nick. His wife was a beautiful English woman, who had acquired from him a daring, fearless spirit. She had be-

longed to a high and distinguished family in England, and had been educated in all the accomplishments, as well as the solid acquirements of that age. She had by some unaccountable magic, like that possessed by Othello, fallen in love with Nick, who was then her father's footman, and having eloped with him, was repudiated or disowned. With that devotion which belongs to woman, she resolved to share his fortune, whatever it might be; and when, by persecution, he made up his mind to fly from England, she resolved to forsake her native land and those who had forsaken *her*, and go with him to the wilds of America, to dwell among the dark browed children of the forest.

Thrown by a storm on Cape Henlopen, they landed, and Nick made up his mind to try the dangers of the deep no further, but to push immediately into the forests, and become the lord of a little empire. To this all the emigrants then at Lewistown, agreed, and the whole party, accordingly, set out on their journey into the dense woods, that then lined the shores of the Delaware, beset by many difficulties and dangers.

Save the beautiful and accomplished wife of Nicholas Brabant, there was none of the party closely connected with him but one, and that was one of the most lovely children that ever blest a father's heart. Lelia, the little daughter, was extremely beautiful, the very transcript of the mother; and when I describe the one, you have the exact portrait of the other. Lelia had arrived at that most interesting and attractive period in childhood, when she was just beginning to prattle and run about, and it was the joy of the father, when the party stopped for refreshment, to amuse himself with his child, as she ran about the forest, or climbed his knee,

“To slyly steal a kiss.”

Her features were of the Grecian mould; her nose in nearly a straight line from the forehead; her lips full and red; a high broad forehead; her chin beautifully moulded; her complexion wax and rosy; her face oval; her teeth small, even and white, and her auburn hair falling, in clustering curls, like grapes of gold, on her neck and bosom, that were smooth as marble and white as alabaster. With this varying description of her beauty, I may add, that her form was slender and graceful, but her eye—heavens! no language is adequate to its delineation—the painter's pencil would fail to portray it! Like that of her mother, it was hazel, and had in it an expression of voluptuous softness, a melancholy glance, a

melting tenderness, a *je ne sais quoi*, that is irresistibly touching to the beholder.

Nicholas devotedly loved his wife; not only as other men do, for the return of her affection, but he loved her in gratitude, that she had over-stepped the barriers of aristocratic life, and stooped to the humble station of a footman. His child, Lelia, he absolutely worshipped. She was the little angel of his idolatry, and never did a Hindoo bow with more devotion to *Vishnu*, than did he to Lelia. It was the intention of Mrs. Brabant to educate her child herself, as indeed she would be likely to find no other teacher in the wilds of Delaware.

The party, headed by Brabant, moved onward, through the forests along the Delaware Bay, which have disappeared before the axe, and where cultivated fields are now seen. None of the party were accustomed to such scenes, and, of course, knew not the many dangers that surrounded them.

Wearied with their long days march, in the midst of a snow storm, they halted on the borders of a swamp; built their fires, and commenced preparing their frugal meal. That having been prepared and despatched, they made arrangements for sleep, and, after a time, all were snugly stretched for repose. The distant howling of wild beasts for a considerable time kept them awake, but at length finding that they came no nearer, one after another fell away into the arms of Morpheus, notwithstanding the fact, that the cold, cheerless blast was roaring among the pines with a melancholy sound, and the snow was falling fast around them.

Just as the day was about to dawn, when the flames of their fires no longer glared on the gloom of the surrounding forest, Nicholas was awakened by a grappling, as if some person were feeling and endeavoring to awaken him. He partly threw off the bed-clothes or blankets, with which he had enveloped his head, and merciful Heaven! he was greeted by the gaze of a pair of the most awful flaming red eyes he had ever beheld. A large, black, shaggy, demon-like creature, had succeeded in getting his paws around the body of his darling child, and was raising her so gently from her resting place, that she had not been awakened. But at this moment Mrs. Brabant awoke, and seeing her child in the arms of an enormous bear, she gave one wild shriek that rung in many an echo through the gloomy forest. Neither the father or mother had ever seen a bear, and it appeared as a demon of the wilderness, in the act of carrying off their idolized daughter.

It is well known that the bear, like the boa constrictor, destroys its prey by hugging or squeezing until life becomes extinct; but, ere the ferocious animal had time to do this, the affrighted, though fearless father, leaped to his feet, and grappled with the monster. His gun was his first thought, but then he might shoot his child, for the bear pertinaciously refused to give up his hold, until Nick grappled with him, and they together rolled down the hill. At length, having relinquished his hold upon the child, the bear rose up with him, until he stood upon his hind legs, in which position the battle continued. Bruin, being one of the largest of the species, was, when erect, as tall as his antagonist, and much larger in the body. Before the sleepers had arisen, the bear would have overpowered Nick, had not his wife ran to his assistance with two knives, the one of which she gave to her husband, while with the other she stabbed the animal in the breast. This, at first, only rendered him more furious, and he must have inevitably proved the victor, had she not dealt him a well aimed blow, just behind the fore leg, which reached his heart, and he fell dead at their feet.

"You have saved my life, my dear wife," exclaimed Brabant, as he clasped her to his bloody bosom.

"And you have saved that of our darling child," returned she. "But oh! see, you are wounded—the blood is pouring from your bosom. Oh! mercy, you are wounded!"

Nick was indeed wounded. The claws of the animal had severed a small blood vessel, but his wife soon staunched it, and they all went to work to skin the bear, and make a feast of the flesh.

After the feast, they journeyed on through the immense swamps and forests of Sussex, occasionally encountering an Indian hunter, but nothing occurred, until night, worthy of record. At night they encamped near the borders of another great swamp, in which they lost one of the stoutest and most useful of the party. In search of some long cedar poles, he wandered into the swamp alone, until he lost his reckoning, and night setting in, he was unable to find his way out. In the darkness of the night they could hear his cries, but could not go to him, or render him any assistance, for had they gone into the swamp they would have been lost, so thick was the darkness, and so interminable the swamp. They heard his cries the greater part of the night; but, as morning approached, his voice became fainter and fainter, until it ceased. Had he travelled but in one direction, he might have

found his way out, by his tracks in the snow; but he had gone in so many directions, that he was bewildered.

The next day they found him dead at the foot of a tree, round which he had ran to keep himself warm, but the weather being very cold, he perished before the morning dawned.

The next day they arrived at a spot where they resolved to settle, on account of there being a number of civilized people there, who had just arrived, and who would stand as a bulwark against the Indians.

Nick built him a cabin, and his example was followed by the other men of the party. Mrs. Brabant now devoted herself to the education of her daughter, and the Indians excited by curiosity, came to see her teach her child. But they soon became afraid of her, and declared her to be a witch, she having amused them by reading and writing. She wrote upon a piece of paper, what the Indians, through an interpreter, told her, and then bade them take it to her husband, who was in the woods, and he would know what they had said. Upon his taking the paper and reading aloud their thoughts, they fell down, yelled, and declared her to be a witch. They could not conceive how the piece of paper could tell to him what they had thought and said. From that time they became fearful of her, and shunned her, if she approached them.

But although her immediate neighbors shunned her, the story of her supernatural powers spread through the country, and called vast numbers of the denizens of the forest to her cabin. With the minutest curiosity, yet with apparent stoic indifference, they examined her pen and paper, for they conceived that there must be some species of magic in them, while, at the same time, they believed that she was endowed by the Great Spirit with supernatural powers, thus to express and convey on paper their own thoughts to a distant person:

Wawtawbrand, a brave young Chief, came from what is called Mispillion Neck, near where Milford now stands, attended by a host of warriors, to witness the wonderful incantations of the pale faced squaw, sent by the Great Spirit to enlighten the Indians. Had not this notion taken possession of their minds, the life of Mrs. Brabant would have been in danger, for they would have destroyed her as a witch.

Wawtawbrand, who determined that there should be no collusion, despatched some Indians, with Nick, to a distance in the woods, where he could not possibly hear what was said, and then communicated his thoughts to Mrs. Brabant, who wrote them on

a paper. This paper he cautiously took into his own hands, evidently betraying a superstitious dread of it. Attended by numbers, who were as curious as he, he repaired to Nicholas, who had not moved from his station in the woods. With a calm countenance, yet with a mind full of wonder, he handed the mysterious oracular paper to Nick; who immediately read aloud the thoughts of Wawtawbrand, which thoughts were, that the Great Spirit would never delegate such powers to mortal man, and that there must be some imposition in the matter; but that if Nick could then tell what he had said to his wife, he would believe there was no cheat.

Though the Indians seldom betray any expression of astonishment when witnessing any exhibition calculated to excite wonder in the mind, he could not hide his emotions, and his followers fell down in adoration before him and his wife.

When Wawtawbrand presented the paper to Brabant, he placed his ear near it to hear what it said; but finding that it did not speak, he was still more puzzled. He could not conceive how the little crooked marks, the letters, could convey to Nick a knowledge of his thoughts. Still more were they astonished, when they were told that little Lelia could be taught to do the same.

Mrs. Brabant called the Indians around her, and asked them if they wished to see themselves. On being answered in the affirmative, she produced a mirror, or looking glass, and placed it before the Chief first. Every motion he made was repeated by the reflection, or by the other Wawtawbrand, as he called it. Many of the warriors, who feared not death on the battle field, trembled with a superstitious terror as they gazed upon their reflected persons, for they could not account for it in any other way than by ascribing it to the power of the Great Spirit.

By these means, Brabant and his wife acquired an ascendancy over the Indians. They believed them to be inspired with the power of the Great Spirit, and feared to offend them. They did not feel thus towards the rest of the party, for it was not long before one was murdered, and the threat was made to exterminate the whole number, save Brabant and his family.

The Indians being numerous, this threat would have been carried into execution, but for an ingenious subterfuge. A vessel, from Amsterdam, had been stranded on the shore of the Delaware Bay, on board of which was a cannon, an eighteen pounder, with

a vast quantity of powder and shot, intended for the other colonists further up.

At this time a wanderer came into the settlement, who immediately suggested the idea of bringing the gun on shore, by means of which they could keep the Indians in awe and subjection. This man, who gave the name of Lander, was recognized by some of the Indians, who had seen him on the Brandywine, and they vowed vengeance against him for having killed, as they alleged, one of their tribe.

Lander called himself a Swede, though he looked more like a half blooded Indian. With assistance, after incredible toil, Lander managed to get the gun on shore, and, when vast numbers of Indians assembled around it, he told them it was the Great Spirit, and would speak whenever the Indians did anything wrong.

It was not long before another of the party was murdered, but it could not be discovered who did the deed. The cannon was loaded and fired, to prove that they had done wrong. At the thundering sound, they yelled and fell down before it, owning that it must be the Great Spirit, for nothing human could speak so loud.

They then charged the cannon with shot, and bade them take hold of the rope, in front of the gun, and that it would punish the guilty. The fatal match was applied; a tremendous roar rolled along the shore and reverberated through the forest, while numbers fell bleeding and writhing in death agonies.

By this means great numbers were slaughtered, and so great was their superstitious terror, that they feared to disobey the order to take hold of the rope, being assured that the Great Spirit would punish none but the guilty. Those whom Lander and the colonists dreaded most, were placed near the cannon, that they might certainly be blown to atoms. Those who were at the further end of the rope and were not killed, were pronounced good Indians whom the Great Spirit loved.

That part of Sussex County, where the poor Indians were thus exterminated, is now called *Slaughter Neck*, in memory of the event which I have narrated. The reader is assured that this part of my story is not fabulous, but is a part of the unwritten history of Delaware which has been handed down by tradition, as Strabo informs us the history of the creation was, by a Chaldean Shepherd. I have wandered in the woods of Slaughter Neck, which lies not many miles below Milford, and is bounded by the Delaware Bay on the east; I have noticed some memorials of Indian

life, and have stood upon the spot where the children of the forest fell down and worshipped the cannon.

We are informed by tradition that had it not been by such superstitious influences, the Indians would have destroyed every settlement the pale faces made.

Nicholas Brabant was, in the meantime, clearing the forest, and making fences around his farm. His wife was forgetting the polished circles of society, in which she had shone in England, while engaged in the education of her daughter, who was growing up surpassingly beautiful. She was indeed a sylph; her cheeks bloomed with the roses of health, while at the same time she was delicate and graceful. She was the Diana of the woods, and many a stripling warrior looked upon her with greedy eyes, while in her girlhood, but she deigned not to notice them. While old Nick was laying the foundation of wealth, he rejoiced in the possession of such a daughter, his only child, save an illegitimate son in England.

But, alas! how mutable is all human happiness! In the moment in which we may promise ourselves years of ecstatic bliss, the irrevocable blow of sorrow may come.

"Lander," said Nick one day, when he entered his cabin weary with toil, "why in the world do you not marry and become a happier man?"

"But would it increase my happiness?" enquired Lander.

"O, vastly. In the first place, you would have those with you who would sympathize in your joys and sorrows. In the second place, you would have a motive for exertion and toil, and, when weary, would have the satisfaction of knowing that you were contributing to the happiness of those who are dearer than life. In the third place, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you would live, when dead, in the existence of your children, and not become extinct, as the last of your race, like a poor old comfortless bachelor."

"True, Nick, but my happiness is not so easily destroyed as yours. I stand alone, and nothing extraneous can render me miserable, while the death of your wife or child may blast you."

"That is very true; but, on the contrary, my happiness is exquisite. The very thought, that I am now making a paradise for those in whom I shall live hereafter cheers me amazingly, while I am toiling from day to day. You have no motive but bare self, and labor becomes irksome."

At this moment Mrs. Brabant rushed into the cabin, wringing her hands, and exclaiming in piteous accents,

“Oh God! she is lost!—lost!—lost! Fly, oh fly!—”

“What is the matter, for Heaven’s sake?” enquired Nick, as he leaped from his seat and seized his gun.

“Our daughter, oh! our daughter, poor Lelia is gone—gone—gone! I saw an Indian seize her; and bear her away.”

As Nick rushed from the cabin, followed by Lander, Mrs. Brabant swooned, and fell upon the floor.

“See how easily your happiness can be destroyed,” said Lander, but Nick heard him not, so desperate was he at the loss of his daughter. His imploring cries and imprecations were pitiable, while the woods wrung with the name of Lelia. Like one distracted, he ran first one way and then in another direction; but the stalwart Indian, with Lelia in his arms, was gone. He stopped; he raved; and rent his garments; and then falling on the ground, gave vent to a burst of grief that the distant woods echoed back.

When the sudden deluge of distress had been thrown from his heart by a child like gush of tears, he returned to his cabin, to prepare for pursuit. Mrs. Brabant had recovered from her swoon, and was the very impersonation of despair. She was wringing her hands in agony, and crying,

“Oh! Lelia, my child! my child! Shall I ever again behold my poor Lelia, my darling daughter.”

Lander appeared to sympathize deeply in their distress, and offered to accompany Nick, in the pursuit of the fugitive, who had carried off his daughter. After having armed himself, he departed, attended by Lander, and a few intrepid warriors, who were the followers of Lander, and who had come with him into the settlement.

As the day declined, Mrs. Brabant became anxious for the return of her husband, and wandered far through the forest in the hope of meeting him, and of beholding her beautiful Lelia. It was at that interesting period of the year, when Autumn clothes the forest in all the beautiful hues of the rainbow; and he who, even at the present day, has not travelled through the immense swamps of Sussex in October and November, has never witnessed nature arrayed in her most gaudy attire. Amid those vast swamps are trees of almost every species, the leaves of which, when touched by frost, change from their original color, to golden, azure, purple, crimson, and indeed all the hues refracted by the prism. The eye is dazzled by their magnificent dyes, amid which, contrasting

beautifully with the purple of the persimmon, and the crimson and golden tints of other trees, rises, in stately grandeur, the tall pine and cedar, with their eternal green. Gorgeous and glorious beyond description, do the swamps of Sussex appear in Autumn.

But the sublimity of nature had now no charms for her whose mind, refined in the schools of England, was peculiarly adapted to the enjoyment of all that was beautiful, or grand, or glorious. Grief paralyzed her powers of perception and appreciation, and obliterated, for the time, her taste for the magnificent and mighty works of the Deity. When grief takes possession of the mind, it can dwell with composure only on its sorrows.

The splendid scenery around her, the gorgeous hues of the glorious landscape, had no charms for her now, and she returned to her cabin dejected and disconsolate. The soul of her soul was gone, and imagination was busy in picturing the fate that awaited her Lelia. Oh! ye who are the parents of a beautiful darling daughter, just about to burst into the bloom and beauty of womanhood; ye alone can fancy; ye alone can appreciate, the agonizing, the heart rending feelings and thoughts of the bereaved father and mother. Fancy to yourselves that your daughter, beautiful as Venus and lovely as Hebe, is carried suddenly away from your habitation, without a moment's warning, by an Indian—fancy that you may never behold her again—fancy her fate in the future, and you may, in some degree, realize the horrors, the grief, the agony, the suspense, into which the parents of Lelia were thrown.

It was the hour of Indian devotion. The sun, in all his brilliant glory, was just sinking behind the vast woodlands in the West, throwing his last lingering rays over the golden and crimson leaves of the forest, which in the distance glowed like a mighty flood of flame, and the Indians, on their knees, with their faces to the setting sun, were offering up their orisons to the Great Spirit. But she heeded them not. She retired to the solitude of her own cabin, and gave up her soul to despair and unavailing grief. All night did she listen for the footsteps of her returning husband, but he came not. When the morning blast stirred the leaves of the forest, she started up, imagining she heard the voices of her beloved husband, and the beautiful Lelia, but, alas! they came not. Aurora, "fair Goddess of the morn," unbarred the golden gates of day, and extinguished the twinkling lamps that hung in the great hall of heaven; and Sol appeared in his brilliant chariot, to drive round the world again; but neither Brabant nor his followers

returned. The day wore away, and the next morning came, and still they returned not.

“Oh! God of Heaven,” she exclaimed in the fervent language of grief, “is it not enough to lose my darling child, but must I also be deprived of my husband, and be left desolate and alone! Oh God! avert the last, if I am irrevocably doomed to lose my daughter!”

Thus did she continue to exclaim, and wring her hands in paroxysms of woe, until that sleep, to which grief is conducive, overpowered her, and stretched on a buffalo hide, she wandered nine hours in the realms of Morpheus, her mind filled with hideous dreams of the murder of her husband, and the far worse fate of her daughter. She beheld her Lelia struggling in the arms of a young Indian warrior; stretching her arms in despair, and imploring help; and starting from her sleep, she wept and slept again. Anon the bug-bears of the brain came again, and she saw her husband fighting for her child—she saw him grapple with the Indian, whose scalping knife glittered in her gaze—a moment more, and she saw it plunged to his heart, and saw the smoking gore as it gushed from the wound. She beheld his expiring struggles, and his dying groans rung on her ears. Starting, with a wild shriek of anguish, she awoke.

Great indeed, as the reader may suppose, was the grief of Mrs. Brabant at the loss of her husband and daughter. She knew not whether they had been murdered or carried into captivity, and her fancy was busy in picturing a thousand horrors. She resolved, however, to go in pursuit of her husband, and to find him or perish in the attempt. With this view, she gathered all she had of value, and wrapping herself in skins, which the Indians had a particular art in dressing, she dashed into the interminable forest, then consisting of gigantic trees that had braved the storms of centuries, and was soon lost in its gloom.

It is necessary to inform the reader that the Indians, who occupied the lower part of the State of Delaware, were called the Nanticoke Tribe, a branch of the great Lenni Lenape, afterwards called the Delaware Tribe, in honor of Lord De La War, from whom the State derives its name. Many great tribes sprang from the Lenni Lenapes, which signifies the *original people*, and which was divided into three tribes, the Turkey, Turtle, and the Monsey or Wolf. Their possessions extended from the Potomac to the Hudson river, and though now dwindled to a handful, they at one time became so numerous that they gave origin to between thirty

and forty tribes. Though these three tribes were subdivided into a great number of tribes, which had their separate chiefs, they always acted as one people in great emergencies. The Delaware Bay was the centre of their possessions. Tradition informs us, that the Lenni Lenape, or Delaware Tribe, emigrated with the Five Nations from beyond the Mississippi, and that they expelled the original inhabitants of this part of the country.

Poor children of the forest! They are gone, as if their feet had never trodden where our towns and farm houses now stand. We are informed that the last of the Nanticoke Indians left Delaware, from near the town of Laurel, Sussex county, about the year 1748. I have seen the spot, near that town, where a vast number of Indian bones were disinterred, there having been a graveyard there.

No one knew whether Mrs. Brabant had gone to Hoarkill, now called Lewistown, or whether she had gone North, among the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Indians, who were numerous along the Brandywine.

We shall now return to the beautiful Lelia Brabant, who had been carried off at the instigation of Lander, who intended to make her his own captive, he having fallen in love with her peerless charms. But the Indian, who had been employed by the Bandit, Lander, took another direction with the lovely captive, and instead of conveying her to the home of the Canai Indians, on the Susquehanna, he carried her to the Lenni Lenape, whom we shall hereafter call the Delaware Indians, well knowing that the present of so beautiful a captive would win him many favors. Nor was he deceived. The chief, though an old man, was enraptured with her charms, and the great warrior, statesman and moralist, the great and good Tamenend, was so delighted to behold her, that he begged the honor of giving her a name, which was granted, it being customary when a captive was brought in, to give an Indian name. She was called, by the good Tamenend, Ono-keo-co; the *Flower of the Forest*; and the chief, whose name was Kankinaw, ordered a great feast to celebrate the occasion.

Lelia, whom we shall now call Ono-keo-co, plead with prayers and tears to be restored to her parents, from whom she had been rudely torn; but the good Tamenend used all the powers of eloquence, added to the kindness of the chief, to wean her from her grief; but time, that great healer of the bleeding heart, could alone dry her tears, and restore her to composure.

The day for the feast arrived, and Ono-keo-co was arrayed in gorgeous robes, decked and adorned with all the gaudy trappings that the chief could purchase of the pale faces, a settlement of whom had been made on the Christiana. Her symmetrical form was encased in a short frock of gray embroidered stuff, and large pantalets of silk, somewhat *a la Turque*, the bottoms of which were adorned with rich beads and ribbands. Her small delicate feet were encased with beautiful moccasins, made of skins, and decked with beads, in the forms of flowers; while her beautiful head, which was covered with clustering curls, was brilliant with ornaments, from which the most beautiful feathers rose, and drooped gracefully over her finely moulded forehead. She looked indeed like a princess, and the Indians, in their enthusiasm, danced round her, and gave way to the most extravagant and fantastic expressions of joy. Never had they beheld so lovely a being, and the young squaws felt abashed at her beauty, and jealous of the power of her charms, for they saw the young and most handsome warriors gather around her in admiration. First one would approach and touch her, and then another, and then burst into screams of delight, while they fell and rolled upon the ground. The joy of an Indian must be great, thus to be thrown into ecstasies; for he is grave, even to sadness, in his usual deportment.

The village, in which Kankinaw, the chief, resided, was about a mile up the Brandywine; but the feast was to be celebrated at a spot, a little below where the Brandywine bridge now stands, then covered with whortleberry bushes. Many of the pale faces left their settlement on the Christiana to see the pageant, which they knew would be a gaudy one, from the great number of trinkets and gay stuffs which the Indians had bought of them.

The sun was just rising in all his dazzling glory over the vast woods of Jersey, when the hollow sound of the drum, an instrument used by the Indians, was heard far up the Brandywine; and, as the pageant approached nearer, the mingled sounds of voices were heard faintly. The Brandywine at that season was swollen, and the tide came down with a rapid sweep. It was not long before the splendid panorama burst, in dazzling beauty, on the eyes of the beholders. Not even Cleopatra came in greater pomp down the river Cydnus to meet Mark Antony, than did Ono-keo-co in the foremost canoe, attended by Kankinaw and the great Tamenend. The pageant consisted of one hundred canoes, beautifully built of bark, the different parts of which were dyed of different brilliant colors, and lined with skins, the fur of which was of the

most dazzling white. They came in one unbroken line, single file, as Indians always march when going to battle. The sight was brilliant and beautiful, as they swept gracefully down the Brandywine, the Indians dressed in different fantastic costumes, as though they were going to a masquerade. Every paddle in the long line moved at the same moment, and all struck the water at the same time. In the front canoe stood the beautiful Ono-keo-co, Kankinaw supporting her on the right, and the great statesman and warrior, Tamenend, on the left. The woods, on both sides of the Brandywine, were filled with gazing Indians, who, at every pause in the song sung by the party, raised a shout, for it is a matter of strict etiquette with them never to interrupt those who are speaking or singing.

When the long line of canoes arrived at the landing place, they all came on shore to spend the day in feasting and joy. Ono-keo-co was conducted to a kind of throne and bower, made of green branches and covered with wild flowers. The eyes of the young warriors followed her wherever she moved, and the hearts of the young squaws throbbed with envy and jealousy. The whole party were seated in a circle, the centre of which was the throne of Ono-keo-co; and the wise, the amiable Tamenend, whose memory to this day is sacred among the Delaware and other tribes, commenced an address to Mannitto, the Great Spirit, thanking him for the gift of an angel (Ono-keo-co,) and imploring Him that they might spend the day in peace and joy, and return better and happier than they came.

Every eye was fixed upon the sage while he spoke, and the most profound silence prevailed until he concluded. Then commenced the dance around Ono-keo-co, whose young heart almost forgot the poignancy of her griefs in the adoration that was paid her. One of the old squaws sat on the outside of the circle, keeping up a continual thumming on a kind of drum, the only instrument of music used by the Indians in their dances. The white people of the Christiana settlement, were pleased, as they gazed on the fantastic costumes of the Delawares, whose faces were painted in the most grotesque and, to them, comical manner, though to the Indians such painting was the very acme of beauty.

The face, and cheeks of Ono-keo-co needed no such adornment, for her cheeks and lips rivalled the rose, and her complexion looked, in its transparent softness, like wax which has been purified and bleached to the greatest degree. The old chief, Kankinaw, whose face was painted in stripes of red and blue, with

here and there a spot of green, was highly delighted during the dance, and frequently ran to embrace Ono-keo-co, on whom he bestowed the endearing epithet of daughter.

The eye of the not less shrewd than amiable Tamenend detected in the conduct of one of the chief's sons, a young warrior of great promise, a newly awakened passion for the beautiful, the idolized Ono-keo-co. His name was Neomock, in pronouncing which the emphasis is laid upon the third letter, o. He sat aloof from the joyous assemblage, moody and silent, with his eye ever and anon riveted on the angelic face of Ono-keo-co, while an occasional sigh broke from his manly bosom. Though the lovely object of his adoration had been but a short time among the tribe, yet he had reason to believe that his brother, Photobrand, had conceived a passion for her, and it was on this account that he sighed, for his brother was a brave daring young warrior, impetuous in his character and headstrong in his disposition, yet into whose soul the sage, Tamenend, had instilled the highest, holiest principles of honor, and the nicest sense of justice. Gay, vivacious and talkative, the passion of love did not influence him, as it did his brother. In the heart of Neomock it swallowed up every other feeling, rendering him thoughtful, abstracted and moody; while it seemed, as it softened the heart of Photobrand, to give him new life, and make him in love with everything but a rival, and *that* he never had.

While the party were spending the day with feasting and merriment, Neomock sat smoking his calmut in silence, thinking moodily of the new passion awakened in his heart, and shuddering at the fancied consequences that might follow a rivalry in the affections of the beautiful Ono-keo-co. He knew that if his surmises were true, that if Photobrand had formed a devoted attachment he would never relinquish the object of his love but with his life. Jealousy is the very shadow of love, and the one is a proof of the existence, as well as the degree, of the other, and hence Neomock ardently hoped his belief that his brother loved her, was but the phantom of jealousy conjured up in his own mind.

While he thus sat gazing upon the beautiful creature, whose power over him was increasing every hour, he beheld Photobrand approach Ono-keo-co, to take her small white hand in his, and with all the pomp and pride of a chief, lead her to the dance. The fires of hell that moment burnt upon the altar of his heart. He never before had such feelings. His dark, scowling, though

handsome eye, flashed with the flame of jealousy, and the strong warrior, who had never quailed in the battle-field, trembled. He arose, rapidly paced the ground, while he endeavored to avert his eyes, but in vain, for they were drawn to the dancers with a mysterious spell, as great as that which impels the bird to the serpent, or the needle to the magnet. The good Tamenend, though not seeming to do so, watched him, as the power of contending passions rent his soul. He saw that his heart was writhing in agony, for the lightning of his stormy soul gleamed fearfully on his face, and Tamenend, who possessed so great a knowledge of human nature that the Indians believed him to be inspired by the Great Spirit, shuddered at the consequences, which he plainly foresaw would follow if the two brothers should become rivals in the affections of Ono-keo-co. They were both fiery, and impatient of opposition as well as of restraint, and if the one should triumph over the other in winning the heart of Ono-keo-co, he knew that the rejected one would revenge his wounded feelings, perhaps in a brother's blood. He, therefore, with that goodness for which he was famed, feigned an ignorance of the affair and kept silent on the subject even to the chief, well knowing that to expose the matter, would hasten whatever catastrophe was to follow. The chief, who was more dull in apprehension than the wise Tamenend, had not noticed any thing, beyond common gallantry, in the conduct of the two young warriors, his sons, towards her whom he had adopted, and decked with the regalia of a princess.

As the sun was sinking over the boundless woods in the west, the whole party repaired to their canoes, and, in the order they came, they returned up the Brandywine, singing the war-song which celebrated the brave deeds of the tribe. As time wore away, so did the griefs of the young Ono-keo-co; for the youthful mind cannot long remain weighed down with woe, but like the elastic bow let loose, will suddenly return to its former condition. The honors, and the adoration, too, which were paid to Ono-keo-co, who was indeed worshipped on account of her great beauty, would have intoxicated one much more advanced in years; for, disguise it as we may, flattery is a sweet morsel to all, particularly when it comes in the shape of truth, and it is certainly the nearest road to woman's heart. Ono-keo-co became, every day, more and more, resigned to her fate; and, as her smiles returned, like sunshine to her heart, she became more and more irresistibly lovely. Her beauty began to attract the young warriors of other tribes, who sought to win her smiles, but she remained

insensible to the protestations of all, even to those of Neomock and Photobrand, though the latter fancied that he appeared more graceful in her sight than any other.

Tamenend, without appearing to do so, watched the movements of them both, and observed an evident coldness in the manner of Neomock towards his brother. The old chief, entirely ignorant of what was going on, advised his eldest son, who at his death would become the chief of the tribe, to address Ono-keo-co, win her affections, marry her, and raise up a brave race. He little knew, nor did Photobrand tell him, that he would at that moment have given his eyes for her, could he have had the power to behold her beauty, after he gave them.

Not long after the events I have narrated, Photobrand was standing on a towering rock on the Brandywine, idly gazing on the waters that rolled beneath him when Neomock wandered to the same spot.

"Well met, my gentle brother," said Photobrand gaily, "are you licking from your lips the honey stolen from the luscious, lovely lips of the beautiful Ono-keo-co?"

"I do not stoop to so mean an act as to steal even a kiss," returned Neomock, with a scowling look.

"Why, brother, you seem to be in an ill humor. What has crossed you? Has the beautiful Ono-keo-co repulsed your love? Come, confide your sorrows to this bosom that——"

"That has wronged me," exclaimed Neomock.

"Wronged you, brother! How have I wronged you?"

"You have basely wronged me, by meanly stealing the affections of the beautiful Ono-keo-co, whom my soul idolizes. Can you deny it?"

"I deny having wronged you. I have, it is true, won the smiles of the fair creature; but if she prefers me, there is surely no wrong in that, brother."

"Photobrand, look me in the face, and say that you never spoken evil of me to her."

"I do say so boldly, and any other man than my brother who dares to say so, shall feel this knife rankle in his heart," and he held the knife glittering in the gaze of Neomock.

"Beware!" exclaimed Neomock, "how you tamper with the Great Bear, or he will squeeze your life out. Win her fairly, Photobrand, and take her."

"I scorn the deed of winning her in any other way, and if by honorable means you can transplant me, why, in the name of the

mighty Mannitto, take her, and not a sigh of mine shall ever disturb your repose."

"I'll keep both an eye and ear upon you, Photobrand, and mark me, if I catch you in any more mean tricks, revenge deep and dreadful shall be mine."

"Brother Neomock, I disregard your threats—I fear you not. Your anger I pity, your vengeance I defy, your threats I despise. Jealousy has taken possession of your heart, and robbed it of all its kindness. You were not always thus."

"No, not when I had a brother, a *generous* brother, who was brave in war, and honorable in peace; but now, when that brother, lost to all honor, becomes a mean robber——"

"Forbear! Neomock," exclaimed Photobrand, seizing his brother by the neck, "or, by the great Mannitto, my hands shall reek with a brother's blood."

"Off! vile reptile," cried Neomock, as in rage he seized his slenderer brother by the arm, and dashed him headlong down the rock into the water, yelling the word, "Off!" till the forest echoed it back far and near.

Photobrand arose, bleeding profusely, and started up the hill in rage, to slay his brother; but the memory of the gentle precepts, which had been instilled into his mind by the noble-hearted Tamenend, came upon his recollection, and he burst into tears, and wept like a child. Tamenend came to the spot at the moment, and seeing the blood streaming from his face, enquired the cause. On hearing that they had quarrelled, though they both endeavored to hide from him the cause, he easily guessed it, and implored them to be friends, telling them that the same blood ran in their veins, that they had both fed and been nursed upon the bosom of the same mother, and that the Great Spirit, frowning upon the quarrels of brothers, would never prosper them, or give them the honors of victory on the field of battle. So powerful was his appeal, and so fondly and kindly did he press that they should be friends, representing to them that the feuds of brothers are the most bitter and bloody of all feuds, that Photobrand offered his hand, which Neomock took, though it was evident there was still a bitterness in his heart.

The bleeding from the nose of Photobrand was stopped, and they all returned to the wigwam, without the knowledge of their difficulty having reached the ears of the chief. Time passed on, and both secretly endeavored to win the heart of the charming Ono-keo-co, but it soon became apparent, by her actions, that

Photobrand was the lord of her affections, while the society of Neomock became more and more disagreeable to her, which, for the sake of peace, she in vain endeavored to conceal. Neomock perceived that his brother was triumphing over him; his soul brooded in darkness on revenge; and in the frequent broils that occurred, the real cause of them was made known to Kankinaw, the chief, by Tamenend, in the hope of his generous soul that the chief might have power to end them.

The council fire was lighted, and all the warriors and women were assembled in solemn council, for the women among the Indians had a voice in matters of State, and who indeed have a greater interest, not to speak of sound judgment, in matters that concern the public welfare, than women? Happy is that husband, who takes counsel of his wife in things that greatly concern him!

As the Canai Indians, on the Potomac, had killed one of the Delawares, a year before, and the length of time that had elapsed had thrown them off their guard, it was agreed that a war should be commenced against them, which would accomplish two objects, that of doing away the feuds between the brothers, and of revenging an injury.

Accordingly, the great war-kettle was put on the fire: the war-song commenced, with dances; the hatchet was sent to the villages and allies; and the most hideous howlings rung incessantly, day and night, through the forests. The women added their cries to those of the men, in loud, wild lamentations for those who had formerly been slain in battle, and demanding that their places should be supplied by the captives taken from the enemy.

The whole tribe was thus raised to the greatest fury, and all longed to imbrue their hands in blood. The war-captain prepared the feast of dog's flesh, and as every one advanced to partake, he received a billet, which was an agreement that they would be faithful to one another, and obedient to their commander.—None were forced to enter the ranks of war, but when they accepted this billet they were considered enlisted, and to flinch was death.

All those who have enlisted thus for the war, had their faces blackened with charcoal, over which were painted stripes or streaks of vermilion. Their hair was dressed in the most haggard and wild manner, into which were stuck feathers of various kinds. Their appearance altogether was exceedingly horrible and frightful.

Before they set out on the march the chief began the war-song, which continued some time, when he raised his voice to the

highest pitch, and then suddenly began an address, in a very solemn manner, to the Great Spirit Mannitto.

“I implore thee to crown our undertaking with triumph. I invoke thee to take care of me and my tribe. I invoke all good and evil spirits, in the skies, on the earth, and under the earth, to hurl destruction on our enemies, and to return me and my brave warriors safely home.”

In this prayer all the warriors joined him.—A tremendous shout rent the air, when he had concluded, and acclamations rung loud and long along the rocky battlements of the Brandywine. The war-song and war-dance were again commenced by the chief, and the painted warriors, as they ran round him, rent the skies with their shouts, so long as he continued to dance.

The day of their departure dawned. They took their leave of their friends and changed their clothes, and all their movables, in token of friendship. The women and female relatives went out some distance, and awaited their approach. The chief, Kankinaw, then gave the word, and the gay warriors, dressed in their most gaudy garb and most showy ornaments, marched out, one after another, in regular order, for they never moved in rank, as our soldiers do. During this march the chief walked slowly before them, singing the death-song in the most mournful tones, while all the warriors observed the most profound and solemn silence. As soon as they approached the spot where the women had halted, they commenced delivering them their finery, and putting on their most common clothes. This being done, a simultaneous burst of the war-whoop startled the beasts of the forest from their lair, and they went off at a quick pace, one after another, singing the war-song.

To Ono-keo-co this scene was not only new but pleasing; because it was picturesque. She had now been so long estranged from her parents, and having been so young when rudely torn from them, the recollection of their tenderness was fading from her mind; showing the influence a few years have over youthful memory. Then she had been so kindly received in her new home by Kankinaw and the good Tamenend; she had been so much worshipped by the tribe, and so adored by Photobrand and his brother; in short, her eyes having witnessed nothing but feasting and merriment on her account, it was not strange that she should learn to love them. Some of the young squaws were jealous of her powerful beauty, but they feared openly to offer her any insult or injury, as they well knew that not only the chief and the ami-

able Tamenend, whose moral influence was great, would resent it, but that Photobrand would punish them severely.

Ono-keo-co, though for a length of time she did not deign to listen to the protestations of Photobrand, was at last won by his devoted and persevering efforts; and indeed he was, though impetuous and impatient of restraint, a noble youth, who had so distinguished himself in war, that a chief of another tribe, whose son he had killed in battle, had offered as many bear and raccoon skins as twenty hunters could carry, to any bandit who would bring him to him dead or alive, the latter being preferred, as he wished to feast his eyes with his tortures. A bandit, among the Indians, was not strictly a robber; but one who was employed to capture, by stealth and stratagem, a person of one tribe, who had killed one, or done some egregious wrong to, and was under the ban of another tribe.

When Kankinaw and his warriors arrived in the country of the Canai, all but the old men, women and children, were gone on a hunting and trapping expedition, and at the hour of midday they rushed on the village, but the cries of the helpless falling upon the ears of Tamenend, who was the war-captain, he gave order that not a hair of their heads should be touched. This was a mercy not extended by other tribes, and it was a touching scene to witness the gratitude of the old men and women. Tamenend shed tears, while he harangued the warriors on the godlike nature of mercy.

After leaving the village, they discovered their enemies on their return, and instantly every warrior threw himself flat on his face among the withered leaves, the color of which their bodies were painted exactly to resemble. Unperceived by the Canai warriors and hunters, they suffered a part of them to pass unmolested, then rising a little, they took deliberate aim; let fly a tempest of tomahawks and arrows, and yelling the awful war-cry, which was answered by the enemy, every one flew behind a tree. In this manner the contest continued for some time, when Photobrand, rushing from his covert, called on the warriors to follow him, which they did, and tomahawks flew fast, while the reeking scalps were torn from the heads of one another. Hand to hand they fought, while the trees were spattered with blood and brains that gushed when the hatchet sunk deep into the skull.

At length the Delawares were triumphant, and, mad with fury, they bit the flesh, tore the scalps from the heads, and wallowed in the blood, of the defeated Canai. From the village they took

such prisoners as pleased them, and singing a song of triumph, they set out on their return to the Brandywine.

When the conquerors arrived at the spot now occupied by the beautiful farm-house of Mr. Boyce, not far from the banks of the Brandywine, vast numbers of the tribe were assembled and seated on the hill, where the house now stands, and down the beautiful slope to the valley below.

The war-captain, Tamenend, immediately waited on the head men, and, in a suppressed voice, related every circumstance which had transpired during the expedition, giving a minute detail of their own loss, and that of the enemy. This being done, the public orator, Oonatonga, took his station on the brow of the hill, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed the whole to the people around and below.

The voice of mourning then was heard throughout the vast assemblage; every one who had lost a friend in the battle, crying out in the most piteous tones of lamentation, and demanding a captive to supply the place of the deceased. Suddenly Oonatonga gave the signal, and in an instant all tears were wiped from the eyes of the mourners, and the sound of rejoicing was heard, while many gave way to the phrenzy of joy, and the most extravagant expressions of triumph for the victory.

The prisoners, in suspense, were trembling for their future fate. It was a custom to present a slave, or captive, to every wigwam that had lost a friend in battle; those to have the best whose loss had been the greatest. Accordingly, a captive was taken to the wigwam of every one who had lost a friend, and with him or her was given a belt of wampum. All the captives were received into the respective wigwams, to supply the place of, and be treated as, the father, son or brother, who had been slain, except two, who threw away the belts of wampum with indignation, by which it was understood that these two captives were doomed to die by torture. One was a full-blooded Canai warrior, and the other, though painted, was supposed to be a half-blood, who was slender, and wasted away by grief or disease. The former was called Obando, and the latter Omai.

The death-song was now sung, and preparations made for the execution of the two captives who were to die by slow torture. The victims knew not their fate until they beheld the scaffold and the stake, to which they were to be tied. Obando betrayed no sign of fear or grief, but Omai threw himself at the feet of Kankinaw, the chief, and in the most piteous tones, implored him to

spare his life, as he had never wronged the tribe; but Kankinaw informed him that it was the will of his owner, and according to custom, and he must die; exhorting him to die bravely, to die as became a warrior, and not to beg for life like a woman.

Weeping and lamenting his fate, Omai was placed near the scaffold that he might witness the death agonies of Obando, who, after having composedly smoked the calumet, ascended, with a firm step the scaffold, and without resistance, suffered himself to be tied to the stake, assuring the assembled multitude that he could bear any torture they could inflict, and with disdain daring them to the trial.

The torture commenced, and while the executioners were piercing him with sharp instruments, he gave his soul to song, and broke forth in a strain, of which the following words will convey to the reader's mind the meaning.

Pierce on, ye tormentors, I spurn ye in pain,
Ye shall never, no never, shall hear me complain;
Ye may tear, ye may torture; no pity I crave,
For ye never can conquer Obando the brave.

Ye may cut, ye may carve; ye can't conquer my soul,
The will of Obando ye cannot control;
With faggots of flame ye may burn to the brain,
But the son of Secomo shall never complain.

I spurn you, tormentors, I scorn all your art,
Ye hell-hounds, that thirst for the blood of my heart;
Burn on, while I curse ye—no pity I crave,
For ye never can conquer Obando the brave.

While the heroic captive was undergoing the excruciating tortures inflicted, he continued to sing, or laugh, in scorn at the impotent attempts of his enemies to subdue his spirit, and taunted them with ignorance of the modes of most severe torture. While he filled and smoked the pipe with the greatest apparent composure, he pointed out to them the parts of the body most sensitive, and described the means of causing the most exquisite torture. His body was now covered with blood, that trickled in a thousand streams from the punctures made by sharp instruments. Splinters, of seasoned oak, were pushed under his nails and set on fire, while the assembly looked on with delight, to see whether the victim writhed in his agony.

All enjoyed the scene but the delicate Omai, who fainted at seeing the small faggots, stuck in the flesh of Obando, burn blisters, and at the thought that he was doomed to undergo similar tortures.

Though Ono-keo-co had now been several years among the Indians, and had become familiar with many of their cruel customs, for it does not require the youthful mind long to become so, her heart sickened at the scene before her, and she shuddered at the thought that she was to witness the agonies of another. She gazed upon the sad countenance of Omai, and pity was awakened in her bosom. She knew the power she had over the chief, as well as over Tamenend and Photobrand, but she started at the idea of opposing the will of the whole tribe, well knowing that Neomock would oppose anything which she might influence Photobrand to advocate, for the demon of jealousy and revenge was roused in his heart.

The torture continued until Obando became blind and delirious, when he was untied and suffered to stagger about for the amusement of the spectators. Tired at length with the exhibition of human agony, one of the warriors, in mercy, put an end to his sufferings, burying his tomahawk in his brain.

The heart of Ono-keo-co melted in pity for Omai, for he gazed upon her with an appealing eye, and she resolved to save him if possible. Influenced by Photobrand, she was that day dressed in her royal robe; her face painted, to please his taste; and her auburn hair, which had been colored jet black by galls, adorned with the most gay and gaudy feathers. Her step was that of a princess.

After pleading in vain for the life of Omai, she solicited that the execution of the captive might be postponed. In this, through the influence of Photobrand and Tamenend, she succeeded; though violently opposed by Neomock, who watched with the eyes of Argus, the growing tenderness between his brother and the object of his soul's adoration.

Omai was confined in a wigwam, still under the doom of torture, which had only been delayed to gratify Ono-keo-co. The individual, to whom Omai had been presented as a slave, and who had thrown away the belt of wampum, thereby dooming him to death, was the only person who had a right to save him, though some times the chief took the authority; and this person was prejudiced by Neomock, and induced to refuse granting the life of the victim.

The torture of Obando took place at the time of the full moon, and the time fixed for the execution of Omai, was the change of the same moon. Every day Neomock loved Ono-keo-co more, until his passion amounted almost to madness, though that passion did not grow upon what it fed, for every day he discovered that the mutual affection of Ono-keo-co and Photobrand became stronger.

Omai supposed Ono-keo-co to be an Indian princess, from her always appearing before him painted in the manner of the squaws, and dressed in the Indian costume. She visited the captive, in company with Photobrand, every day, endeavoring to sooth his troubled spirit, for there was something in the sound of Omai's voice, which was irresistibly touching to the soul of Ono-keo-co. There was a melancholy tenderness, a mournful sweetness, that came upon her ear like the echo of long buried bliss, revealing to her mind a vague recollection of something, she knew not what, as is the case with all persons at particular times. And when they conversed, and Omai told her, in tears, that he had had a daughter once, the idol of his soul, but who was, alas! torn from his arms and carried into captivity, Ono-keo-co could not refrain from weeping at the recollection of her own parents.

Neomock, who had learned to hate his brother with bitterness, on account of his possessing the love of Ono-keo-co, and who had studied in the solitude of the woods, the best means of triumphing over Photobrand, and of forcing her to his own arms, suddenly approached the happy pair, one day, and extended his hand in friendship, at the same time presenting the calumet of peace to Photobrand. Astonished at this, Photobrand was delighted, and listened with pleasure while Neomock expatiated on the beauties of brotherly love, and invited him and his betrothed, Ono-keo-co, to go with him, the next day, on an excursion of pleasure in his beautiful bark canoe. Photobrand, in frankness, informed his brother, that he had honorably won the heart of the beautiful Ono-keo-co, and that his marriage would ere long be celebrated with great pomp. Though, at this intelligence, a cloud passed over the features of Neomock, he expressed pleasure, and wished that their lives might be long and happy, blessed with a race of brave warriors.

Suspecting no treachery, Photobrand prepared to go, in company with his beloved, on the intended excursion. No sleep, that night, blessed the eyes of Neomock; and he vowed, in the darkness of his soul, that Ono-keo-co, should never be the bride of

his brother; that she should never wed any but himself. His passions were dark and stormy, and all night he writhed in the agonies of thought, like a victim at the stake.

The next morning the sun rose bright and beautiful, and the three entered the bark canoe, on the bank of the Brandywine; while their friends, in great numbers, had departed on a short hunting expedition. With a forced gaiety, Neomock entertained them with a long harangue, until the canoe had passed down, below where the Brandywine bridge now stands, and finding they were in deep water, he then addressed Photobrand in the following language, while his dark eyes flashed with the fires of hell.

“Brother, I now speak to you. I wish you to listen. You knew I loved Ono-keo-co first. Why did you meanly steal her from me, like a wolf?”

Photobrand, at the last words, sprung upon his feet.

“Hear, me brother,” continued Neomock. “It is ill manners to interrupt me. You must give her up to me, or die. You cannot swim. I give you a short time to consider.”

Photobrand stood amazed, unable to speak, while Ono-keo-co clung to him with a convulsive grasp. Neither of them could swim, Photobrand being seized with cramp whenever he entered the water. Neomock, too, was by far the more powerful man, as Photobrand had been satisfied of, when his brother threw him down the rock. There was but one paddle in the canoe, Neomock having carefully removed every thing that might be used as a weapon.

“Have you consented, brother, to relinquish the beloved of my heart?” enquired Neomock, with the scowl of a demon. As he spoke, he stooped, and drew forth, from the bottom of the canoe, a small plug, that let in the water in a stream not larger than a gimlet.

“Behold, brother, you have but a short time to make up your mind. Consent that she shall be mine, or perish.”

The canoe was now approaching the Delaware river, and Ono-keo-co, seeing that the water must soon sink the canoe, screamed with affright, but no one heard her cry. Neomock stood gazing upon Photobrand with demoniac triumph, while the latter returned the glance with proud defiance; but when he saw the water rising in the canoe, and thought that he must perish in the waves with Ono-keo-co, if his brother's demand was not granted, his fortitude faltered; he shuddered; and looked at Ono-keo-co to read her determination in her countenance. For the sake of *her* life,

he begged her to consent to be the wife of Neomock; while, for himself, he was resolved to perish, rather than accede to the demand of his brother. Death, to him, was preferable to the loss of Ono-keo-co, yet rather than that she should perish, he was willing she should yield.

"Quick!" exclaimed Neomock, "the canoe will soon sink. Will you give her to me, to save your life, brother?"

"No," cried Photobrand, with a voice of thunder.

To the astonishment of Photobrand, when Neomock put the question to Ono-keo-co, whether to save her life she would forsake Photobrand and become his wife, she exclaimed, with the same emphatic firmness,

"No, I will perish first. Do your worst, ungrateful man; we will die in each other's arms. Never will I be the wife of him I cannot love, or who thus meanly takes the advantage of his brother."

Neomock gritted his teeth in rage, at thus finding his plan foiled. The canoe was now fast filling with water, and as Photobrand gazed upon the tearful eyes of Ono-keo-co, who stood wringing her hands in despair, his soul was roused to madness, and, forgetting the gentle precepts of the sage Tamenend, he rushed suddenly and furiously upon his brother, and ere he had time to prepare himself for defence, hurled him into the water. But as Neomock was dashed into the waves on the one side, Ono-keo-co was thrown overboard on the other. Her dress buoyed her up for a while, but what could Photobrand do? He could not swim; the only paddle on board of the canoe was in the hands of Neomock, when thrown overboard, and the tide was bearing the canoe away from the drowning object of his idolatry. With imploring shrieks for help, he saw her throwing her arms in the air, and he was tempted to leap into the water and perish with her. As her clothes became saturated with water, she began to sink. Knowing not what to do, the bewildered Photobrand ran from one end of the canoe to the other, while the distance between him and the being he adored, increased. Luckily, Neomock, incommoded by the paddle, had relinquished it, and it was passing down the tide. But, alas! the canoe was passing equally as fast; but, while despairing at blasted hope, the canoe drifted against a pole, which some of the Indians had fastened in the bed of the river and hope revived. Fearful that Ono-keo-co would drown ere he could fly to her assistance, he exerted his strength to the utmost, and succeeded in pulling up the pole. As he turned his eye to see

whether she had sunk, he beheld Neomock swimming towards her, to force from her the pledge that she would be his wife, or leave her to her fate.

Madness now seized the soul of Photobrand, and, with the energy which desperation gives, he pushed towards the spot. So soon as Neomock discovered the approach of his brother, he turned and struck lustily for the other shore, convinced that he was not now a match for Photobrand. Ono-keo-co was sinking the second time, when her betrothed husband seized her by her long hair, and rescued her from a watery grave. He lifted her insensible form into the canoe, and while he gazed into her pale face, from which the paint had been washed, the far off forests rung with his agonizing cry of despair.

As the boat touched the shore, she sunk. Life was not quite extinct in the heart of Ono-keo-co, and in the course of an hour, she revived. The canoe was then bailed; the hole in the bottom stopped; and they returned up the Brandywine, while Neomock had wandered off into the impenetrable thickets, that then covered the land which is now in meadow. He did not make his appearance for some days, well knowing that the anger of the chief would soon wear away.

When he did return, it was in smiles, pretending that what had happened was intended as a mere freak, to fright his brother and his plighted bride. When Ono-keo-co arrived, the hunters had not returned; and she went to the wigwam in which the captive was confined. No sooner did she enter, than the captive gazed for a moment on her face, from which the paint had been washed, and then exclaimed, in the wild delirium of her joy,

“Oh! God, it *must* be—it *is* my child! my Lelia!”

Omai, though weak from grief, sprang forward to embrace her, but finding that Ono-keo-co was startled, she said,

“Do you not know—Oh! Lelia, my beloved and lost, do you not know your own dear mother, in disguise?”

Ono-keo-co awoke, as from a dream. She could not be mistaken in that voice. It had awakened her sympathy before, and now, being assured it was her long-lost mother who stood before her, she rushed in a transport of joy to her arms, and their tears were mingled. But her vision of bliss was of short duration, for the horrid consciousness came upon her, that that mother was doomed to die by torture.

They both wept, while Mrs. Brabant related the hardships she had endured in pursuit of her husband. That she had put on

male attire, to escape insult, and had been taken by the Canai Indians, from whom she had never found an opportunity to escape. Her being taken by the Delawares and doomed to death, was already known to her daughter. Her husband she had never found.

Ono-keo-co now determined to save her, or perish with her. She communicated the secret to Photobrand, who readily promised to aid her, in freeing her mother from her impending fate. When the hunters returned, the chief was informed of the fact; he assembled a council, and Oonatonga, the orator, proclaimed it to the assembled multitude. A sympathy was at first felt, but the wily Neomock whispered it about, that it was a trick of Ono-keo-co, aided by Photobrand, to save the life of the victim; and soon public opinion was turned, and the cry was that the victim should die.

In distraction and despair, Ono-keo-co communicated the unhappy tidings to her mother, that she had made the appeal in vain, and that death was her inevitable doom, unless some plan of escape could be devised. Neomock, like a malicious fiend, was ever watching, fearful that he would be debarred the pleasure of giving pain to her, who had so scornfully refused to become his wife.

Photobrand, on the other hand, resolved to assist Ono-keo-co in freeing her mother from the doom that awaited her, and as the day of torture was near at hand, it was necessary that they should put into execution the plan of her escape as soon as possible, lest the opportunity might slip.

Accordingly, every preparation was made; a canoe was concealed in the bushes, on the bank of the Brandywine, and a dress, belonging to Ono-keo-co, was in readiness, in which Mrs. Brabant was to be conveyed, in the darkness of the night, to the canoe.

It was the dark of the moon, and the night was intensely dark. Photobrand, armed with a tomahawk, led Mrs. Brabant down the rocky bank of the Brandywine, every moment in danger of tumbling down the precipice. Suddenly, torches glared upon the gloom of night; voices were heard, and the clashing of knives. A desperate fight ensued, and all was silent.

The next day dawned; it was discovered that the captive was gone, and the rocks, in the neighborhood, stained with blood. Neomock could nowhere be found. Vague rumors and suspicions were whispered, and some suspected that a fight had ensued between Neomock and Photobrand, and that the former had been

slain, and the body concealed. The chief was inconsolable for the loss of Neomock, while Photobrand declared that he had not killed him. He was afraid to relate what had transpired the night before, as he would thereby betray the secret, that he had aided the escape of the captive. Great grief was expressed by the tribe for the loss of so brave a warrior, and it was resolved, by a solemn council assembled, that the *Feast of the Dead* should be celebrated, in commemoration of his death.

The *Feast of the Dead*, or the *Feast of Souls*, was the most solemn and magnificent of all the customs of the Indians. As the body of Neomock was supposed to have been concealed, a mock corpse was made. This was anointed and painted, as if it had been the real body, and the women went about, lamenting the death of Neomock, with the most bitter cries and horrid howlings, interspersed with songs, in which the brave deeds of the deceased were celebrated. The mock body was attended to the grave by great numbers, where, arrayed in the most sumptuous habiliments, it was interred. By the side of the corpse were placed his tomahawk, bow and arrows, and all the things he valued most; and, with them, food, to last him on his long journey.

Then commenced the *Feast of the Dead*.—All who had been buried since the last feast of the dead, were disinterred, and brought forth from their graves to one spot. Many were brought from a distance, and all exposed to the gaze of the multitude. It was a horrid scene for Ono-keo-co, and presented the various degrees of the ravages of time on the different dead bodies. They were dressed in the finest skins, and set up in groups; some being mere skeletons, glaring with ghastly sockets; while others were just beginning to decay. Amid these solemn and horrific representatives of the dead, they celebrated a variety of games, in the manner of the ancient Greeks and Romans, songs were sung, and dances were performed. As an honor to the dead, they feasted in their presence, and all that remained of the feast, was thrown into the fire. With great pomp, the dead were then re-interred, and the great multitude returned to their homes, well pleased with the gorgeous, though ghastly exhibition of human frailty and folly.

But here, gentle reader, in having described the strange, horrid, and cruel customs of the aborigines, suffer me to warn you not to impute their terrific and cruel conduct wholly and entirely to ignorance and superstition, nor to suppose that superstition is always the offspring of ignorance. Roll back the records of history, and it is apparent. When that splendid structure, the Coli-

seum of Rome, the crumbling columns of which are still standing, was erected, the Roman people were considered the wisest in the world, not even excepting those of Greece, and were disseminating knowledge to the benighted nations around them. Yet in that building more people assembled, at one time, to witness the contests between gladiators and wild beasts, than all the city of Rome now contains. They witnessed the fight of two gladiators, or of a gladiator and a wild beast, with delight; they took sides in the contest, and shouted with applause as the one dealt the other a terrible blow, which was followed by a gush of blood, or as the wild beast tore the bowels from his quivering victim. Horrible exhibitions were there, yet that wisest people in the world looked on them with infinite pleasure, and saw a fellow-being impaled alive, or torn to pieces by an infuriated lion, tiger, or bull, and applauded the triumph of the favored one, with as much *sang froid* as an Indian, when witnessing the heroic fortitude of the dying Obando. The Roman people, too, were as superstitious as the Indians of Delaware, as history amply will substantiate. They believed in augurs or fortune-tellers, witchcraft, and "goblins damned." At the death of Cæsar the ravens croaked in the chimneys, if they had any; strange omens were heard and seen, and the augur cried, "beware of the ides of March."

But to resume our story. The chief, Kankinaw, gave orders that a search should be made, every where, for the body of his brave son, Neomock. It was believed, by many, that Photobrand had slain him, in revenge, as a rival in the love of Ono-keo-co, and that the body had been given to the waves, or concealed among the innumerable rocks, which were then piled in awful grandeur on the steep banks of the Brandywine, the most of which have since been removed by the hands of civilized art and industry.

But the body could nowhere be found, and the wise Tamenend concluded that, as Neomock had been the terror of the tribes with which the Delawares had waged war; that, as a reward had been offered by the Canai chief, to any one who would take him dead or alive, he had been killed and carried off, as a prize. War was, therefore, meditated; but, according to custom, it was determined that some time should elapse, in order to lull suspicion, that they might pounce upon their enemy in an hour, when he was least prepared for resistance.

Photobrand, who really possessed a feeling heart, was sorry for the fate of his brother; though in his love for Ono-keo-co, *the flower of the forest*, he was now altogether unmolested. The old

chief was still inconsolable. He had never had but two children, for it is a strange fact, but seldom mentioned by historians, that the Indians, unlike the civilized whites, are not prolific, seldom having more than two or three children, and scarcely ever giving birth to twins, which has been one of the grand causes that the race has declined, and is now rapidly fading away from the face of the earth. There is another idiosyncrasy or peculiarity in the Indians, but little known, and seldom mentioned by writers, which is, that they have no beards, like white men, which is one of the wise provisions of nature, for in the forest they had no razors, no soap, no barbers. Thus we see, that God adapts every thing in nature to its condition, object, or end. Were they fruitful in bearing children, it is evident that, in their wild, wandering state, they could not properly take care of them. When we observe the adaptation of every thing in the creation to its condition or circumstances, how can we deny the existence of a Superior Being? Well might the poet exclaim,

“An undevout astronomer is mad.”

But the evidence of a God is as plain and powerful in a plant as in a planet, in a worm as in a world. It is said that fish have recently been discovered in the waters of that immense subterranean world, the mammoth cave of Kentucky, that have no eyes, organs of vision being useless in the darkness of the eternal night that reigns there.

My dear reader will excuse my frequent episodes, or digressions, as they serve to illustrate the subject of my story. They contain the philosophic cream of the contents, and marrow of the matter; being what sugar and cream are to a cup of coffee.

Some time after the captive had escaped, and Neomock met his fate, a stout, athletic squaw wandered into the settlement of the Delawares, on the Brandywine, gaily adorned with beads and feathers, and painted in the most grotesque manner. At first, the practised eye of the shrewd Tamenend thought he discovered in her a spy; but, when questioned, she professed to be skilled in occult mysteries, and to have the power not only of prophecy, but of revealing past transactions, which were to other eyes wrapped in the impenetrable veil of obscurity. On her having given some proofs of her supernatural powers, by unravelling some mysteries which they propounded, not only Kankinaw and Tamenend felt an awe in her presence, but great numbers thronged around, and

treated her with all the profound reverence that would be felt for an inspired being, sent among them by the Great Spirit.

They were anxious to learn the name of the murderer of Neomock, which Kananka, the prophetess and fortune-teller, declared she could reveal, but that, before she did so, all the persons present must enter a charmed circle, in the centre of which she herself would stand. She declared that when her incantation was complete, if they would all at the same time kneel, with their faces to the setting sun, the voice of Neomock would distinctly pronounce the name of his murderer, and would speak, in one word, the doom which the Great Spirit designed for him.

Wonder and consternation were now strongly depicted on every countenance, for they implicitly believed that her mission was divine, as she had already told what none but one inspired by the Great Spirit, could have known.

A large circle was now drawn, and all present entered the charmed precincts, with feelings of awe and dread. Photobrand came to the spot at this moment, and, not having heard the preliminary discourse, refused to enter, which was thought strange, and convinced many that he was the murderer of his brother.

Kananka, the sorceress, however, declared that it was not material that he should enter, as there were enough to witness the pronouncement of the name of the murderer. After having performed some mysterious rites, the sorceress declared that the revelation had commenced, and that if it was desired by the chief, she would repeat it to the assembled multitude. The chief expressed a desire to hear what was revealed, and Kananka commenced, by asking—

“Have you, great chief, a beautiful captive, called Ono-keo-co?”

“We have,” answered the chief, with a tremulous voice.

“She has been the innocent cause of the murder of your son, and of all your grief.”

While the sorceress spoke, the assembled Indians silently gazed upon one another in astonishment.

“Your brave son, Neomock,” continued Kananka, the sorceress, “loved her, when his eyes first fell upon her, and she loved him; but Photobrand——Have you a son, named Photobrand?”

“He has,” answered Tamenend, after a pause, for the chief was so overpowered by his feelings that he could not speak.

“Well, your son, Photobrand, meanly stole away from Neomock the love of Ono-keo-co, and——”

"It is false! by the great Mannitto," exclaimed Photobrand, while a shudder of horror, at the sacrilege, ran through the crowd.

"I am inspired so to speak," said the mysterious sorceress.

"Nay, worse is that which is now revealed to me. Photobrand hated his brother, because he first loved the Flower of the Forest, and, not satisfied with the triumph of having stolen her affection, he cherished in his bosom the serpent of jealousy."

"It is a base lie!" exclaimed Photobrand, while the multitude again shuddered, and a murmur was heard among the assembly.

"Not satisfied with being jealous of his generous brother," continued the sorceress, with imperturbable gravity, "he attempted his life—yes, the life of his harmless, gentle brother."

Enraged at this assertion, Photobrand rushed at the sorceress, with all the wrath of an enraged tiger, when, to the astonishment of all, he seemed like a child in her grasp. She held him still for a moment, and then, lifting him with apparent ease, she pitched him outside of the enchanted circle.

Astonished at this, the spectators, more than ever, were satisfied that Kananka was indeed a wonderful being, endowed with strange gifts, seeing that a woman could thus manage a man, as a man would a child. If they stood in awe of her before, they now feared her as a mysterious being, possessing mysterious powers, to resist whom or which was in the highest degree rashness and folly.

Even Photobrand, who looked on her as an imposter before, now felt a dread of her, as one to whom was given powers not delegated to common mortals, for nothing but proof, could have persuaded him that a woman could have thus handled him. The revelation now continued.

"Now," said Kananka, "I repeat that Photobrand attempted the life of his brother, twice." While the Indians simultaneously turned their eyes upon Photobrand, a loud voice pronounced the name of Photobrand, and immediately after, the word "DEATH." All started at the sound, for they recognized the voice of Neomock, altogether unlike the shrill, fine, feminine voice of the Sorceress. Every eye was fixed upon Photobrand, who stood speechless, as if spell-bound, while Ono-keo-co wrung her hands, and protested his innocence of the crime; well knowing that, if the tribe should be fully persuaded of his guilt, he would be doomed to death.

The multitude became more and more convinced of the truth of what the Sorceress had professed, and by a singular process of

logic, were rapidly arriving at conclusions, which strongly implicated the unhappy brother in the crime of murder. Condemnation was openly pronounced, by many, against Photobrand; but the enlarged mind of Tamenend, not altogether ignorant of jurisprudence, saw the unjust course which public opinion was taking, and delivered an address to the multitude, in which he pointed out the injustice of condemning a brave warrior without proof. He declared that they had not only to prove that Photobrand was guilty, but that Neomock was dead; and if dead, that he had been murdered. As much as we, of the Anglo-Saxon race, boast of having invented or given origin to the trial by jury, it appears that the early Indians were not totally ignorant of that glorious institution, for it appears that in difficult cases they appointed men, who acted both as witnesses and jurors, to decide the guilt of the prisoner.

Had not Tamenend, however, represented the injustice of the matter, Photobrand would have been condemned *instanter, viva voce*, by the voice of the multitude, so much were the minds of the people influenced by the incantations, or mysterious declarations of Kananka, the Sorceress. Superstition was powerful, but Tamenend stayed, in a measure, the overwhelming tide of indignation, which threatened to roll over Photobrand. It was, therefore, resolved, in solemn council, to have proof positive of the guilt of the accused, before he should be irrevocably doomed to destruction.

"Can you prove," enquired Tamenend, who had been the teacher, and who was greatly attached to Photobrand, "that he killed Neomock?"

"Yes," replied the Sorceress, "there is proof."

"Bring it, then," commanded the Chief, in tears, "and though Photobrand is my favorite son, he shall suffer death. I have said it in the presence of the Great Spirit—he shall die, if guilty."

Ono-keo-co screamed at these awful denunciatory words, but Photobrand heard them without betraying the least emotion, either in word or gesture, but calmly said,

"If I am guilty, oh! my father, I am ready and willing to die."

The noble bearing of Photobrand had entirely won the affections of Ono-keo-co, and she had yielded to him her whole soul. Beautiful and gentle, she was all that he could desire her to be, for, as Cæsar desired his wife to be, not only virtuous, but beyond suspicion, her reputation was unspotted by even a breath. When painted, and arrayed with gay beads, and ribbands, and Photobrand,

her lover, spared nothing that would deck and adorn her, she was truly a beautiful *flower of the forest*.

Tamenend now made it obligatory on the Sorceress to bring forth not only one, but several witnesses, who were to declare, in the presence of Mannitto, the Great Spirit, equivalent to the Christian oath, that Neomock was dead; that he was murdered; and that Photobrand was the murderer. This, the Sorceress did not hesitate to promise to do. The Chief declared that Photobrand should enjoy the kindness of all, and hold the same high distinction as a warrior, until it was fully proven that he was guilty, and then he should be stripped of all his honors; the scalps, that graced his wigwam, should be burnt; and that he should die an ignominious death.

Ono-keo-co clung to Photobrand, weeping and protesting his innocence, while he embraced the Chief and Tamenend, declaring his innocence, and reiterating the assertion, that he would ever prefer death to dishonor, and again declaring his readiness to die by the most excruciating torments, if he were fairly proven guilty.

The Sorceress departed, positively assuring the multitude that she could find, and bring forward, persons, who would declare that Photobrand killed his brother. Notwithstanding the lack of proof, the greater portion of the people believed that Photobrand had murdered Neomock; and their belief in the supernatural powers of Kananka, nothing could shake. She must be gifted by the Great Spirit, said they, in their mode of reasoning, or how could she know of the loves of Photobrand and Ono-keo-co, and that, on her account, he had killed his brother? thus taking it for granted, that he really was the murderer.

The Chief and Tamenend were deeply distressed, lest it should appear that Photobrand had slain his brother in a fit of jealousy, and that the former would thus be rendered childless. With aching hearts they awaited the return of the Sorceress; and the danger which now surrounded Photobrand, increased the affliction of Ono-keo-co, until she seemed to idolize him, and to live only in his existence. With the devotion of woman, when she once loves, she gave up her whole soul to the object of her idolatry, and identified herself with every thing that concerned him. She even resolved in her own mind, that she would die with him, if, through stratagem and false evidence, the life of her lover should be sacrificed; for she could never entertain the idea, for a moment, that he was guilty. She knew that Photobrand had loved his brother, and she well knew that his heart was alive to those gen-

erous impulses and feelings which would prompt him to any action, rather than that of imbruing his hands in a brother's blood. Her soul recoiled at the thought of imputing such a dark and dreadful crime to him, and she lived in the hope of seeing him rise triumphant over his enemies and their machinations. Photobrand had many enemies among the young warriors, as superior men ever have, even in a civilized and Christian community. Envy gnawed, like the viper at the file. His superior endowments, fame, birth, (for even the Indians had aristocratic notions,) excited the envy of inferior men, and envy is the parent of hatred, and often of revenge, which gluts itself, or rather its own inferiority, by attempting to drag every thing down to its own level. We may preach equality to the end of time, but the time will never come when all men shall be equal. We might as well look for equality among the stars, and expect to find the moon shining with the same brilliance as the sun. We might as well expect the same qualities in iron, lead, or copper, that are inherent in gold. As gold is superior in its greater properties of ductility and malleability, so are some men superior to others in attributes, which can never be equalled by the inferior. Men can never be equal, only in natural rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and this was all the equality that Thomas Jefferson intended to specify, in that *magna charta*, the Declaration of Independence. As soon will you find equality in a barrel of apples, a bushel of wheat, a field of corn, or an orchard of trees—as soon will you find equality in a herd of cattle or horses, a pen full of pigs, or a garden filled with flowers, as in the human family. The flowers of the field, and the trees of the orchard are equal, as it regards their natural rights, or powers of enjoying the sunshine and showers, and of imbibing nourishment from the earth; but they are not equal in themselves. One is superior to another, in its beauty, its size, its useful properties, and many other respects. So, in like manner, men are equal in their natural rights; but not in themselves. Some possess greater strength, greater minds; are more useful to the community in which they live; but the misfortune is, that they do not always rank as they deserve; the most wise and most useful do not always stand the highest; neither do the most virtuous. This arises from the fact that society is based on false principles:

But to proceed. It was not long before Kananka, the Sorceress, returned, with several persons, curiously habited and painted, who, she pretended, were as deeply skilled in necromancy as herself,

and who were present on the night that Neomock was murdered. Photobrand gazed silently upon them, and appeared to be unmoved, though he felt that his doom would be sealed if they testified against him, notwithstanding his innocence. The tears of Ono-keo-co fell fast, for she saw the danger to which her betrothed was exposed. So soon as it was rumored that Kananka, the Sorceress, had arrived, there was a great gathering of the people, from all directions, to listen to the trial of Photobrand, for the murder of his brother. Curiosity was abroad, and gathered great numbers, some of whom sincerely hoped that he might be proven guilty. Oonatonga, the public orator, in the manner of the crier of our courts, proclaimed that the wise men of the tribe were assembled, and the Sorceress would proceed in what she had undertaken.

A circle was drawn, into which none were admitted but those who were concerned in the proceedings. The wise men, or judges, were in one group, on one side of the circle; the Sorceress, and her witnesses, in another; and the Chief, Tamenend, and Photobrand, in a third. Thus situated, the Sorceress commenced by giving a detailed history of the circumstance of Ono-keo-co being brought into the tribe, as a captive; of her being adopted by the Chief; of the influence of her beauty on the hearts of Photobrand and Neomock; and of the quarrels that ensued between the brothers, on account of the meanness of Photobrand, in stealing the affections of Ono-keo-co from Neomock, who had first loved her. She stated that Photobrand had estranged the heart of the beautiful flower of the forest from Neomock, by all manner of lying devices, and mentioned several circumstances which had transpired, and which were unknown even to the Chief. At this the crowd greatly marvelled, for they could not conceive how she could have known *that* which was unknown, even to the Chief, unless the Great Spirit had enlightened her mind.

So much was Ono-keo-co distressed at the situation in which Photobrand was placed, that she was not suffered to appear at the trial, but kept confined in the wigwam. The Chief, who was devotedly attached to her, feared that the condemnation of Photobrand might come too suddenly upon her, and even he began now to believe that Photobrand would be proven guilty of the murder of his brother.

The Sorceress had brought several men, and two women, to substantiate the guilt of the accused; all of whom were painted in the manner of the Indians, save that these were painted in the

most grotesque and ludicrous fashion. The first, who was called up to testify, represented himself to be a bandit, and stated, that he had been employed by a Chief of the Canai Indians, to carry off Neomock alive, as he had killed in battle several relatives of the Chief. He stated, that he, with others, had come to the Brandywine with the view of suddenly seizing Neomock, when alone, and if they failed in that, to steal into his wigwam, at the dead of night, to gag, bind, and carry him off. After watching some time in vain, they resolved, on one dark night, to enter his wigwam; but just as they were stealing up the rocks, having come down the Brandywine in a canoe, they saw a torch-light gleaming in the woods, and concealed themselves in the rocks to see who came.

"We soon saw," said the narrator, "that the bearer of the torch was Photobrand, and that he was conducting a woman down the steep bank, in the direction in which we were concealed. We continued quiet, beneath the covert of a large rock, to watch the proceedings. They had passed but a few steps, when we heard other footsteps approaching, and venturing to look up, saw Neomock approaching. He mildly remonstrated with his brother, for having used him cruelly, when Photobrand placed the woman in the canoe; pushed it from the shore; and then furiously rushed upon his brother with uplifted tomahawk."

"It is a lie," cried Photobrand, in a voice of thunder, and springing upon his feet, he brandished his knife; but he was instantly seized, and held, while the narrator proceeded.

"Neomock, by a sudden leap, eluded the blow, and ran up the rocks, a short distance, begging his brother not to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood, nor render it necessary for him to stain his hands with his."

As the narrator related this, a sensation ran through the assembly, and all eyes were turned in horror on Photobrand, who gritted his teeth with rage.

"But," continued the narrator, "Photobrand rushed again upon his brother, who seized him in his arms, and, after disarming him, nobly gave him his life, at the same time handing the knife to him. This, instead of subduing him, as you all know it would have done, had he possessed a noble spirit, only rendered him more furious, and when Neomock saw that there was no generosity in him, and that he was determined to slay him, he resolved to stand in his own defence. 'Your blood be upon your own head,' said he, as Photobrand came full tilt upon him again. They clung,

fell, and rolled together down the hill into the water, the blood streaming from Neomock's wounds. By the light of the torch, which Photobrand had laid upon a rock near the shore, we could see them fighting, like dogs, in the water."

A shudder ran through the assembly, as the narrator continued: "Photobrand would have soon been overpowered, had he not cut an artery in the arm of Neomock, from the rapid bleeding of which he soon fainted. No sooner did he faint, than Photobrand rose over him, and stabbed him to the heart, three times, while the blood of a brother gushed into his face."

A cry of horror arose from the multitude, at these words; while Photobrand writhed, and wept with rage.

"Go on, go on," cried several voices simultaneously.

"No, no, it is enough," exclaimed the Chief, as he bursted into tears, "I am childless in my old age." The good Tamenend bowed his head, and wept with him for some time.

All were now satisfied of the guilt of Photobrand, and many began to wonder whether Kankinaw would have the courage to put his own son to death. He had declared, in the presence of the Great Spirit, that he should die, if found guilty; and now, in despite of the protestations of innocence by Photobrand, every one, save Ono-keo-co, believed him to be guilty. So well satisfied were they, that it was not considered necessary to examine any more witnesses. Photobrand bent his eye, with a scowling countenance, upon the Sorceress and her attendants, but it was in vain that he declared them to be impostors who were, for some reason, plotting against his life. The Chief shook his head and wept, while Tamenend lamented that so brave a young warrior should be sacrificed to the manes of his murdered brother.

When Ono-keo-co was informed of the fate of Photobrand, she raved; tore the long tresses of her hair, and rent her garments in the violence of her grief. Like Calypso, she could not be consoled for the loss of her Ulysses, for well she knew that tyrant custom would doom him to death. The Chief repented that he had vowed, in the presence of the Great Spirit, that he should die, if pronounced guilty, which was now the case; and, notwithstanding Tamenend and Ono-keo-co plead, with prayers and tears, for the life of Photobrand, the Chief was inexorable, he having made the irrevocable vow.

To Photobrand, death had no terror, apart from Ono-keo-co. The only pang to his brave soul was, that he must leave her, or that she must die too, for she had already concealed the knife,

with which she intended to destroy herself and perish in his arms. Photobrand regretted that he must die with the stain of murder upon him, when he was entirely innocent, and he assured his father that, when he was dead, the truth would come to light, and show that he was guiltless. Kankinaw listened not to this, for he believed it to be only the ingenious pleading for life. But he was touched by the tears and prayers of the beautiful Ono-keo-co, and regretted the necessity of closing his ears to her cries for mercy.

The next day was fixed for the execution of Photobrand, and a vast assemblage gathered to witness the execution. He was to die by the tomahawk, which was considered the quickest and most merciful death. He was fastened to a stake, which had been driven in the ground, and several warriors were stationed, with tomahawks, at a few paces distance, who, at the word of command, were to send their weapons through his skull to his brain, and their aim was certain death.

Photobrand was thus situated, every moment expecting to feel the deadly tomahawk riving and rending asunder his skull, on its way to his brain; when all were startled, in the solemn scene, by a loud cry, a wild scream; and, the next moment, the form of Ono-keo-co was seen approaching the spot, with dishevelled hair and rent garments. No sooner did she approach, than two of the followers of the Sorceress gazed upon her, with a bewildered air, as if they had seen her before. One of them advanced towards her, while she was pleading for the life of Photobrand, and gazed in her face, acting, in the mean time, like one who is demented. At length he tore the painted mask from his face, and clasped her in his arms, crying out, in the most rapturous tones,

“My daughter! my beloved Lelia! I have found you at last! Heaven be praised, I have found you at last!”

In a moment Ono-keo-co recognized the face of her father, Nicholas Brabant. So soon as Brabant discovered that Photobrand was the betrothed of his daughter, he declared to the Chief that he was not guilty, and that a conspiracy was formed to take his life.

“Seize on these wretches,” said the Chief, and, in an instant, the Sorceress and her followers were arrested and confined.

Brabant now informed Ono-keo-co, in the presence of Kankinaw and Tamenend, that when she was carried off he went in pursuit of her, in company with the bandit, Lander, who betrayed him into the hands of a distant tribe, from whom, for a long time, he could not escape. That when he did escape, a short time

before, he met the Sorceress, Kananka, in the forest, with those who were now prisoners.

"She told me," continued Nick, "that if I would assist in a certain stratagem, I should be rewarded; received into the tribe, and have many favors. I agreed, without knowing exactly what part I was to act. She then told me that there were two brothers, among the Delawares, sons of the Chief, who were both in love with a beautiful pale face, and that the object was to get rid of the favorite brother, that the other might possess the lovely Ono-keo-co. The suspicion flashed across my mind that, as Ono-keo-co had been brought into the tribe as a captive, she might be my daughter."

"It strikes me," said Tamenend, "that there is a deep laid scheme of treachery in this matter. Let the Sorceress and her followers be brought here, before us. My life as the forfeit, that Photobrand has been treacherously dealt with, and that his brother has laid a scheme to sacrifice him."

"Ay," returned Photobrand, "you will find me innocent."

The Chief now began to suspect that all was not fair, and ordered that the Sorceress, and those with her, should be brought forth, to confront Brabant. The excitement, caused by this suspicion, spread among the tribe, and a great number gathered, to witness the result. When Kananka was brought out, there was a great change in her demeanor. Her boldness and confidence were gone, and fear was plainly visible upon her countenance. She hesitated, and frequently contradicted her own assertions; proving that a liar must be gifted with a good memory, in order to be successful in deception.

"The intention, then," enquired Tamenend, "was to destroy Photobrand, that his brother might possess Ono-keo-co?"

"That was the intention," replied Brabant, "which she communicated to me, after I had promised to assist. I did not intend that Photobrand should perish by such mean treachery, and should have exposed it, had I not discovered my daughter."

"It appears, then," said Tamenend, "that Neomock is not dead, but has invented this treacherous scheme to destroy his brother, and thereby possess Ono-keo-co?"

"Even so," returned Brabant. "She assured me that he was living, and that if he succeeded in obtaining the object of his affection, that I should hold a high rank in the tribe, and be amply rewarded. The whole story of the murder was invented, and the blood, discovered on the rocks, was placed there by design. It

was the blood of a small animal, carried there and slaughtered at night. He had overheard the plan of the escape of the captive, and knew that the circumstance would favor his intention."

At these words, a murmur ran through the assembly; the Chief and Tamenend, both, stared with mingled wonder and horror depicted on their countenances; while the Sorceress, silent and abashed, stood as if spell-bound.

"And Photobrand was to be sacrificed," muttered the Chief, as if musing, "that his cruel and ungenerous brother might possess the fair flower, whose affections Photobrand had nobly won."

"I have it!" exclaimed Tamenend, rising from his seat with great energy, "I see through the base design! This Sorceress, this Kananka, who has imposed upon us, is no other than Neomock!"

At these words of the sage Tamenend, a wild cry arose from the multitude, and many rushed forward to obtain a nearer view of the Sorceress. The Chief was astonished, confounded; for such a thought had never entered his mind.

"Let him be examined;" cried Tamenend, "let him be stripped of all the strange ornaments and gear, and, my word for it, you shall find Neomock in disguise."

The Sorceress was immediately taken to a wigwam; the long female hair was taken from his head; the painted mask was taken off; the female garb and gauds were doffed; the dress of Neomock put on; and lo! Neomock, the identical Neomock, stood before the astonished multitude, looking more like a criminal than an accuser. A long, loud shout, rose from the strong lunged warriors; and the women set up a doleful howling, which was echoed, and re-echoed, along the rock-bound Brandywine.

"Death to the traitor! death to Neomock!" broke from a hundred tongues, till echo caught the sound on her silver shell, and from a hundred hills came back the words—"Death to the traitor! Death to Neomock!"

"And who are these," said the Chief, "who obeyed the will of Neomock, in dooming Photobrand to a guiltless grave? Who is he, who testified that Photobrand was guilty of murder?"

"He is a bandit and a villain," exclaimed Brabant, "who treacherously induced an Indian to carry off my daughter, and who, in the name of friendship, accompanied me in pursuit, and betrayed me into the hands of a distant tribe, among whom I was for years a captive. His name is Lander."

"His villainy is known," said Tamenend, "and he shall meet the doom he merits."

Lander, though a fierce and cruel man, was at heart a coward, and he trembled at the words of Tamenend.

"Thank the Great Spirit," ejaculated the Chief, "Photobrand is innocent, and has been saved from a cruel, unmerited death!"

Ono-keo-co was frantic with joy, and clung convulsively to Photobrand, while Neomock gazed on them with a dark scowling countenance. He had been disappointed in the accomplishment of the dearest hope of his heart, and expected death as the penalty of his treachery; but fear did not subdue his fierce intractable soul, in which the fires of jealousy and revenge still burned. He envied every smile, every caress, every look of love, that Photobrand received from Ono-keo-co.

Brabant started, in company with some hunters, up the Brandywine, he being now a great favorite with the Chief, on a hunting expedition, provisions having become scarce. During their absence, it was decreed by the Chief that, as the life of Photobrand had been so greatly endangered, the fate of Neomock, and his fellow-conspirators, should be placed in his hands, that he might mete out to them whatever punishment they deserved. Photobrand pitied his brother, and, notwithstanding his having conspired against his life, he could not think of pronouncing his death-warrant. Neomock was too proud to beg his life, and declared that he would rather perish than see Ono-keo-co the wife of Photobrand, or stoop to the mean alternative of begging for life.

"Then take your life, unconditionally," said the generous Photobrand, "I desire not to stain my hands with your blood. Go, and be happy, if you can. Ono-keo-co, uninfluenced by any one, has preferred me, and why should you complain? The Great Spirit has willed that she shall be mine."

Neomock, without deigning to reply, turned upon his heel, and stalked sullenly away. But the Chief was not disposed to let him escape entirely without punishment. A council was called, and it was decreed that Neomock should be disgraced, and banished from the tribe. This sentence he heard unmoved, and he suddenly conceived the idea of carrying Ono-keo-co with him. Accordingly, after he had taken a formal leave, he concealed himself among the rocks and bushes, and that night watched for an opportunity to seize the object of his idolatry.

According to her usual custom, Ono-keo-co strayed alone on the romantic banks of the Brandywine, then far more wild and

picturesque than at present. The sun had sunk in golden glory behind the western hills, and the full round moon hung, like a silver chandelier, in the great hall of heaven, as she wandered among the green glades, and watched the waters, illumined by the moon's rays, as they rippled over the rocky bed of that romantic stream.

Photobrand was sauntering on, behind, unseen. Suddenly a scream pierced the ear of Photobrand, and, looking up, he beheld Neomock running up the steep ascent, just opposite where the upper dam is now, with Ono-keo-co in his arms. She had uttered but one scream, for she fainted at the moment that she recognized Neomock. Being unencumbered, Photobrand rapidly pursued, and gained on him, for love lent wings to the pursuer.

Before Neomock reached the top of the declivity, finding that Photobrand was close upon him, he laid down the apparently lifeless form of Ono-keo-co, and drew his knife for a desperate conflict, resolved to carry her off, or perish in the attempt. He did not wait for Photobrand to approach, but ran at him, making a deadly thrust with his knife. This was parried, or rather dodged, and so great was his impetus, that he fell, pitching over a high rock, head foremost. He did not move, after he fell, and when Photobrand approached, he found that his unfortunate brother had broken his neck, and was dead.

This scene had been witnessed by Brabant, and the party of hunters and trappers, who were returning, loaded with game. In a cave, far up the Brandywine, Brabant had discovered his wife, the mother of Ono-keo-co, which she had made her home since her escape. Great was the rejoicing of Ono-keo-co, when she revived from her fainting fit, to find that her father and mother were both restored to her, after years of separation.

The fate of Neomock was communicated to the people, but very little sympathy was felt, as he was an outlaw, and had been banished in disgrace. Photobrand and Ono-keo-co were united, according to the custom of the Indians, and great pomp and ceremony were observed. The bride was adorned with all the glitter of a princess; literally covered with beads, and beautified with the most gaudy ribbands and feathers. Tamenend gave her, in the name of her father, to Photobrand, and then blessed them; after which were commenced feasting, dancing, and various games. Some fire-water, the curse of the Indians, as well as white men, had been procured, and the happy Chief became so extremely

happy, that it was necessary to carry him to his wigwam. He was superlatively drunk.

Brabant became a great man among the Delawares, and Lander, forgiven by Photobrand, became domesticated in the tribe. Never, perhaps, was there a happier pair than Photobrand and Ono-keo-co. She had been placed among the Indians at so early an age, that their customs seemed natural and familiar. From this pair sprung some of the most distinguished warriors and statesmen that ever shed renown upon the tribe, and, though the Delawares have dwindled to a mere handful, comparatively, yet the descendants of Ono-keo-co may be found among them to this day. It is with a melancholy regret, a sorrowful feeling, that I contemplate the day, not far distant, when the last Indian, of the once powerful and numerous tribe of the Delawares, shall gather up his feet, and go down to the tomb of his ill-fated race. When I wander on the romantic banks of the Brandywine, I fancy that I see their dusky forms and bark canoes; that I hear the death-song on the breeze; and that I listen to the war-whoop, as it rings through the woods, and reverberates among the far off rocks. But alas! they are not there—those sublime solitudes have been silent, and unbroken by the voice of the Indian, for ages. They will never again be trodden by the lords of the forest.

Concealed Affection.

SHE still denied the passion in her heart
 Even to herself, tho' fond affection there
 Had long been deep enshrined. Her modest soul
 Shrank from the sweet acknowledgment and oft,
 As to the tree her letter she conveyed
 With soft and stealthy step, a blush would spread
 Upon her cheek, when even she thought she loved.
 One day she went, and lo! the little god
 Revealed himself, and love stood there confessed.
 The tell-tale boy, with finger on his lip,
 And bow in hand, surveyed her for a while,
 And then with sweet provoking smile, he said—
 "I've caught you Miss, at last, tho' long evaded—"
 And a swift arrow quivered in her heart.

The Lady Isabel.

A romantic tale of other times, in the manner of the old English ballads.

DEDICATED TO THE FAIR MRS. E——.

IN Paris' noble city, in the days of olden date,
There lived a proud old nobleman in all the pomp of state;
He trod the halls of grandeur, for great wealth had he in store,
A lovely daughter, too, he had—what could he wish for more?

In the castle of her father did this blissful beauty dwell,
And her vassals always called her the fair Lady Isabel;
Her eyes were dark and dazzling, and as diamonds were bright,
And her lips were red as roses, when they open to the light.

Her lofty brow, and heav'nly smile, were lovely to behold,
Her auburn hair in clust'ring curls hung down like grapes of gold,
Upon a bosom beautiful as bosom e'er could be,
That rose and fell like billows on the bosom of the sea.

Her form was symmetry itself, e'en lovely as her face,
In every airy step there was a gleam of Grecian grace;
Her very hand could charm the soul, her shoe had pow'r to wound,
For such a lovely little foot ne'er trod upon the ground.

Unto the castle halls there came the proudest of the land,
To bow before her beauty, and to woo her haughty hand;
But from them all she turn'd away, as many legends tell,
For Love had not unlock'd the heart of Lady Isabel.

The silken chain had never yet been bound around her heart,
And she was all unused to tricks of treachery and art;
She was no cold coquette, yet she was proud as Peries are,
And therefore, she disdain'd to hear a lover's pressing pray'r.

When many a wounded heart had fled away from her cold glance,
There came an humble lover, but the noblest heart in France;
A soul of deathless honor, and undying truth had he,
But he was poor, obscure in birth, and of a low degree.

She prized his soul of honor, but she scorn'd his humble birth,
And oft she felt a pity that she could not own his worth;
But he look'd not upon her wealth, or noble house of old,
He prized her for herself alone; and not for paltry gold.

'Twas in a banquet hall he first beheld her fairy form,
 Where many a gay enamor'd knight did round her beauty swarm;
 But Ion only stood and gazed upon her heavenly charms,
 And, while he gazed, he sigh'd to clasp the angel in his arms.

Her dark and dazzling eyes of light in softness on him fell,
 And madly in his heart he loved the Lady Isabel;
 Then in her father's castle he bow'd down before her feet,
 And vow'd the love he bore for her was exquisitely sweet.

But Lady Isabel was cold, his worth she could not see,
 And yet she felt a sorrow that he was of low degree;
 And oft she doubted what he said, when Ion madly swore,
 That for her sake he'd sacrifice the very life he bore.

Still at her side she suffer'd him her footsteps to attend,
 And tho' she loved him not she look'd upon him as a friend;
 Indeed her only deep regret was now his humble birth,
 For soon she felt he had a heart the noblest on the earth.

Oh! Pride, what tyranny is thine! How many a heart has bled
 At thy decrees! How many a tear on thy account is shed!
 How many a noble soul, by thee, is doom'd to pine in woe,
 And the fruition of blest hope, on earth to never know.

Still Ion woo'd and strove to win the Lady Isabel,
 But still she smiled not on his suit, nor broke the magic spell;
 He swore by all the stars in heav'n, by all the things of earth,
 If she would wed with him that he would win a noble birth.

He said the love he bore for her no tongue on earth could tell,
 More than the wealth of worlds he loved the Lady Isabel;
 That for her sake he'd risk his life—her wealth he did not crave,
 But still the Lady Isabel in doubt an answer gave.

One day within the palace of the Tuilleries he stray'd,
 And sat down in the gallery to woo the doubting maid;
 'Twas o'er the king's menagerie, where wild beasts were in charge,
 And, in the ample yard below, a lion roam'd at large.

Still Ion pour'd into the ear of Lady Isabel,
 The vows of his undying faith, and fond affection's spell;
 And as he press'd her small white hand, and gazed into her eye,
 She thought that she his love would test; his faith for once would try.

And as he breath'd to her again, the vow so true and strong,
 That he would risk his life for her, which she had doubted long;
 She drop'd a diamond ring below, just where the lion roved,
 And beg'd him to obtain it, if he still as truly loved.

She said she valued it above all other gauds of earth,
 Her mother gave it, when she died; therefore, she prized its worth;
 And if he'd bring it back to her, his vows she would believe;
 Nor think, in aught he said, that he intended to deceive.

Brave Ion saw the object of this cruel sacrifice,
 And soon resolved to have the ring, or perish 'neath her eyes;
 His soul of honor sigh'd to show that he to faith was true,
 And up he rose, and took her hand, and bade a fond adieu.

Down to the iron gate he went, all fearless as before,
 And enter'd where that lion large sent forth an awful roar;
 He now desired alone to prove, and prove the matter well,
 That he had never breath'd false vows to Lady Isabel.

The lion paw'd the earth, prepared to leap upon his prey,
 But Ion caught his eye and gazed, as on he took his way;
 The beast, astonish'd, backward drew, as he approach'd the ring,
 Then, creeping forward, still pursued, but never dared to spring.

Still in his eye did Ion stare, as, backward, he withdrew,
 Till thro' the gate he leap'd, and swung the massy portal to;
 The Lady Isabel could scarce her own bright eyes believe,
 Tho' now she loved, and never more could think he would deceive.

His faith and fond affection she indeed had sorely tried,
 And now she did regret that she had yielded to her pride;
 She saw that he was brave and true, and worthy of her hand,
 And vow'd, in her own bosom, it was all at his command.

But, ah! he saw that she possess'd a heart as hard as stone,
 And cruel, too, to jeopardize a life dear as her own;
 He wept to think that she, whose smiles had been the light of life,
 Was all unworthy to be woo'd, or wedded as his wife.

Brave Ion bore the brilliant ring to Lady Isabel,
 And, as he gazed into her eyes, he breath'd a last farewell;
 "A heart so cruel as thine own, so doubting, too," he said,
 "I would not for the wealth of worlds, and all thy beauty, wed."

'Twas Ion's time to triumph now, and Isabel's to know
 The pangs of slighted love, which give the heart the keenest woe;
 For of all woes that life endures, none, none so madly burn,
 As to be doom'd to love and find, alas! no fond return.

She clung to him convulsively, but from her grasp he tore
 Himself away, and sadly sought the dim and distant shore;
 Soon, soon, on board a ship, he rode upon the distant main,
 And ne'er to Lady Isabel did he return again.

Despairing in her love for him, she wander'd o'er the wave,
 In search of him she fondly loved, but only found his grave;
 Upon his tomb she found these words, as they the story tell,
 "Here Ion sleeps—he died for love of Lady Isabel."

And since that day, at evening's hour, she wanders on the shore;
 Gazing, with tearful eyes afar, the bounding billows o'er;
 Crazed in her mind, she thinks, upon the distant wave, she sees
 The ship that bears her Ion back, all bending to the breeze.

But never more shall he return—the cruelty she gave,
 Froze up the current of his soul, a soul so nobly brave;
 Nor long did she regret his fall—all faded in her bloom,
 She pined and perish'd, and she sleeps in an untimely tomb.

Take warning, oh! ye fair, nor tread upon affection's flower,
 Lest, when ye shall repent, ye find too late repentance' hour;
 Spurn not a noble heart, nor let pride in your bosoms dwell,
 Lest ye should meet the fate that met fair Lady Isabel.

F a m e .

High on the crimson car of fame,
 I saw the victor ride,
 He came from far thro' flood and flame,
 In all the pomp of pride;
 And loud the war-trump pierced the skies,
 All hail the conqueror comes,
 From every hill let shouts arise,
 And sound ye doubling drums.

The crimson crown the conqueror wore,
 Waved o'er the warrior's head;
 But his right arm was red with gore
 A hundred hearts had shed:
 A hundred hills in echoes rung
 O'er ocean's sounding surge;
 A hundred harps awoke and sung
 Of Europe's dreadful scourge.

They sung the fame of him whose scroll
 A tide of tears had wet;
 They sung the fame of him whose soul
 Had oft in murder met;

And oft had spread dark midnight o'er
 The weeping widow's mind,
 And wrote her grief with gushing gore,
 Dread vampire of mankind.

Not so with him who wore the plume
 When fair Columbia bled;
 The sun that set on Vernon's tomb
 Smiled on the mighty dead;
 The blood that dyed Columbia's land
 Was paid for liberty—
 The great, the good and glorious band,
 The western world set free.

The scroll of him who sleeps in death,
 Gave liberty a name;
 And virtuous heroes then had birth,
 And virtuous valor, fame—
 Gore gushed thro' many a hundred veins,
 On that immortal morn;
 Great God! 'twas then were rent the chains
 Of millions yet unborn.

The Dream.

WHILE yet I slept, in soft repose,
 The trump of time I heard!
 And louder still at every close,
 Came down the dreadful word!
 I started up and saw the sky
 Wrapped in a robe of red!
 An angel stood and woke on high
 The trumpet of the dead.

I asked the orient orb of light
 From whence the clangor came;
 And swift it rolled, in realms of night,
 Thro' seas of frightful flame!
 I asked the pale moon if she knew
 Why thus the angel stood;
 She answered not, but from my view
 Went down in waves of blood.

I asked the burning stars, and they
 Fell from their orbits high!
 I saw the lightning o'er me play,
 And flame along the sky!
 I asked the angry ocean too
 Why she in rage did roar;
 And quick she rolled before my view,
 Her millions to the shore!

And then I saw with dazzled eyes,
 A flaming chariot driven!
 The wheels with thunder shook the skies
 And rocked the halls of heaven!
 I asked the clouds from whence He came,
 O'er whom the red flames curled;
 They cried *JEHOVAH* is his name,
 He comes to judge the world.

I saw him seize a flaming brand
 And fire creation o'er;
 The sky, the ocean, and the land,
 All mingled in the roar!
 And at the last loud trumpet's sound,
 I woke with one wild scream;
 A poor musquito then I found,
 Had caused my dreadful dream.

Female Charms.

THE tongue of woman charms the soul,
 With all the strains of love;
 'Tis like the lyre whose numbers roll,
 In yonder halls above:
 And O, it hath a charm to bind,
 Even when it aims the dart;
 It is the echo of the mind,
 The tell-tale of the heart.

The eye of woman sheds a ray,
 To gild the gloom of woe;
 To man it lights a constant day—
 Of happiness below;
 It is the lamp of life and light,
 The source of joy refined;
 It is the star of sorrow's night,
 The mirror of the mind.

The Dream of Love.

“Hereby hangs a tale—I’ll tell it.”—SHAKESPEARE.



FEW years ago I boarded in a very pleasant family in Baltimore, in the social society of which I spent some of the happiest days of my life. Gaiety, cheerfulness and enjoyment were the objects of the circle that surrounded me, and it was peculiarly grateful after a day devoted to hard study, to unbend my mind amid bright eyes, rosy faces, and sylph-like forms. Among the fair portion of the boarders (and it is well known to the reader that I am particularly partial to the society of the fair sex) were two Spanish ladies, and a lady from the palmy plains of the South, to whom, in friendship, I became particularly attached. The deep, dark, dazzling eyes of the Spanish ladies seemed to have a Mesmeric influence, for when they were once fixed upon a susceptible young man he stood fascinated by a spell or charm, as does the bird when it comes within the magic influence of the eye of the serpent.

I have mentioned these ladies, however, only incidentally. The heroine of my story is the lady from the sunny South. If a beautiful creature, ever walked this earth, she was one. She was a charming brunette, of the middle stature, her form moulded to exquisite symmetry; indeed so exquisite, that neither Michael Angelo nor Canova could ever have rivalled in marble its graceful outlines. She was like Milton's Eve—

“Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.”

Her eyes were dark and brilliant as the diamond set in jet; large, melting, and melancholy, and her black hair hung in clus-

tering curls down her swan-like neck. Her cheeks were red as the lotus on the rivers of the east, but her mouth—ye gods! it was chiseled with a beauty of form and expression that far excelled that of the famed Venus de Medicis.

But enough of description. It is enough to say that she was generally considered extremely beautiful; for every look was language, and every lineament was love. It is necessary to observe, that her intellect was of a high order; she was very imaginative, and had written some very beautiful poems, though she did not pay much devotion to the Muses, as she was young, beautiful, and giddy, and fond of the *beau monde*.

Many of the dashing dandies of Baltimore fluttered, like butterflies, round the lovely flower, but her heart remained untouched. The winged arrow of love had never entered her bosom; she was still the same gay and giddy creature.

In the city I had a particular friend, who I knew was, like myself, a passionate admirer of female beauty, and devotedly attached to female society. Henry Darnley was an uncommonly handsome man, and I resolved, as Cupid had spent all his fury on me in earlier years, to introduce him to the celebrated beauty, Isabel Summerville, the most agreeable lady in her mind and manners that I have ever met.

"Come, Henry," said I, one evening at the Museum, "you have seen all the curiosities here a hundred times, come along with me, and I will show you one you have never seen, and one upon which you will never grow tired of gazing."

"What is it?" asked Henry, with a careless air.

"One of the most beautiful ladies you have ever seen."

"Then by Jupiter," he exclaimed, seizing my arm, "I'll go to Halifax for a sight like that."

As we walked down to the street in which I boarded, I gave him a glowing description of Isabel, until his imagination was fired with her charms. But when he entered the parlor, and she stood revealed before him in the full blaze of her beauty, he felt that his fancy had not done justice to her loveliness. Isabel and Henry were both polished in their manners, communicative and easy in conversation. The Spanish ladies having retired, I left them together, and that evening a mutual regard sprung up between them; a regard that ripened into devoted affection, for they seemed fitted for each other by nature and education.

In a short time after this meeting Henry resolved to take board in the house for the sake of my society, but Isabel, the fair Isabel,

was the centre of attraction. It was for the sake of seeing her frequently every day that he was so willing to change his residence. And there he did see her every day, and not many months elapsed ere they were betrothed in marriage, and a more graceful couple never were destined to stand at the altar. Isabel became entirely changed by the feelings which had been awakened in her heart. Instead of the wild romping gaiety of former days she became sedate and thoughtful, and instead of wandering in search of society and amusement she remained in solitude, or spent her moments in the presence of him who had won her affections, and who had become all the world to her. I have never in all my wanderings seen two persons so devotedly attached, and who seemed so willing to sacrifice every thing to each other's happiness. The reason was, there was a communion of soul.

Isabel Summerville was the only heir and orphan daughter of a rich planter in Louisiana, and having nothing to bind her to the South, had travelled in company with an old gentleman, a friend of her father, to see the country, and being pleased with the manners of the people of Baltimore, who are famed for their urbanity and familiarity, she resolved to spend some time in that city, little dreaming that she would there first fall into the dream of love.

Henry Darnley was a young gentleman of some property, which he invested in various ways. He had an interest in the new steamboat, *Medora*, which had recently been finished, and was to go down the bay on a trip as a trial of her speed, as it was boasted that she was superior to any other.

On the day before that on which the marriage was to take place, Isabel was sitting in a large-armed rocking-chair in the parlor. Around her were strewn the paraphernalia of her wedding-dress, for she had that morning been visited by milliners, mantua-makers, and merchant's clerks, innumerable. She laid down a gorgeous cap, covered with the most costly laces, threw her finely formed head back on the chair, and for a moment seemed lost in reverie. She seemed to be thinking of the morrow; of the many happy days she was to enjoy with the man of her choice, in the language of Dr. Young,

“Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound.”

Suddenly the door was opened, and Henry Darnley entered.

“Dearest Isabel,” said he, “the speed of the steamboat *Medora* is to be tried to-day, and as I am interested, I am going on board. I shall not leave you long.”

Isabel softly pressed his hand between both of hers, and he gaily left the room. In the course of an hour a loud explosive sound, as of an earthquake, shook the city and startled the beautiful Isabel. In a few minutes she heard the citizens tramping rapidly on the street, and flying to and fro with the awful cry—"The steamboat Medora has just blown up, and nearly all on board are killed, wounded or scalded." She leaped from her chair, ran to the window, in wild affright, and as she beheld the thousands of anxious citizens rushing to the wharf to see whose friends were killed, and as the recollection that the last words Henry had spoken were, that he was going on board the boat rushed upon her mind, she staggered back to the chair, covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the horrid scene, and in the attempt to breathe a prayer for his safety, she fainted and remained insensible some time. When consciousness was restored, she heard the tramping of thousands of feet on the pave returning from the awful scene where so many had been blown to atoms, and she heard the groans of the dying, as their friends were bearing them home, some praying for death, while others were begging their friends to put a period to their existence and their sufferings.

Isabel, in a perfect state of delirium, arose and staggered to the window, though she scarcely knew whither she was going or for what purpose. Her ideas were confused, and all she knew was that the next day was her wedding-day, and that he who was the idol of her heart was on the board of the ill-fated Medora. Her eyes wandered with a vacant stare up and down South street, which is the great thoroughfare to and from the wharf, and thousands were moving, some weeping in subdued grief, while others were exclaiming in the bitter accents of despair. She saw fathers and mothers following the pale corpse of a darling and devoted son, who had promised to be the staff and stay of their declining years; and she beheld a family of children, clinging to the body of a dying father, as he was borne along upon a litter. Her head reeled, as reels one who is inebriated.—She gazed again down the street, to see if she could catch a glimpse of Henry amid the vast multitude, while his last words at parting rung in her ears—"I shall not leave you long."

Still she saw them bear along the dead and dying—still the cry of distress reached her ear from every part of the city, which was now wrapped in universal gloom. Many of the noblest citizens, who had gone forth in the morning full of life and hope, had been doomed to perish on board that ill-fated boat; the mangled remains

of some of whom could not be recognized by the features, while others were left to groan in anguish and despair.

Still did the almost frantic Isabel continue to gaze down the street to catch a glimpse of Henry. But in vain—he came not. Corpse after corpse was carried by and still Henry did not appear. Urged at times to despair, she seized her bonnet and resolved to fly to the dreadful scene of destruction; but what could a delicate lady do hemmed in by such an immense mass of beings as crowded the street? She looked again, and found that only a body at long intervals was carried by. Hope dawned upon her mind.

“My Henry must be safe,” she cried, “or they would have brought him home before this hour.”

Scarcely had the words died away upon her lips, than the wild and appalling cry at the door met her ear—

“Make room for the dead—stand aside!”

She convulsively looked below, as the wind swept the handkerchief from his face. She caught a glimpse of his bruised and bleeding brow, and as they bore the body into the passage, she recognized the once beautiful, though now blackened features, of Henry Darnley, who the very next day was to become her happy husband. A film came over her eyes; a dizziness in her head; she staggered across the room towards the door, and fell swooning across a chair.

And oh! ye fair ones, who among you would have been less affected at such an hour and such a scene? There lay her splendid bridal dress beside her chair, made more splendid at the earnest request of Henry, that she might appear at her wedding in more brilliant attire than her maids or any of the guests. There lay the very mementos of him whom her soul adored, but who now lay in the next room cold and stiff in death. Such a scene was calculated to touch any heart, but much more one like hers, so full of melting sensibility and love.

In the course of an hour she seemed to revive, but Isabel, the lovely Isabel, was no longer the same being. The fire that once flashed from her brilliant eyes had departed, and a cold, dead, vacant gaze alone remained. The cheek and lip that once rivalled the rose had lost their bloom, and she looked more like the spirit of the beauty that she had been, than the reality. Reason seemed reeling upon her throne ready to tumble into ruins. She wandered from room to room, and examined with curious gaze every

memento of him who a little while ago was full of life and beauty, but was now prostrate in the arms of death. A cold shudder passed over her frame, and a shower of tears succeeded it, whenever she passed the room where his unfortunate body lay.

Poor Isabel! the day-dream of her happiness had departed like the mist of the morning—the brilliant anticipations she had cherished as the charm of her existence, were gone like the earthly hopes of happy childhood—the fond affection she had nurtured as a delicate flower had faded, and she found herself a wreck on life's dark tide; her happiness in one ill-fated hour blighted; her hopes blasted; and her heart the solitary tomb of love. Oh! ye, whose affections have never been crushed in the hour of consummation—ye, who have never seen your hopes take wing, like summer birds for Southern skies, little do ye know of that utter desolation of heart which, now prostrated the once gay, volatile and fascinating Isabel. It has been truly said by a celebrated philosopher, that Nature always deals in extremes; that the most volatile and lively people, when cast down by misfortune, are the most miserable. This aphorism is exemplified among the French. They are the most volatile people on earth, and yet there are more suicides among them than in any other nation. The English are more equable in their temperament.

So it was with poor Isabel Summerville; she was either extremely happy or extremely miserable, and indeed in the present instance, how could she be any other than the latter? She had seen her heart's holiest hopes decay in the morning of her young existence, and the blossoms of her first love perish in an untimely tomb.

On the morning of the third day, the funeral of Henry was to take place. At eleven o'clock the friends of the deceased and the invited public were assembling, and soon the large parlor, and the room where the corpse lay, were filled with persons in deep mourning, many of whom, through curiosity, had been attracted there by the fame of Isabel's beauty, for Henry and herself, when seen on the street, had been called the handsomest and most graceful pair in the city.

The reader may imagine the astonishment of the assembled multitude, when Isabel came down into the room where the corpse was, not dressed in mourning, but arrayed in all the gorgeoussness of her bridal dress, with her costly cap and tiara of diamonds upon her head. She gazed around the room with a vacant stare, while the crowd moved away from her with that instinctive dread that some people have when approached by a deranged person. The lids of

the head of the coffin were thrown back upon their hinges, and the face of the corpse revealed only covered with a fold of the snowy shroud. She advanced to the side of the splendid coffin, and taking hold of one of the silver handles, knelt down beside it in the attitude of prayer, though her wild eyes wandered backwards and forwards from one end of the coffin to the other. During this scene, which caused many to shudder with apprehension, not a tear was in her eye, and not a sigh upon her lip. The fountain of feeling seemed to have been dried up by the excess of grief. She slowly arose from her knees; turned back the shroud; and, clasping her hands in an attitude of anguish, stood for some time gazing with so ghastly a countenance, that some of the younger persons near her were frightened and moved to another part of the room. She placed her hand upon his cold brow, as if musing upon the mutability of human life, and the terrific ravages of death, while her bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions. At length she suddenly exclaimed, with a shrill accent—"It is, it is my Henry, oh! basely, basely murdered!" and fell across the body in a partial state of insensibility.

The undertaker now entered to screw up the coffin, and endeavored softly to lead her from the room, but she clung to the dead body and steadily refused to leave it. Her hands were gently unloosed and she was led to a chair. She watched the undertaker as he screwed down the lids; she saw them lift the coffin from the table to bear it to the hearse on the street; she saw the mourners moving onward, and tearing the splendid cap and tiara of diamonds from her head; she rushed to the stairway to catch a last glimpse of the coffin. She leaned over the banisters, and gazed along the passage, until she saw the coffin deposited in the hearse and heard the carriage wheels rolling over the street. The thought that she should see her Henry no more flashed upon her disordered brain, and she uttered, as she fell, one piercing scream that rung through the whole house.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Isabel," I exclaimed, throwing the last novel I had been reading nearly out of the window, "what is the matter? have you been dreaming?"

"Oh! yes, sir," said she, "I could not sleep last night, and this morning falling asleep in my chair, I have had a *dream of love*."

I fell back in my chair, and gave myself up to convulsive laughter at the ludicrous scene. At the sound of the scream the two Spanish ladies, who were deeply absorbed in reading Cervantes, had leaped from their chairs into the middle of the parlor, and

were shouting at the top of their voices, "O los Dios! O los Dios!" The screaming and shouting brought the family, servants and apprentices in the shop below, to see what was the matter.

Notwithstanding the Dream of Love, I was at the wedding, next day, of the beautiful Isabel Summerville, and a lovelier bride was never led to the altar.

NOTE—The explosion of the steamboat Medora, the cause of the dream, had occurred nearly a week before.

Death of MacDonough.

HE sleeps in the cradle of freedom and glory,
And the wings of the eagle o'ershadow his grave;
His deeds are renowned on the pages of story,
Coequal with fame, and the fate of the brave.

While the surge of Champlain, in its wild murmur roaring,
Shall continue to sparkle and foam in the sun,
So long shall his fame, still exalted, be soaring,
And brighten still brighter as ages shall run.

At his shrine shall the hero bow down in devotion,
When the tempests of war in destruction shall rave;
When the cannon of carnage shall wake the deep ocean,
And the flag of America's triumph shall wave.

From his ashes shall rise, like a new-born creation,
The heirs of true valor and virtue alone;
The heroes that shine in the lists of a nation,
Like MacDonough in peace and in war ever shone.

He sleeps on the cold and comfortless pillow,
Where silence and darkness their vigils long hold;
On the trident of Neptune beneath the dark billow,
His name is inscribed in bright letters of gold.

In the hearts of his countrymen long, long shall linger,
The memory of him who has fought for their fame;
The poet shall lend to the harp the soft finger,
And Delaware boast of his generous name.

He has gone to the land of the saints and the sages,
The land of the good, and the blest, and the brave;
His fame is inscribed on eternity's pages—
His day brightly dawns on the gloom of the grave.

The Grandeur of God.

HE rides on the clouds, where the eagle is soaring,—
 Where Franklin's bold hand wields the lightning afar;
 Where the thunder of heaven is awfully roaring,
 And the whirlwinds are wheeling His beautiful car!

When the storm, like a maniac, moans o'er the ocean,
 And night's sable mantle envelopes the skies,
 All Nature, before Him, bows down in devotion,
 And the gods of the deep to His chariot rise!

High on the frame of the universe standing,
 His eye glances thro' the deep regions of space;
 With the voice of His power the planets commanding,
 All glowing in glory that beams from His face!

His name, on the skies, is in brilliancy beaming,
 Nor the scathe of the lightning can tarnish its glare,
 While the stars thro' the trackless area are streaming,
 It shall shine in its beauty—its radiancy there!

He is Monarch of worlds, and of wealth, and of power,
 He can shake the foundations of Nature, or sweep
 In promiscuous ruin creation's bold tower,
 And re-thunder the dreadful abyss of the deep!

His voice is the storm, 'tis the bellowing thunder,
 That rolls in its revelry down the dark skies;
 And His glance is the lightning that strikes us with wonder,
 As it frightfully flames from His radiant eyes!

His throne is the heavens, His footstool the planets,
 The sun His bright lamp, and His residence, space;
 The sky is His crown, and the stars are His coronets,
 Love His best treasure, His charity, grace!

He rides on the clouds, where the eagle is soaring,—
 Where Rittenhouse roves with the silvery star;
 Where the thunder of heaven is awfully roaring,
 And the whirlwinds are wheeling His beautiful car.

The Birth of Christ.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, ON CHRISTMAS DAY.



HE brilliant orb which rises on this memorable morn, shedding light upon a benighted world, is a type of that more glorious luminary, which arose in beauty on Bethlehem, and went down in blood on Calvary. Behold the infant Saviour! Behold the herald of heaven, and the harbinger of hope and future happiness! Behold the great emancipation of a wicked world! Methinks I see the shouting shepherds flying to and fro, with the glad tidings that a child is born whose virtues shall bequeath to them the rich inheritance of hereafter. Methinks I see the admiring multitude, crowding round the manger to catch a glimpse of that glorious being, who had come into the world, not to propagate his gospel like Mahomet, with the sword, but with his blood to baptize all nations.

What a destiny is his! Born in a land of peace, and nursed in the lap of persecution, we behold him at one time the pride of the pulpit, adorned with all the dignity of a man, and with all the glory of a God, every knee bowing before him, and every heart paying out its homage; while at another, we see him the scorn, the scoff and mirth of the multitude, his head covered with a crown of thorns, his temple a dungeon, and his future destiny a lingering ignominious death on the cross. But he trembled not at the taunts of the multitude, or the tyranny of the magistrate. Magnanimous amid the ruin that surrounded him, he stood the hope of this world, and the harbinger of a better; welcoming the bitter cup that contained the price of universal emancipation. He crouched not at the footstool of power, nor fed and fattened on the plundered property of the people. But, he came as a

father to the fatherless, a pattern to the rich, a pastor to the poor; as a balm to the blind, and a beacon to the benighted and forlorn. In a word, he came to save the sinner, and redeem the world. The accumulated calumnies of the wicked, and the worthless arrows of envy, and the daggers of defamation fell harmless against the breast-plate of his piety; and the world's passions, instead of stirring him to revenge, only roused him to the exercise of virtue, and to the promulgation of the gospel which he came to establish. A man of sorrow and suffering, he appealed not to the passions and prejudices of the multitude. He offered not his blessing to the Pagan priest as the pay of his apostacy from the faith of his fathers. But he taught a morality and religion fairer than the pages of Socrates and Seneca; a doctrine fraught with the noblest precepts, and a practice that ever served as a model for man. He sought not to dazzle the imaginations of men with the splendor of eloquence or the pomp of philosophy. He drew not his morality from the temples of Grecian genius, or his inspiration from the tombs of Roman learning. Superior to all, and opposed to that system from whence the Kantian philosophy sprung; he breathed but the inspired spirit of his father.

What an object of admiration! With all the grandeur of a God, and with all the mind of a man; at one moment refuting the learned doctors in the temple, at another mingling with and comforting his fellow-creatures in wretchedness and rags. To him the petty distinctions of mankind were nought but mockery; alike to him was the pomp of earthly power, and the pride of penury; alike to him the rags of the beggar, and the crimson robes of royalty; alike to him the grandeur of wealth, the boast of birth, the mansion of the monarch, and the cottage of the plebeian; alike to him the humble and the haughty; alike to him the pompous and the poor. In the spirit of his divinity, he dashed the golden crown from the head of guilty greatness, bade tyrants tremble on their thrones, and drew from the solitude of poverty the apostles of his church and his gospel. He was no titled tyrant, or imaginary monarch, tricked out in gaudy magnificence, to dazzle and degrade a horde of slaves, pleased with the chains that rattled on the limbs of liberty. Far different was his glory and his grandeur! Upon his manly lips, hung the hallowed accents of religion and gospel law; his regal robes were innocence and peace; his weapon was his Word, and his throne and sceptre were the hearts and hopes of men. With the light of faith, he dissipated the illusive landscape of human error, and with the sword of truth, he hurled

to the dust the splendid pantheon of Pagan idolatry. The darkness which surrounded their golden gods, and their ritual, was dissipated by the dawn of that day which shed brilliancy and beauty on the purity and practice of piety. In the urbanity of his benevolence, he led the van of victorious emancipation. He decked his brow with the garland of glory, with the wreath of religion, and filled his army with the soldiers of every sect and every clime. But he forged no fetters. He lit no fires for those who refused to bow to his decrees and obey his decalogue. Unlike the monarchs of the earth, he pleased not the eye of the world with the pomp of his power; and yet, at the magic of his word, the mighty waves of the ocean in its anger were stayed, and while it obeyed him, he walked upon its surface with a dignity that adorned him, and a faith that never failed.

The hardened Judas, actuated by the gluttony of gold, betrayed the Redeemer of mankind. How short was the transition from the cradle to the cross! Behold the insulted Saviour of the world rudely beaten, and basely scourged! Behold him on the cross, gashed with gushing wounds, and suffering all the agonies of outraged humanity! With all the unbent and unbroken spirit of a God, now commending his soul to his Father, and now calling for mercy on those who were cruelly baptizing him in blood. He was indeed the great martyr of mankind; for the first drop of gore that gushed from his wounds, sealed that redemption which the prophets had foretold, and his death fulfilled. The mighty multitude grew giddy, while they gazed and glutted their senses on the suffering of an expiring Saviour. There were none but a few followers to vindicate his violated honor. Behold his blanched and bruised brow! Behold his sunken sockets, and visage pale! No vile passion is depicted there. Revenge sits not enthroned on the martyred brow it has butchered. Anger lights not the eye, nor curls the lip, which once beamed with moderation, and blessed with mercy and love. Oh no! the angel of dove-like peace sits there, the herald of the happiness he came to bestow on degenerate men.

Ah see! he has bowed his head and died! With the word of life upon his lips, and the blessing of heaven in his heart, he has met death from the dart of the assassin, and perished to perpetuate the boon he bequeathed. The prophecies are fulfilled; and man redeemed! In the moment he became a conqueror, he became a corpse. Thus to reclaim from sins, and soften the condition of man, the great Mediator departed from the world. No sooner

had the spirit of the glorious victim vanished, than the great triumph was announced. The sun blushed, and buried his face in the gloom of midnight, while the marble jaws of the tomb were rent asunder, and rolled forth the dead, who had slumbered for ages on the pillow of their repose, to walk the earth, startled from their deep damp vaults by the agonies of an expiring God. In that awful hour, the key of heaven's happy portal, and of hell's inexorable doors, was placed in the hand of man. In that awful hour, man became the arbiter of his choice, whether to be doomed to the dark dungeons of the lower world, or to rise to the sublime palaces and gardens of God; whether to be entombed amid the burning wreck of human crime, or wander in the flowery fields and pleasant plains of Paradise.

No garlands adorned his grave, and no tears, save those of woman, bedewed the place of his repose. His few followers alone wept over his death, and worshipped his divinity; they alone mourned over his wounds, and admired his wisdom. Jesus Christ was a martyr to the very immortality of man; for his gospel, the glorious mantle of his memory, fell upon us all. Precious and imperishable was that legacy of love! Treasured in the heart, it has become the brightest gem on the brows of beauty; at once the refuge of the wretched, the solace of society, the charm of solitude, and the amulet of age, of anguish, and despair. His very tomb became a temple, and his relics and resurrection confounded skepticism, which, in vengeance, but in vain, attempted to rise upon his ruin, and make him the scourge and scorn of mankind. Even when enveloped in the gloomy garb of the grave, even when the doom of death had passed and the glorious Intercessor no longer blushed and bled for the sins of his enemies; even when piety and affection, in the angel garb of woman, alone mused, and mourned at the door of the sacred sepulchre; even then his spirit triumphed in the doctrine which his death had achieved. Even then his gospel was destined to become the glory of the world, a solemn and sublime memento of his merits, and the glorious monument of his mercy, which neither Pagan superstition could pollute, nor all the revolutions of time could blast nor obliterate. Inspired with the spirit of that wonderful being who sits enthroned in gold, and in whose sight "vast worlds hang trembling," the gospel became more imperishable than the pillars of the universe; and though all the rays of persecution have been concentrated upon it; in the language of a great classic, they served to illumine, but could not consume.

He left behind the light of his glorious intellect, to linger among men, at once the beacon, the beauty, and the blessing of this world! His humility and mildness, his benevolence and love, must ever remain the blest memorial of his mission, and be handed to the latest posterity as perfect patterns, for he was without a model. The benefit conferred can never be abolished, for he crushed the very serpent that crawled over the cradle of Eden, and dashed from the hand of death, and the grasp of the grave, the very attributes of their victory and their vengeance. In his death, he redeemed the violated virtue of our first father, and palliated with his blood the impiety of Eve, when her soul was won to sin by the seductive blandishments of the serpent. The miseries they entailed upon mankind, were mitigated and immersed in the immunities conferred by his martyrdom and the gospel he gave to the world.

The very cities and empires which were the scenes of the prophecies, of his miracles and martyrdom, as though cursed by heaven, have crumbled to dust, and their ruins alone remain as mementos of their former magnificence.

Where now is the glory of ancient Jerusalem, the princes of Palestine, decked with the gaudy grandeur of Solomon, and graced with her lofty temples, her towers, and her tombs?

Where now is the splendor of Babylon, adorned with her golden gates, her temple of Belus, and her hanging gardens and everlasting walls? Alas, they are in ruins, and their crumbling temples and tombs alone remain, sad monuments, amid the waste of time, of their rise and ruin, of their degradation and decay. Their sumptuous halls, where eloquence, and mirth, and music once held the listening ears of the grand and the gay, have since become the lion's lair, or echoes the hooting of the dusky owl and the hiss of the solitary serpent. The land of the elect, the garden of God, has become the abode of the barbarian, the home of the Mahometan; and the very scenes which groaned and glittered beneath the palaces of Solomon, are now distinguished only by the tent of the humble Arab, or the gorgeous mosque of the Moslem. The laden camel now rests his limbs in the banquet hall of the ancient kings, and the toad spits its venom in the boudoirs of ancient beauty. Even the tombs of the mighty and magnificent, the tombs of Oriental genius have become the refuge of the Arabian robber, while the sepulchres of Israel's potentates are profaned by the nocturnal triumphs of a barbarian banditti. The very

dust of their high priests and princes may have become the cement of the sepulchre of Mahomet. Melancholy is the memory, and sad the renown of the once worshipped and wonderful Jerusalem. The fame of the East and the favorite of heaven! she bade fair to flourish through all time, like the pyramids of Egypt, and to wither but with the world. The traveller now treads upon her mouldering walls, and the ruins of her once majestic temples, to muse for a moment on the mutability of human glory, and to sigh over the miseries of ungrateful man.

And where too is the glory of Athens, the seat of science and the home of song? The illuminator of nations, the haunt of Socrates, Plato and Zeno, and the very cradle of liberty, learning and law? Like Greece, she has become the grave of her own glory, her light only serving to distinguish the circle of darkness which surrounds her—magnificent in her ruin, and melancholy in her magnificence. The lamp of her ancient learning has gone out in the midnight of ages, and her Acropolis has crumbled at the touch of the irresistible tooth of time. The fame of her philosophy alone survives her fallen grandeur; the pages of history alone preserve the relics of her renown.

When Paul preached in her pulpit, and Plato plead his philosophy in her porch, Athens was the wonder and admiration of the world.

Imperial Rome, whose pampered soldiery offered insolence and injury to an insulted Saviour, lies in ruins, a mighty marble wreck, the sceptre of her ancient splendor, and the mere apparition of her ancient renown. Rome, within whose walls millions once congregated; Rome, the conqueror of Carthage, and the world, has become the lap of ruin, like her ancient catacombs, still white with the mangled remains of the martyred Christians. Her millions have gone down to the dust; her glory slumbers beneath her crumbling columns, and her time-worn walls; her arts lie dormant in the lap of Gothic darkness, and her science reposes in the unnumbered volumes of the Vatican. Rome is no longer the city of the Cæsars. Such has been the fate of all those countries which were the scenes of the Saviour's sorrows and sufferings. A thousand thrones have vanished; a thousand cities have become silent; empires have passed away on the ocean of oblivion, and even nations have been annihilated amid the wrecks and rubbish of time's revolutions. The Jews are a splendid example. Born in the lap of luxury and bred amid all that was grand and glorious, the peculiar

favorites of heaven, they dreamed not of their degradation, and reckless of their ruin, seemed to dare that arm

“Which heaved the heavens, the ocean, and the land.”

The Jewish empire and people were once mighty. What are they now? The sun of their glory which arose in lustre was doomed to go down in oblivion. They have been scattered over the earth; while their identity has been preserved as a mark; and a remembrance of their turpitude and treachery. The cup of heaven's kindness dashed from their lips, and pining under the doom of prophecy; they have become the proverb and the prey of all nations. Looking forward for that Saviour who has already suffered for the sins of mankind, and neglecting the mercy which he has already meted out, they wander in the dark for the rays of that light which has already illuminated the world. Yet, notwithstanding the benefits conferred by the gospel, there are those in the present day who would hurl from the hand of age, the only cup of his comfort; and snatch from the lip of sorrow the balm of its consolation. There are skeptical scoffers who would drag from the beggar his only boon on earth, who would extinguish the very day-star whose beams light error and ignorance to the path which leads to glory and to God. Merciful God! there are those who would see the venerated temple of Christianity tumble to the earth, and triumph over the downfall of the most beautiful and beneficent doctrine in the world. Yes, there are those that would mock at the bleeding shade of the resuscitated Saviour, and laugh to scorn the blessings conferred by his doctrine and his death. Infidelity strikes at the very divinity of Christ.

The introduction of Christianity has conferred benefits on society, which were unknown in the days of Pagan doctrines and darkness. Abolish it, and what is the consequence? Let us examine the pages of history! let us turn to France, the land of fashion, for a picture so touching, and so terrible a catastrophe. Aye, let us turn to France, the very home of philosophy and fame; the very land of social virtues, of elegance and grace, and we shall see her scaffolds streaming with the blood which skepticism demanded for the altar of her hellish adoration. We shall there see her Sabbath abolished; her cities sacked; her sons groaning in dungeons beneath an intolerable tyranny, her priests turned out to pine in penury, and her princes and her potentates sacrificed

on the pyre lit from the fires of hell. Poverty became the pander of licentious power, and virtue became the victim, and beauty the oblation on the accursed altar of promiscuous prostitution. No charm was spared, no virtue was secure. The attractions of beauty, the pride of birth, the pomp of wealth, and the glory of talents, served only as incentives to persecution and plunder. The infidel démon, Robespierre, was in league with death, and the gore that gushed from a hundred hearts of the bravest and the best, was but a moiety of that terrible torrent which swept away the religion and liberties of France, and which dyed their brow red with the avenging wrath of God. The convulsive heavings of the French volcano lit all Europe with its lurid flame, and the terrors it excited, subsided only with the death of the master demon. Look at the last moments of those miserable men who plunged all France in grief, made blood their oblation at their altar of liberty, and plundered the expiring heart of its very hopes of heaven. Too cowardly, when condemned to strike the dagger home to their own hearts, they were meanly dragged to the same block which their tyranny had made to run red with the blood of so many.

Trembling at the terrors which surrounded them, and deafened by the rejoicing plaudits of the multitude, they perished, and found a grave unregretted, though not forgotten.

Thus died the ruffian Robespierre, covered with the curses of a thousand mourning mothers. Thus fell one of the most terrific tyrants that ever prostituted power or disgraced the glory of a nation. He died not like a Christian, but like a demon. The principles he had perpetuated perished with him, and if these were the trophies of the tenets of Rousseau, well might Napoleon exclaim, while contemplating his tomb, that it had been better for France had he never lived. Beneath the skeptical philosophy Rousseau originated, France withered; and under such a system of universal vice, the world would become a waste and man a murderer. Sweep Christianity from our hearths, and our hearts, from our churches and homes, banish the Bible from the pulpit, the closet, and parlor, and give skepticism the sceptre of the same power she possessed in France, and the world would become a mighty Colosseum of carnage, and the hands of a hundred Robespierres would reek with the unmeasured gore of millions.

Let us then cling to Christianity as the last plank of shipwrecked humanity, and the only anchor of our hope, and our

happiness! Let that brilliant luminary which went down in blood on Calvary, be the morning star of our merits and our memory; being assured, that it will light us to the pleasant paths of peace in this world, and beyond the dark defiles of death and the grave.

The Infant Saviour.

METHINKS I stand within the manger now,
Gazing upon the infant God, who lies
Smiling, upon the holy Mother's breast.
Upon his face the light of love beams forth,
And in his eye sweet mercy sits enthroned,
While on his lofty brow the stamp of heaven
Proclaims him more than mortal—now methinks
I hear the shouting shepherds cry aloud—
Glad tidings, from a hundred hills, and peace
To all the fallen world, for, lo! a child,
The great Redeemer of mankind, is born!
Oh! glorious hour, when e'en the greedy grave
Gave up its victory, and in man's heart
Death's dark winged angel left his sting no more!
Oh! glorious hour, when his Almighty hand
Hung the bright rainbow of redemption round
A dying and degraded world, and bade
The gentle mandate of sweet mercy chase
Away the midnight mists of sin and shame!
Then man was truly made immortal—then
The golden gates of heaven, wide open thrown,
Welcomed him home to happiness; and then
The happy angels, in the halls of heaven,
Awoke, upon their harps of gold, the song
Of gladness and of glory to the Lamb,
Who came to die that wretched man might live.

Christ on Calvary.

“THERE stands the messenger of truth : there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He ’stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand’rer, binds the broken heart.”—COWPER.



I AM invited to record my opinion of the most illustrious and glorious character, that ever condescended to tread the earth—of the most brilliant and beautiful doctrine that ever illuminated the mind of man. I am solicited to draw the picture of a scene which millions of mankind have contemplated with feelings the most tender and terrific—a scene that the eternal founder of the universe could not view unmoved—a scene of all others the most touching and irresistibly sublime. That character, so noble, so magnificent and divine, is no other than the all-glorious and sacred Saviour of the world—that doctrine no less than the luminous and everlasting oracle of his lips—that scene, so touching, so tremendous and terrific, and which none may rival but the final dissolution of nature, is no other and no less than the crucifixion of a God, for the redemption of the insignificant, though immortal creature, man.

I feel the grandeur of my subject; a theme of all others the most sublime, the most sympathetic and susceptible of melting the heart of man. In contemplating so magnificent a character, I am at a loss for language sufficiently elevated to do justice to his immortal fame; even the pen with which I write, plucked from the wing of the heaven-soaring eagle, is inadequate to the task of portraying the attributes of the Saviour of mankind. The melting

story of our Saviour's sufferings, of our Redeemer's wrongs in the prelude, and consummation on Calvary, what human fancy may delineate, what human language describe! The brilliant history of that unrivalled character, exhibits the deepest traits of human nature that are recorded on the pages of fame, or enrolled in the archives of ages. Whether we behold him in the temple or tribunal, in solitude or society, in pleasure or in pain, he is the same grand and glorious character, the same benevolent and blessed being. He was emphatically the child of humility. Born in a manger, cradled in obscurity, and bred to human industry, he was an example, a striking model of retiring modesty. We survey him scorned, scourged and trampled upon, without complaining, and almost without reproof, meek as the lamb beneath the knife of the butcher. And yet he was a God, the King of kings, whose power was omnipotent, and whose knowledge was unbounded; who could have shaken the throne and darkened the destiny of even the tyrant that condemned him. Would that I could inherit, at this moment, the electric eloquence of a Chrysostom, the unrivalled pencil of a West or a Leonardo de Vinci, that I might do justice to the glorious doctrine and picture of human redemption.

Neither the Talmud nor the Koran, nor any other doctrine ever promulgated by the mouth of man, is so replete in mildness and mercy, so full of grandeur and glory, of sublimity and song, as that which our Lord and Saviour gave to a dying world. The saint and the savage, the philosopher and the fool, alike have felt its influence and testified to the superb sentiments and living language which it contains. Its influence, what telescopic eye can foresee, what human intelligence recapitulate. From that great and gloomy, though glorious era, when the Saviour came to redeem a fallen world, it has swayed the minds of men, and its influence will continue over millions of men unborn. The cold and treacherous assassin, as he stole at midnight to the couch of sleeping innocence, has felt its power when the undipped dagger fell from his conscience-stricken hand; and the savage tomahawk has found a grave, by the secret and mysterious influence of its god-like power. It hath bidden the stream of charity to flow from the closed and withered heart of avarice, and it hath released the grip of oppression from the pale and piteous form of penury. Yea, it hath even softened the adamant heart of the tyrant, and severed the chains which rattled on the arms of the guiltless sons of Africa. The pale and pensive suicide hath called upon it for aid, ere he lifted the weapon to the tottering throne of reason, nor did he

call in vain; beneath the influence of its present balm and promised bliss, the troubled sea of passion subsided, and the wrecks of disappointed hopes broke with the next wave, upon the shore of oblivion. Who hath not seen the condemned, the outcast of the earth, whose hands were still reeking with the gore of his fellow-man, chained in the deep dark dungeon? And who hath not seen that dungeon become the happiest home that had ever held that wretch, by the influence of the Gospel, making his heart a heaven, and casting a sunshine even on the dreadful hour of dissolution. Who then but a demon would sigh to see so glorious a gift cut off from the reach of man? Lives there a wretch who would wish to see the splendid sun of redemption go down forever in the eternal night of infidelity? Ay, what man, even a friend to society, would smile to see the flimsy and fanciful philosophy of infidelity, triumph over the ruins of the superb system of Christianity? Until something more sublime, something more consoling and conciliatory, can be substituted in the place of the annihilating philosophy of infidelity, let the ancient and venerable temple of Christianity still tower over the fallen pyramids of Pagan superstition, the safeguard of morals, and the harbinger of hope and happiness hereafter. I would rather bow at the humble altar of the Christian, than be the priest of the rites and ceremonies of the Delphic Oracle—I would rather trust to the merciful promises of the Gospel, than be versed in all the splendid and specious philosophy of the French Illuminati—I would rather wear the crown of the humblest of the martyrs, than that of the proudest potentate of the earth. Where was the brilliant and fine-spun philosophy of Voltaire, at the fearful moment of dissolution? Where were the splendid and sophistical reasonings of Mirabeau, Mautepuis and D'Alembert, when the last trump sounded in their dying ears? Gone, like the airy fabric of a noon-day dream. As well might such systems be compared to Christianity, as the meteor of the night to the brilliant and beautiful luminary of day.

Other characters have arisen, flourished and fallen—other conquerors have shaken the world with the tumult of their triumphs, and dazzled the imaginations of men with the brilliancy of their achievements, and the rapidity of their career—other patriots have severed the chains and dispelled the Gothic darkness of slavery, entered the temple of fame and recorded the freedom of a nation; but none may compare with the rising of that illustrious luminary, for he not only shed a light upon succeeding ages—he not only conquered the hearts and fallen hopes of man—he not only car-

ried captive the king of terrors and the sins of the world, but he triumphed over the tomb, and achieved a revolution in the very nature and nothingness, in the very destiny and dignity of man. The splendor of his victories cast a shade upon the exploits of a Scipio and Cæsar, for without a sword he revolutionized the world, and beheld the nations kneeling before him—the thunders of Sinai surpassed the eloquence of a Cicero in its grandeur and power, for it was more irresistible than the clash of arms and the tumult of battle, and the manner of his warfare reversed the order of revolution, giving new life to the combatants. And by what means did he achieve so brilliant and beneficial a revolution? Go muse amid the melancholy and mouldering wrecks of Jerusalem, and ask the genius of those solitudes! Go and ascend the summit of the far-famed Calvary—go to the sepulchre of the Saviour, to the tomb of the triumphant Redeemer, and to the garden where his disciples slept under the influence of grief, and methinks an aspiration from those scenes will recite the story of his sufferings and sorrows, the history of the redemption of man!

Let us turn for a moment and survey that scene which eventuated in the emancipation of a world. Let us contemplate that character of all others the most illustrious and divine. We behold the man! To appearance but a man, yet, in fact, endowed with all the attributes of a God. The prophetic tongues of men long mouldered into dust, have foretold his dawning and his doom, and his own intuitive knowledge; his own prophetic soul, is looking forward to that hour which must bring the consummation of that grand catastrophe, which was destined to rescue millions from misery. But he shrunk not from the sacrifice which was necessary to the consummation. The agonies of the cross could not alarm him, neither had the tomb any terror for him, for he was confident of the triumph, and that he could descend, without fear, to that gloomy repository, which covers alike all human hopes and all human anticipations. No human animosity or resentment dwelt in his heavenly heart; for, with kindness and consideration, he designated the man who should betray him. Firmness and dignity were characteristic of him, who was not ignorant that the most cruel and ignominious of all deaths awaited him. Behold him bound and dragged before the high priest. I adjure thee, says Caiaphas, in the name of the living God, to tell me whether thou art the Christ or not? If I tell thee, returned the Saviour, thou wilt not believe me, but nevertheless, I say to you, hereafter you shall see the son of man sitting at the right hand of the power

of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven. The priest hearing his words, that he was the Son of God, cried out—he hath blasphemed, and is worthy of death. Ah! see how meekly he bears the indignities heaped upon him. How melts the heart at the recollection, that he who was at that moment preparing to redeem poor fallen man by the sacrifice of his own sublime life, was also suffering the scorns, the taunts and buffetings, of those same creatures, for whom his blood was to be shed. The fall of Peter at that period, was a conspicuous example of the weakness of human nature, and the strength of human resolution, for he no sooner became conscious of his fall, than he attempted to rise by repentance. “I hear not the voice of St. Peter, lamenting his fall,” says St. Ambrose, “but I see his tears.” Blessed tears, that can correct the heart.

Let us survey the Saviour before Pilate, whom the crowd is calling upon the judge to condemn. Let his blood fall upon us and our children, cried the Jews; and never was an imprecation more faithfully fulfilled, more avengingly executed. Pilate, borne down by the torrent of his passions, stopped not to listen to the dictates of duty, the pleadings of pity, or the cries of injured innocence. Here is one of those strong and touching traits of human nature. Though his heart inclined to pity the distressed, and succor the innocent, yet the tumult of contending passions, the love of wealth, of grandeur and power, the fear of immolating popularity on the altar of humanity, and the dread of the resentment of the mighty Cæsar, the autocrat of the earth, opposed the piteous dictates of his heart, and resisted the philosophy of pity.

In mournful silence let us follow the condemned Saviour to the summit of Calvary, and witness that spectacle, which struck terror to the spectators, and melted even the heart of adamant. Methinks I see him with his crown of thorns, and bending beneath the weight of his cross. The prophecy of Isaiah is fulfilled, for he is ranked with sinners. Methinks I see him nailed to the cross. It was the sixth hour of the day, and what a dreadful hour. We are informed, by the incontestible evidence of sacred writ, that a mournful darkness overspread the face of heaven, and shrouded the earth as in mourning. There hung, at that tremendous hour, the adorable mediator between God and man, a spectacle for men and angels; an example of undying love and mercy. There he hung bleeding; and in agony, and though his sufferings were insulted, he sought no revenge, for his thoughts were the thoughts of peace. *Father forgive them, for they know not what*

they do. How tender, how touching were his words; covered with wounds, he was emphatically that man of sorrows and pains that Isaiah had described. Knowing that all things which had been foretold were fulfilled; that all things were accomplished, and that the grand consummation was at hand, he said, *I thirst*, and having drank the vinegar, he said, "*It is consummated.*" Three hours had this glorious though ghastly spectacle continued, and every thing which the prophets had said of the Saviour and his sufferings, being accomplished, nothing remained but to pay the last tribute for the redemption of the world. What an hour was that of sublimity and sorrow—what a moment of terror and triumph! That grand type of the Saviour, the glorious sun in the heavens, was eclipsed, as though unwilling to illuminate the earth when the greater light of the world was darkening in death. An universal gloom, as of midnight or the grave, covered the earth until the ninth hour. The globe shook as with an earthquake, the eternal rocks cracked and split asunder, and the marble jaws of the grave opened and gave up its gloomy dead. Methinks I see the terrific scene and hear the exclamations of the multitude, as they gaze, with ghastly countenance, upon the veil of the temple rent in twain. Jesus Christ, at that moment of agony, cried with a loud voice, *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.* Spent with suffering, he bowed his head and died. What a glorious yet gloomy moment was that! The world was redeemed; the accumulated sins of man, which had been darkening his destiny from the Eden era to the Christian, were now washed away by the blood of him, of whom an elegant writer observes, that with the very spear which they crucified him, he crucified the world. The very implements of their vengeance became the trophies of his victory. At that moment the sting of death was obliterated, and the triumph taken from the grave. At that moment the idol tumbled from the Pagan temple, and the genius of its superstitions vanished for ever. The tongues of the heathen oracles, which for ages had held dominion over the intellect of man, became silent, and their inspiration was eclipsed in the glory of the Gospel of God. While the last words yet quivered upon the lips of the dying Saviour, the mighty revolution was achieved, the law became void; the mysteries and mandates of Moses passed away, and the new dispensation commenced. That dispensation, that Gospel, was not for the few, but the many, not for the virtuous alone, but the vicious. The miser bowing before his golden god, the monarch seated in grandeur on his glittering throne, and the

beggar bending beneath his woes, are alike the subjects of its denunciations, alike the objects of its offered mercy.

How great is our necessity to seize with avidity the benefits which have resulted from this grand catastrophe and glorious consummation. We are told by that same illustrious character, whom we have contemplated, that the hour is approaching with incredible velocity, when not only we ourselves shall cease to exist, but even the splendid fabric of the universe shall pass away. We have his own word, that he will be present at the august and terrific scene. That he will come in his chariot of fire on the clouds, and sit as a spectator of the grand fabric in flames. If that universal alarm were to break forth at this moment in the heavens, what a consternation and confusion would it not produce in the concerns and pursuits of miserly man! In the resurrection of the Saviour we see a type of that terrific consummation, when every grave shall give up its dead, the sea roll forth its millions, and the tombs of Oriental genius, and the sepulchres of ancient saints and sages, priests and prophets, teem with life. What a sublime assemblage! What a magnificent multitude! It is impossible for the finite imagination of man to conceive the sublimity of that scene, which Christ has declared shall be exhibited to the assembled millions of mankind. The idea of a single planet wrapt in flames, is too grand to be admitted into the mind; but to behold the millions of those vast globes, which make up the universe, on fire; to behold them released from the restraints of attraction and gravity, and rushing by each other like mighty comets, and bursting with the explosion of their materials, is a picture too great for the mind of man to conceive, or conceiving, to describe.

Let it be sufficient for us to know, that the Gospel has come down to us with glad tidings, and that he who rests upon that rock, need neither fear to look forward to the dissolution of nature, nor the wreck and ruin of the universe. That he who builds upon that rock, need neither fear the gloom of the grave, nor the last loud blast which shall announce the cessation of the revolution of time. That doctrine upon which we rest our hopes, is destined to be more lasting than the proud pyramids of Egypt—it has already resisted the test and tooth of time, and stood unhurt, amid the whirlwinds of passion. While the empires of the earth have passed away, and the thrones of despots have crumbled into dust, the temple of Christianity has still stood unhurt by the war of Pagan superstition, or the incendiary of modern infidelity. Even if it had no relation to futurity, and only exerted its influ-

ence in the correction of society, it were a blessing not to be exchanged for heartless infidelities; it were a blessing the greatest and most glorious ever given to man. That it is founded in truth, needs no other proof than the destiny and present dilapidated state of the Jews. The heart of sensibility bleeds for their fate; but it is the eternal fiat of heaven. That unhappy race is now scattered over the earth; a mark is set upon them; they have become a by-word, and they are the suspected of all men. But they are not forgotten, they are still full of hope and faith, that the Messiah will yet make his appearance, and replace them again in the land of beautiful Palestine—that he will yet come in majesty and mercy to redeem the fallen favorites of heaven, and to build up the broken-hearted children of Israel.

How astonishing, how startling is the fact, that Christianity should have been opposed, at the very dawn, when every circumstance was fresh in the mind, and by men who had witnessed the very spectacle of an expiring God? "Socrates died like a philosopher," says Rousseau, "but Jesus Christ like a God." Alas! the catacombs of ruined Rome, still exhibit the relics of the illustrious martyrs, who expired under the most excruciating torments, or lingered out a miserable existence, in the dungeons of superstitious tyranny. Methinks the agonizing groans of the persecuted Christians, still echo along the mouldering walls of the Coliseum, where the unfeeling multitude looked unmoved upon the mangled martyr beneath the tooth of the tiger, and the gore as it gushed from the heart of the dying gladiator. There thousands of the primitive Christians expired, sad spectacles of amusement for their Pagan persecutors. But a subject so sublime, a doctrine so divine, could not be obliterated by the paltry attempts of tyrants, and it has descended the tide of time, to us, the same brilliant and imperishable gift, as when promulgated to the world. The millions of men who will come after us, will see the same beauty and beatitude in its promises; the same grandeur and glory in its doctrine. No second Judas can arise to betray it, though thousands have attempted it; no second traitor can triumph over the downfall of his doctrine. It is fixed on the rock of ages.

But to conclude my lofty theme. Every prophecy in the Gospel of our God, is fulfilling with astonishing rapidity and precision—the gift of glad tidings has gone forth to the very depths of our wilderness, and the savage sons of the forest, as the consequences, have forgotten their ferocious pursuits, and are seen bowing the knee to God, and no longer paying adoration to the setting sun.

The Gospel has gone forth to the Arab and the Hindoo, and woman is gradually emerging from the long night of her slavery, to fill the station to which she is entitled. The very destiny of that heathen inheritance has undergone a change, for the hunter is seen cultivating the land, and the war-chief making laws to govern his civilized posterity. Truly has the desert blossomed like the rose. No longer does the benighted mind of the Indian pay his devotions to the genius of clouds, or look for the coming of the Great Spirit in the storm of night; but he sees an evidence of the living God in all his works, in every leaf and every grain that vegetates on the earth. Such were the effects intended to be produced by that great consummation on Calvary. In every lane of life, and in every avocation of our concerns, may we not forget, that for us this grand sacrifice was made, and that the Saviour rendered up his own life, that we might live forever.

“This truth how certain, when this life is o’er
Man dies to live, and lives to die no more.”

Lines.

I saw a ship, in beauty to the breeze,
Bend her white sails upon the dark blue seas;
Swift o’er the billows, on the wings of wind,
She disappeared, nor left a track behind;
At morn I saw her, but at set of sun,
Gone was that ship, her trackless race was run:
And thus it is with man, his soul sublime,
In life’s gay morn, upon the tide of time,
Moves on in grandeur; but when night comes on,
He, on eternity’s dark sea, is gone;
He disappears, nor do life’s billows bear
One trace, ’tis as he never had been there.

THE BROKEN HEART,

OR

Virtue Triumphant in Death.

Full many a heart, to virtue truly wed,
By evil-tongues, hath broken and hath bled;
Full many a lovely girl, to grace allied,
By slander's dart, hath dwindled, droop'd and died;
But she has triumph'd with her latest breath,
O'er evil-tongues, o'er slander, and o'er death.



THE incidents comprised in the following touching story, I obtained from a very respectable lady, during a recent visit, with some friends, to West Chester. The reader, while dropping a tear over the melancholy fate of the fair, the beautiful, the virtuous and accomplished Mary, (I always loved that gentle name,) may be assured that every line of this history of her short and sad life, is true; the name only is fictitious. The lady who related it to me, could not refrain from weeping, while dwelling with emphasis on some of the scenes in the life of this lovely and innocent victim of persecution; and when she depicted the hours of anguish endured, and the death-bed scene of the heart-broken one, my own bosom swelled with emotion, and my eyes filled with tears. The heart, if there be any, that can hear or read without emotion, the story of this beautiful and blighted young lady, is less sensitive than my own.

Mary Mandeville was the daughter of poor but respectable parents, and as there were other children besides herself, she sought every opportunity to obtain an education, by which she might be enabled to support herself genteelly. This she accomplished, and soon obtained a situation in a store, for which she was found qua-

lified in an eminent degree, not only by her education, but by her pleasing and persuasive manners, and by her industry and attention to business.

I have said that Mary was beautiful; and I state it not only on the authority of a lady, but on that of several gentlemen who knew her, and admired her for her mental as well as her personal beauty. Amiable, affectionate, modest and unassuming, she could not but be beloved by all who could appreciate her worth. Her mind she had cultivated with great assiduity; so passionately fond of literature, particularly poetry, was she, that her leisure hours were almost exclusively devoted to gathering garlands from the Muses. This fact will at once account for her exquisite sensibility and fine feeling, for the very fondness for poetry is an evidence of the possession of taste, of refined sentiment, and the highest and holiest feelings of the heart. Show me a person who evinces a repugnance to the charms of the Muses, and I will show you one who is deficient in taste, in refined feelings, and exalted sentiment. Many a time, after the duties of the day were done, did Mary Mandeville sit poring over some sweet poem or tale of romance, till the clock struck twelve, and the midnight lamp began to wane; little dreaming that her own future history would be as romantic a story of suffering and sorrow, as the one over which she then shed her tears of sympathy.

Mary Mandeville possessed a heart that was alive to the tenderest feeling, and this, conjoined with her intelligent mind, bewitching manners, and winning ways, made her a universal favorite. Her society was courted, both by the graceful and the gifted, and she found a ready passport to the most refined circles in her native town. Mary was constituted by nature, to be happy, and she *was* happy, up to the hour when slander fixed its envenomed fang in her innocent heart. A smile, when she met her friends, was ever playing over her blooming cheeks, like sunlight upon roses, and her merry voice of song melted on the enamored ear, like the melody of some shepherd's lute, when it dies away in lingering echoes over the bosom of a lucid lake.

Though Mary had sprung from humble life, she could not be otherwise than conscious of her worth; for she had ample evidences of it around her, in the homage that was paid to her mental as well as her personal beauty by the gayest, wealthiest and most gifted young gentlemen; in the admiration that was awarded to her modest and accomplished manners, and in the eagerness with which her society was courted. She could not do otherwise than

feel that nature had been lavish of her gifts to her, and that in point of mind and manners, as well as in moral worth, she was superior to the great mass of womankind; but let it not be supposed that she was haughty, or played the foolish airs of the coquette. Far from it. Sincerity marked her every word and action; she was affable, polite to all, and deeply affectionate to those who shared her friendship. Cheerful, lively, and with a heart ever attuned to joy, she had never yet learned to shed the tear of sorrow. Admired and beloved for her artlessness and innocence, life, to her, was a scene of sunshine and flowers, never yet darkened by a single cloud.

Such was the happy Mary Mandeville, during the greater part of the time that she was performing the duties of a clerk, in the store of Mr. Whitefield. The proudest young gentlemen of the borough were not too proud to bow before her beauty, and it was her intelligence, her excellence of moral character, and amiable disposition, that prompted Mr. Whitefield to give her a situation in his store. Mr. Whitefield was a gentleman of high respectability, who possessed a soul of honor, and a heart alive to every generous feeling. He saw in Mary many estimable qualities, worthy of his admiration, (not that of love, for he had long been a married man,) and he thought he was only doing justice to a deserving young lady, in giving her a situation in his employment, by which she could support herself genteelly. He was happy, in thus doing his duty towards a poor girl who had no one to befriend her pecuniarily; and Mary was happy, too, in being able, through the kindness of her benefactor, to relieve her family of the burthen of her support. She felt a deep sense of the obligation she was under to Mr. Whitefield, and her gratitude knew no bounds. He was a generous and liberal man, and so much did her amiability and thankfulness win upon his esteem, that he felt for her all the regard that he would have felt for a sister, and, in the name of a sister, he made her many presents, in consideration of her attention to business, and her constant, assiduous efforts to further his interest. She was faithful and industrious in his service, and he considered what he gave her but the meet reward of her worth. But, alas! these rewards of her merit were to be made, by evil tongues, in future, the means of her ruin; these very tokens of her worth, were to become daggers in her despair.

Among the many admirers, who bowed down before her beauty, there was one for whom she retained a deep and lasting regard. It was not the passion of a moment. Whilst engaged in

the store of Mr. Whitefield, there were many young men, some of them of the *haut ton* and *beau monde*, who paid attention to her; but, among them all, she felt a predilection for Henry Brandon, a young man of respectability, and good moral character. Indeed, Mr. Whitefield, who considered himself the guardian of Mary, would not permit her, unadvised, to receive attention from any other than an upright young man, whom he considered worthy to be the husband of the virtuous, intelligent, and lovely Mary. So particular was he in guarding her from being intruded upon by the unworthy, that he never suffered her to go home, late at night, unattended. Mary felt that he was her guardian, and she was grateful for his kindness in shielding her from harm, and for revealing to her the characters of those who were attracted by her superior charms. Often when speaking of the intelligence, beauty, virtue and amiable disposition of Mary, has Mr. Whitefield been heard, with enthusiasm, to exclaim, "Blest, thrice blest, will the young man be, who woos and wins that sweet girl to be his wife; and woe, eternal woe, be to him, who would be so mean, so base, so demon-like, as to win her, to betray her confiding heart."

So much did he feel like a brother; so much did he become interested in her welfare; that he declared vengeance to him who should ever harm a hair of her head. Who, indeed, would not have taken a deep interest in so beautiful, so gentle, so amiable, so affectionate, and, withal, so grateful a creature as Mary Mandeville? So innocent, so harmless, so affectionate, was she; so much, and so sincerely did she love the whole human race, that she could not have been induced to believe that there was a single being on the earth who would be so cruel as to injure her. So fine were her feelings, and so tender was her heart, that she could not read a pathetic tale of fiction without shedding tears of sympathy for the sorrows described in it.

Mary acquired, while in the store, so nice a judgment of the quality of goods, that, at her request, Mr. Whitefield took her with him to Philadelphia, to assist in selecting such articles as he wanted for his sales. Wherever she went, she elicited the same admiration, respect, and regard for her intelligent conversation, and amiable manners, to say nothing of her personal beauty, as she did at home, for her charms were calculated to win friends and golden opinions in any circle of society.

In company with Henry, she spent many hours in reading elegant authors, and conversing on their respective merits. The

hours flew by on golden wings, when thus engaged; and the little god of love was busy in fixing his arrows in both their hearts. Evening after evening did Henry repair to the happy home of Mary, and more and more rapidly did the hours seem to fly away; for the oftener he saw her, the more he loved her. One evening, after the books had been laid aside, he took her small white hand in his, and said—

“Mary, there is something I wish, and yet fear to say to you.”

Mary’s gaiety and liveliness immediately forsook her, for she saw an expression of anxiety in the eye of Henry.

“Why should you fear,” said she, “to say any thing that is civil to me, Henry? I hope you are not afraid of me.”

“No, dearest Mary, I am not afraid of you; but I am afraid of offending you by what I have to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?”

A slight blush suffused the cheek of the fair girl, as she threw back her lovely locks, and replied, “Henry, I have long known you, and I know that you would not say any thing offensive to a lady; and I can, therefore, on the faith of that, say that I will not be offended.”

“Then, Mary, I love you,” said Henry, embarrassed.

“Indeed! and is that all, Henry? Why there is nothing criminal in loving any one—why should you fear to avow a thing so natural and common?” interrogated Mary, with a smile, as her face colored.

“But ah! dearest Mary, do you love me? That is what I feared to ask; for of all things on this side of the grave, there is nothing so severe, as

‘To love, and find no fond return.’”

“True Henry,” returned the gentle Mary, as she bent on him a pair of the most bewitching eyes in the world, and again blushed. “It must be severe to the heart of sensibility to

‘Love and be not loved again.’”

“But that is not answering the question,” said Henry, in a melancholy tone, and with a deep sigh, as he cast his eyes on the floor.

“Well, then, Henry, to be candid with you, I have long held you in high respect, and now feel a deep interest in your welfare. Indeed I can never do less; for Mr. Whitefield, whom I look upon

as my disinterested friend and guardian, has spoken of you in the highest terms."

"Nay, nay, now, dearest Mary, speak to the point; I cannot be satisfied with that, which you would express for any friend. Speak to the point—do you love me or not?"

"I do, then—there, will that satisfy you?" and Mary looked up timidly, with a smile and a sweet expression of the eye, that told too truly that she spoke the truth.

There is a silent language in the eye of woman, that cannot be mistaken, for it speaks to the heart of him she loves, with an irresistible eloquence. It is a language that is understood by the most ignorant, as well as the most learned, and in one glance the heart may read a volume. That language, when spoken in tears, hath an eloquence more sublime than any that ever fell from the lips.

Though on the tongue there may be guile,
 (That oft in flattery's words appears,)
 And cold deceit in every smile,
 There is no treachery in tears.

It would be impossible to describe the pleasurable emotions that filled the heart of Henry, when the fair girl, with that frankness which characterised her, avowed her love. Falling upon one knee before her, and clasping her hand in both of his, he exclaimed—

"God bless you, dearest Mary, for those blessed words, that have given me more real happiness than the possession of the world could confer, though it were one huge diamond."

The Cynic may sneer, and the Stoic look with cold contempt on him who bows down in adoration at the shrine of beauty; but nevertheless, it is no mean triumph to win the heart of an affectionate and virtuous woman. Courtship is undoubtedly the happiest period of the life of man or woman, and few there are who do not, in the evening of existence, look back to it with a pleasing, melancholy regret, as a green spot, an oasis, on the waste of memory.

"You seem to be indulging in a reverie," said Mary, as Henry looked up, and saw a large round tear just stealing from under her long silken eye-lashes, and rolling down her fair cheek, on which the roses of eighteen summers bloomed.

"Ah! yes, you angel of the earth," answered Henry, "I was indulging in a delicious dream of future days."

“And pray, sir, what was the purport of your luxurious dream?” playfully enquired the fair girl.

“Oh! I fancied that I had wooed and won the lovely Mary Mandeville, and, when you spoke, I was enjoying the inexpressible pleasure of standing with her at the altar. Oh! Mary, Heaven send the day when I shall, in reality, lead you to the altar, and can say, in triumph,

‘You are my own, my own for life.’”

“Why, Henry,” said Mary, “I wonder that you think of a poor simple girl like me, when there is many a high-born, talented, and elegantly educated young lady, whose fortunes and affections a young man like you might win. I’m sure you would be much happier with such an one, between whose soul and your own there would be a mutual communion. Do you not think so?” and she bent on him a searching glance from her angelic eye, that betrayed every word she had uttered.

“I do not think so,” returned Henry, with emphasis. “I have ever observed that high-born ladies, as you call them, who are educated in all the cold conventional forms of society, are haughty in their demeanor; formal and repulsive in their manners, and deficient in sentiment, as well as sensibility. Ladies of the *haut ton*, whose heads have been crammed with learned lumber; who have acquired a character for talent, and whose reasoning powers are as talkative as the Barber in the Arabian Nights, are as cold as the snows on the Alleghanies. Reason and Love never could, and never will agree, and just in proportion as reason predominates over the mind of a lady, she becomes masculine, and loses those gentle, affectionate, feminine graces, which are so much admired by our sex. Give me a girl whose soul is all simplicity, unpolled by the conventional forms and notions of society. I prefer the native simplicity of the wild flower of the field, to the more gorgeous, but less sweet one, that has been forced in the hot-house.”

“Oh! Mary, Mary, there’s a fortune-teller on the street,” said a little girl, who came running into the room. “You said you wanted your fortune told—let me call her in.”

“Oh! yes,” exclaimed the lively Mary, “let’s have our fortunes told—call her in, Lucy.”

“Is it possible you believe in such nonsense?” asked Henry.

“No, indeed, Henry, I believe in no such folly; but her stories will be a source of amusement, besides putting a penny in the

poor creature's pocket," answered Mary, as she laughed heartily and threw a bewitching glance at her lover.

"But you are encouraging idleness, Mary."

"Oh! well, never mind that, in a poor, old decrepid woman, who is unable to work—but hush, here she comes; poor old creature!" and again Mary laughed at the idea of having her fortune told, though in truth she was like many others, a little superstitious.

"Bring me a coffee cup, Miss," commanded the old woman, "and some coffee grounds, if you have any!"

Mary went tittering to the cupboard, and brought them.

"You need not laugh," said the old woman, in a hollow, sepulchral tone, and with a solemnity that checked Mary's mirth, "I shall tell you the truth, and it may be something that you may have cause to weep over yet."

"What do you see?" enquired the fair girl, unable to suppress a smile, as the old woman turned the cup round and round in her hand, and pronounced some mysterious words.

"You are, or will be addressed by a young man, who will—let me see, there is another character. Yes, he will woo you, and win your hand, with the consent of the third person, who appears to have been your benefactor and best friend."

"Shall we be married?" asked Mary, as she archly looked up into the face of Henry, and smiled.

"Wait a moment, Miss, there are clouds passing, and, though you are now happy, there appears to be misery in store for you."

"What is it?" enquired Mary, in a little more serious tone, at the same time fixing her eyes on the enchanted cup.

"I cannot exactly see," answered the fortune-teller, "but you will suffer much distress of mind, and shed many tears."

"But will I be married?" she again asked, at the same time endeavoring to become more cheerful.

"No, you will never marry; but it will be your own fault."

"Oh! well, I shall have the whip in my own hand," said Mary, forcing a smile, which did not spring from mirth.

"You will suffer great distress of mind," continued the fortune-teller, "though you will be entirely innocent of that over which you will sigh and weep many a bitter night."

The gay and cheerful girl had, at this juncture, become quite serious; her bright eyes were still fixed on the cup. The fact that the fortune-teller had hit several parts of her history, staggered her, and cold chills crept over her.

“Do you see any thing more?” enquired Mary.

“Yes. The very man who is your friend and benefactor, will be made the innocent cause of all your woes.”

“Strange!” ejaculated Mary, as a shudder run over her.

“Ha! I see it! I see it!” suddenly exclaimed the old woman.

“See what?” asked Mary, as she started from her seat.

“I see a wounded and bleeding heart, and something in the distance, which I cannot distinguish. Ah! now I see,” said she, after a pause, “it is a long funeral procession.”

“Oh! forbear!” exclaimed the affrighted girl, on whose imagination the old woman’s incantation had wrought a spell. “Forbear for mercy’s sake!” and she clung to Henry, while her lips quivered, and her face became pale as the sheeted dead.

“Dear Mary,” said Henry, “be not alarmed at such nonsense. It was wrong in you to encourage such trickery.”

“Say not so, Henry—I thought so myself, at first. You do not know how true many things she told me which have taken place, and I sincerely believe, now, that the rest will come to pass.”

“Nonsense, Mary, discharge it from your mind, and when we meet again you will be ready to laugh at your folly. Your fears are but bugbears of the brain; mere creatures of the imagination, that will disappear before the light of reason.”

The hour was growing late, and Henry took his hat and bade her good night. In vain did the now gloomy girl endeavor to reason away the prophecies of the fortune-teller. The more she thought of the circumstances she had described so truly, the more did she believe that all would prove true.

When Mary retired to her chamber, she threw herself upon the bed, and endeavored to reason away the gloomy thoughts, which the fortune-teller’s prophecies had caused to take possession of her mind.

“There must be truth in what I have heard,” thought she, “or else the old woman had some mysterious power, by which she has put a spell upon me. How did she know that I had a friend and benefactor, and that I was, or would be addressed by a gentleman, who would win my affections? And then she seemed to see the very clouds that were gathering over my mind. But how is my friend to become the means of all the distress that I am to endure? there is surely something strange in the matter. Oh! how in the world could she have thought of the wounded and bleeding heart, and the funeral procession, if there had not been something in it? I shudder when I think of it, and, somehow or other, I

have had a presentiment, for some time, that something was going to happen. I thought I had been too happy, of late, for it to last long. Heaven grant that the fate she foretold, may not befall me! But I can't help thinking of the bleeding heart—funeral procession—black hearse—mourning—”

At this juncture of musing, that delicious dreaminess and confusion of the senses that precedes sleep, came over her; her brilliant and beautiful eyes, which had been fixed on the shadowy wall, gradually closed, and she fell into a slumber. She had not long indulged, ere that hag of the night, the *night-mare*, appeared! Her beautiful head was thrown back over her pillow, over which streamed the rich profusion of her unbound hair, and her spirit wandered in the land of dreams. But her's was not a dream of love and happiness, though love was mingled with it. She fancied that she was addressed by a gay, young man; that she was beloved, and loved in return; that her hand was solicited in marriage; but, when she was about to give it, a dark spirit appeared before her, and bade her forbear, at the same holding up before her a wounded and bleeding heart. She heard voices denouncing her fair fame—she was pursued by many phantoms, and when she fled for protection to her friend and benefactor, she found that he could not protect her. The fortune-teller appeared before her.

“Did I not tell you the truth?” said she. “Though innocent, you are doomed to die, but not without torture. Your anguish will be too great for human endurance. See! yonder comes your own funeral procession.”

Mary looked in the direction the withered finger pointed, and so great was her terror, that with one effort of volition she awoke, shuddering and trembling in every limb.

The next morning, when she appeared at the breakfast table, she related her dream, and expressed herself satisfied that something would happen, to mar her happiness. In vain did her friends endeavor to obliterate from her mind this idea. When she returned to the store, she related to her friends and companions the story of the fortune-teller, and the substance of her dream, and, with a solemn countenance, avowed that something would happen. Though it was a subject of mirth and ridicule to them, at which they laughed heartily, she still maintained the belief that the days of her happiness were nearly ended, and that the fortune-teller's prophecies would all prove true. So much was her mind prepossessed with the idea, that, in a great measure, she lost her gaiety and cheerfulness.

Time passed on, and nothing transpired to keep alive the remembrance of the fortune-teller's story; but Mary had not forgotten one single incident.

"Well, Mary," said Emma Stransbury, one beautiful morning in August, as she stopped at the store, "the fortune-teller's prophecy has not been verified yet?"

"No," said Mary, "but as the Augur said to Cæsar, *the Ides of March are not passed yet.*"

"You'll forget it, Mary, in the election times, when nothing is talked of but the candidates."

"And if she don't," added Mr. Whitefield, "she will, when she is married to that nice young man that you wot of, Emma."

Mary blushed, and Emma left the store.

At the time of which we speak, there was an election on hand, and Mr. Whitefield was a candidate. Party spirit ran high; some degrees above blood-heat; and, as usual, every thing, derogatory to the character of the different candidates, was raked up from the kennel of defamation. Every thing, that was calculated to injure the candidate, and prevent his election, was gathered or invented by his opponents, and *vice versa*. Thus far, there was not much harm done; but alas! in this case the candidates were not the only sufferers in point of character. The peace, the happiness of one, who was totally unconnected with the election, was wrecked, blighted forever; and a dagger planted in the hearts of her friends, the wound from which can never be healed. The bleeding heart was, indeed, to be realized.

Oh God! would that I could cover, as with a mantle, the remembrance of the fate of the unhappy Mary Mandeville! Ah! what a sudden transition did she experience from the brightest bliss, to the darkest despair! Graced with every thing that could render her lovely, the landscape of life arose before her in all the brightness and beauty of sunshine and flowers. Charming indeed was the prospect that opened before her, destined to be overshadowed with clouds and darkness!

Mary had, one evening, been to a party, where she had enjoyed much pleasure, and had been much admired for her beautiful simplicity, and brilliant conversation. She was in high spirits, in remembrance of her triumphs that evening, and was gaily singing a favorite song, when her friend Emma Stransbury entered.

"Oh! Mary, how can you be so lively at such a time?" enquired Emma, with a look of astonishment.

“At such a time? Why?—what do you mean, Emma?” asked Mary, with a look of still greater astonishment.

“Why have you not heard the report concerning you?”

“Oh no,—what is it?”

The tender-hearted Emma covered her face, and burst into tears.

“Mary, indeed, indeed I cannot tell you; but for the world I would not that it should have been so.”

“For mercy’s sake tell me what the report concerning me is?” Mary said imploringly, as she trembled, and the recollection of the fortune-teller rushed to her mind. “Do not, I beseech you, keep me a moment longer in this terrible suspense.”

“Oh! how can I become,” exclaimed Emma, with an agonizing sigh, “the executioner of your hopes and happiness! But you ought—”

“Tell me! tell me! for mercy’s sake!” screamed Mary.

“Be calm, my dear, and though it is painful to me to be the bearer of such tidings, you shall hear.”

Emma, still weeping, paused a moment to overcome her emotions. The rich bloom had suddenly fled from the fair cheek of Mary, and she stood, trembling like a leaf agitated by the breeze, anxious, yet fearing to hear the ominous intelligence. Scarcely less acute were the feelings of Emma, than those of her friend; for she felt as if she were about to pronounce the death-warrant of one whom she dearly loved, and one, too, who was entirely innocent of the breach of any and every obligation.

“Do you remember, Mary,” began Emma, in a tremulous tone, not knowing how to begin disclosures, “of having ever been seen late at night in company with any gentleman?”

“Oh! yes, many times,” replied Mary with her usual frankness, and catching the idea, “when engaged late at the store, Mr. Whitefield often attended me home, rather than suffer me to go alone in the dark; but what harm was there in that?”

“Oh! none, none in the world, my dear Mary, it is the duty of a gentleman to protect a lady at all times,” continued Emma, by way of soothing the feelings of her friend, “but more particularly late at night, when she is likely to be insulted. You know it is the custom in time of elections, to rake up every thing they can against the character of the candidates, and so rancorous is the spirit of party politics, that where nothing can be found that is true, they will invent or fabricate tales to injure and prevent the election of the opposing candidate. Don’t tremble so, my dear; the story is all a mere fabrication.”

Oh!" exclaimed Mary, wringing her hands, "I see it all as the fortune-teller told me, and it matters not whether it is true or not—you know the way of the world is to condemn, right or wrong, guilty or not guilty. Emma, Emma, my peace of mind is gone forever—my character, which is dearer to me than life, is blasted—I shall be pointed at by the finger of scorn."

She covered her face with her hands, and shuddered.

"Nay, nay," said her sympathizing friend, "the public will see the motive; the people will discover that the story was an idle rumor, without foundation, merely got up, as is usual, to prevent the election of a candidate. The best way is to pay no attention to it; laugh at it; treat it with contempt."

"Ah, Emma," returned her friend, with a deep sigh, "you know not the ways of the world; you know not the desperate wickedness of the human heart; you know not with what avidity human nature, cannibal-like, seizes on the mangled character of its own kind. You do not know with what a morbid appetite people greedily feast on ruined reputation, and it matters not whether there is any foundation for the rumor which consigns a fellow-being to ruin. Human nature is prone to evil and rejoice in the ruin of others, and a tale of scandal, however improbable, is seized on with avidity, and retailed with pleasure; while one which redounds to the character, is passed by in silence. Truly did Shakspeare say—

'The evil that men do lives after them,
Whilst the good is oft interred with their bones.'

"Very true," rejoined Emma, "A homely proverb says, when a person is going down hill, every one gives him a kick; but, my dear, your case is very different. There is not the shadow of a foundation of the rumor about you—it is merely an electioneering story, which will be viewed as such, and will pass away with the remembrance of the election. Believe me, they are mere idle rumors floating about the community."

"Oh! deceive not yourself, dear Emma!" exclaimed the weeping Mary, "the first breath of that rumor sounded the knell of all my hopes and happiness. But go on—let me hear the worst, for it must come soon or late."

"Where it originated, Mary," continued Emma, "I do not know; but I will do the originator the justice to say, that I believe the object to have been alone for political effect, or to prevent the election of Mr. Whitefield. I cannot believe that there could have

been any concerted plan to injure you, an innocent girl, wholly unconnected with politics. The first intimation I heard of the matter was the other evening, while sitting with my book at the window, the blinds of which concealed me from view. Several gentlemen were standing on the pave, when one observed that it was a pity such a report was circulated. As I had not intended to eave-drop, I sat still, and heard him answer to an interrogatory, that the story had gone abroad that there was too much intimacy between Miss Mary Mandeville and Mr. Whitefield. Much more was said concerning your trip to Philadelphia, and evening walks; but I will not pain you by the recital."

Emma raised her eyes, as she spoke the last words, and saw that the face of Mary was pale, and that she was trembling violently. In a moment, had she not caught her, she would have fallen to the floor, so much was she agitated. When placed in a chair, she said faintly—

"I knew it—it will be just as the fortune-teller said. I have seen some happy, some bright days in this world; but they are gone forever. I little thought that the circumstance of a gentleman seeing me home at night, would be thus misrepresented; but such is my fate. Not only will it blight my fair name, but all my prospects in life."

"How so, Mary?"

"You are my friend, my only friend now," replied the unhappy Mary, "and I will confide all to you. In the first place I must relinquish my situation in the store, and lose my means of support."

"No—there is no necessity for that."

"Oh! yes; for, otherwise, they might think there is truth in the report, and then how could I face persons who came in, who would be sure to gaze at me, from curiosity excited by the story. Suppose I were to step behind the counter to wait on some lady, and she were to turn away in scorn! Oh! the very thought is agonizing. You do not know, Emma, that I have been addressed by, and am now pledged in marriage to Henry Brandon, from which union I promised myself years of happiness; but alas! the dream is ended—I shall never be the wife of Henry."

"Say not so, Mary—he will not credit such idle electioneering rumors, and will make them no objections."

"But I must, Emma. Oh! how my heart aches at this cruel blow! Little did she or he know who first whispered the scandal, what a dagger it would be to an innocent breast. Oh! what mo-

ments of misery are in store for me! How careful people should be, in-breathing aught that can taint the character of others! Never were words truer than those of the poet,

‘Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that’s broken.’”

Tears gushed from Mary’s eyes, as she grasped the hand of Emma, and sighed as if her heart would break.

“But you, Emma,” she continued, “you will not forsake me, though scorned by the world. I have ever found in you a friend, who shared my joys and sympathized in my sorrows.”

“Yes, I will be your friend, Mary, though all others forsake you; but do not let your feeling and your fears overcome you; cheer up, and believe me, it will all blow over.”

“Do not deceive yourself, Emma; it is the wish and the will of the world to believe whatever is evil, or has a tendency to injure the character. There is a tendency in human nature to evil, which is plainly observable in childhood, and you know how readily people grasp at any thing which is derogatory to the character of another.”

“This is all very true, my dear,” replied Emma, “but when I see you again, I hope you will think better of it. There is no one, I am satisfied, who would intentionally injure so innocent and harmless a creature as you are; and I am sure that these idle rumors will soon pass away, and with them the cloud that now darkens your mind. So farewell, dear, for the present—may happier days soon dawn.”

“Farewell, Emma,” returned Mary, with a sigh that seemed to be the echo of a sad heart.

Emma departed, and left Mary to reflect on what she had heard; for Emma, to spare her feelings, through pity, had disclosed but part of the rumor. It was not long before others dropped in to relate what they had heard of the stories in circulation, always adding a little, till poor Mary was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. The consciousness that she was entirely innocent of all and every charge, would have supported her, but for the knowledge that the world is disposed to believe whatever has a tendency to injure character. The whole story had been gotten up for political effect, and in the attempt to defeat the election of Mr. Whitefield, the character of an amiable, talented and beauti-

ful, as well as an innocent girl, was, alas! to be sacrificed. The upright, the virtuous, and intelligent portion of the community, turned a deaf ear to the idle tale of scandal, and spurned it; but there are, in all communities, some who delight to give currency and circulation to any thing which is likely to affect private reputation. The character of a virtuous woman is more sensitive than the fibres of the sensitive plant; if you but breathe upon it the breath of suspicion, it shrinks; it pines and perishes. Oh! then, how cruel it is, lightly to asperse that, which once wounded, can never be healed! One word, idly, carelessly spoken, may blast the peace and blight the happiness of years, or perhaps send the innocent victim, with a broken heart, to an untimely tomb, after having endured agonies unutterable.

The unhappy Mary retired to her lonely chamber, to weep over the wrongs which she could neither resent nor revenge. In her grief she humbly bowed down before the merciful one, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and prayed fervently, imploring him to give her strength to bear up against the burthen which had been imposed on the innocent. Forced to relinquish her situation in the store, by the dark reports concerning herself and Mr. Whitefield, she had little to do but to spend her hours alone in unavailing regret and grief.

Mr. Whitefield, indignant at the attempt to injure him, and enraged at the cruelty of stabbing at him through the innocent heart of a beautiful young lady, who was to be sacrificed on the altar of political enmity to him, in vain endeavored to trace the scandal to its original fountain. Its branches were like those streams, whose sources are lost amid the inaccessible recesses of a mighty mountain.

"Where are you going this morning!" enquired Mrs. Sunderland of her daughter Julia, as she put on her bonnet to go out.

"Why mother, I'm only going to see Mary Mandeville's new dress, that she made, and that every body so much admires."

"No, indeed, Miss, you're going to see no Mary Mandeville, nor Womanville either," said the mother, playing on the name.

"Why not, mother? Every body likes Mary Mandeville."

"Is it impossible you haven't heard the reports about her, and,—"

"No mother, for mercy's sake, what could anybody say about so sensible, sweet, and pretty a girl, as Mary Mandeville?"

"Why, Mr. Whitefield and her have been flirting and walking out late at night, in conversation."

"I don't believe a word of this about Mary," said Julia.

"Nor I," added her father.

"But I do," said Mrs. Sunderland, "I foresaw it all—I said it would be so, when I used to see Mr. Whitefield going by here with her late at night. Now, Julia, I tell you once for all, you must from this moment drop your visits there, and you must not by any means be seen with her on the street."

"But I do not believe the scandal, Ma."

"But other people will," returned Mrs. Sunderland, "and what will they think of you, if you keep her company? No, no; you shall never darken her door again."

"Well, I believe you're right," said Mr. Sunderland. "People are known by the company they keep, and, poor thing, if people believe she's that sort of a girl, it's all the same to all intents and purposes as if she were. She's a ruined girl, that's certain, whether she's innocent or not. If people once get a thing into their heads it might as well be so, for they'll have it so."

"That's my opinion precisely," said Mrs. Sunderland, "and who'd a thought I'd hit the nail so on the head? I some how always thought it would turn out so."

"Well, I believe I'll go and see poor Mary," said Julia, "if it's for the last time that—"

"But you shan't," returned her mother, and Julia went pouting to the parlor to put away her bonnet.

Time, the usual soother of sorrow rolled on, but every day added to the wretchedness of Mary Mandeville. One by one, as the report went abroad, her old friends and companions dropped off and deserted her, and when she met them on the street they turned their faces another way until they passed. Ah! how true it is, that friendship is like our philosophy; when we need it the most, we have the least of it. Those who had crowded around her in her sunny days, forsook her at the very hour when she needed their friendship most. True indeed are the words of Ovid, the Latin poet—

*"Tempore felici, multi numerantur amici,
Si fortuna perit, nullus amicus erit."*

Which may be translated thus—"In prosperity we can discover many friends! but if fortune fails, not one is to be found." Thus it was with poor Mary. Often, when necessity compelled her to go upon the street, cruel remarks met her ears, that went to her heart like keen daggers. One day, when going to see a sick person, she walked behind several ladies whom she recognized, but who did not recognize her; for she had become entirely negligent

of her dress, and that anguish which was continually preying upon her mind, like the vulture upon the liver of Prometheus, had paled her face, and made such ravages upon her features, that she did not look like the same beautiful Mary, though still beautiful.

"Well, for my part I pity Mary Mandeville," said Anne Rolanson, "for I don't believe a word of the scandalous tale."

"I do," replied Elizabeth Munson.

"And I, too," added Jane Freylee.

"And I, three," rejoined Jeannette Templeton. "I believe it, and it will teach that proud girl not to carry her head so high in future, when she has a bevy of beaux around her."

"Yes," added Jane, who had once been the professed bosom friend and confidant of Mary, "I never saw as proud a flirt in all my life, and pride for once has got a fall. I heard the dashing young Dandlethorpe talking about her to-day."

"I never saw as proud and haughty a thing in all my days," added Jemima Jessup. "She thought she knew more than any body else, and when at a party, she was always showing her *genus*, by talking big words about that poetry of the Paradise Lost, that was made by Walter Scott; and Shakspeare's Lady of the Lakes, and Byron's Night Thoughts, and all such nonsense. She always had a gang of young fellers round her, and they only made sport of her, if she did but know it."

"Such," thought Mary Mandeville, as she turned a corner of the street and left them, "are what we call friends, and such is the friendship of this hollow-hearted world. There go five, who were once my bosom friends; who professed to love me with all their hearts; and who considered it no mean honor to be considered my associates. No sooner am I assailed by the tongue of slander, which might blast them at a breath, as easily as myself, than four out of five are my bitter enemies, and profess to believe that, of which there is not the shadow of proof. Oh! if human friendship be made of such stuff, I desire no more of it. Only one of the five is exempt from that mean spirit of envy, which sows the path of life with discord, hatred and revenge. But one, out of the five, remains the same in adversity, as in prosperity—'but one is a friend in need.'"

Thus did Mary muse. Misfortune had broken a seal, and opened to her sources of knowledge she had never dreamed of. She had hitherto believed every heartless profession of friendship, but now she saw herself deserted by the very friends she prized, and she awoke from her dream of bliss to find how false, how hol-

low-hearted they were. She remembered their protestations of friendship, that no time or change or circumstances were ever to alter or obliterate, and she sighed over the fickleness and faithlessness of human nature.

But Mary consoled herself with the thought that, though deserted by all her other friends, Emma Stransbury would still cleave to her, and sympathize in her sorrows. Emma visited her every evening, when not particularly engaged, and seemed very assiduous in soothing the lacerated feelings of her friend, and in endeavoring to cheer her drooping spirit.

With the view of diverting her mind from her daily and nightly subject of grief, Mrs. Gladson, an own sister to Mary's mother, made a very splendid party, and invited many young ladies and gentlemen. Bitter as death to Mary was the thought of appearing in a circle of society in which she once shone as the centre and the soul; the brightest of the beautiful and most admired; but how could she decline going, when her aunt had put herself to so much trouble on her account. Her refusal would be an insult, and then her aunt persuaded her, that it would be the best way to kill the effects of the slander which had gone abroad.

Mary, after much misgiving, at last acquiesced; and after adorning herself in a neat manner, sat down to wait for Emma, who, she hoped, would call in as she passed on her way. Sure enough, about three o'clock Emma entered her boudoir.

"Why, Mary, I thought you were determined not to go," said Emma, with much surprise, and seemingly, with chagrin.

Mary's mind was quick, and could read a motive in the very tone of the voice.

"Perhaps Emma, you did not wish me to go," said Mary.

"Oh! I—I—I—, yes, I expected you to go; but, dear me, I have forgotten something, and perhaps you had better not wait," said Emma with some confusion. "I must go home first, and it will be so long before I return."

"I will go home with you, as I would like to have company," and as Mary spoke, suspecting for the first time that Emma wished to avoid her company on the street, she fixed her large dark eye full upon her, watching every varying expression.

"No, my child, you had better go on, for I shall be late and——"

"Tell me the truth," interrupted Mary, with rather a contemptuous look, "do you not wish to avoid my company?"

"Well, Mary, I will tell you, provided you will promise not to be offended."

"I can easily promise you that," returned Mary, with mingled feelings of sorrow and disgust, "after the many exhibitions of friendship that I have seen lately."

"I would not care myself, Mary, but aunt Susan and brother Ab declare that I must not walk in public with you."

The wretched Mary sunk into a chair and gasped for breath. She dreaded to go to the party, and yet she could not be ungrateful for the kindness shown her, as the party had been made expressly on her account. She sat and wept some time after Emma had gone, then rose, wiped her eyes, and with feelings not to be envied, took her way to Mrs. Gladson's, in whose parlor a large number had assembled. Confused by the gaze of so many, and blushing deeply, she withstood the first shock, and tottered to a chair; for she was ready to drop on the floor. That evening contained hours of agony to Mary, but she suffered on through them, rather than show disrespect to the hostess, who was endeavoring to be her friend. Some of the ladies, who had once been familiar with her, now affected to have no acquaintance, and while all the rest seemed one band of sisters, she alone sat solitary and unobserved, save when some gentleman pointed to her slyly, and made her the subject of remark. Several ladies called for their bonnets and departed, saying loud enough to be heard by Mary,

"Come, let's go; we cannot associate now with Miss Mandeville—I wonder at Mrs. Gladson to invite her,"

"True enough, with the character she bears," added another.

"I wonder if it's true?" enquired a third.

"Well, there seems some ground for it," answered a fourth.

"But what grounds?" asked the third lady, as they lingered at the door, for some gentleman to attend them.

"I'll tell you," whispered the other. "Mr. Wigglesworth says that he had it from Mr. Thompson, the baker, whose wife told him that she was confidentially informed by Mrs. Inskeep, that her brother told her that he was in company with a gentleman of great veracity, who saw Mr. Whitefield walking late at night with Mary Mandeville, and that they were conversing together."

Mary, during this *tête-à-tête*, was sitting at a window near the door, the shutters of which were closed. She could hear every word, though spoken in a suppressed voice, and her heart ached at the thought that those who had once sought her society so eagerly, should thus give credence to a rumor on such slight foundation. While she still sat at the window, a gentleman of the *haut ton*, who had often visited her, and had been an ardent admirer of

her beauty, took up his hat, and proceeded to the door, on the outside of which the ladies were standing, nearly under the window.

“What was that you were saying of Mary Mandeville?” enquired the gay, dashing young Francis Manley. “Ah! I could tell you something concerning her that you haven’t heard, but come,” said he to his sister, “I’ll tell you as we go along.”

As he spoke, the bey of ladies, who had once been the particular friends of Mary, left the precincts of the building, and she was saved the mortification of hearing the inuendo. She now anxiously longed for the hour of retirement, that she might fly to her secluded chamber, and pour out in tears the tide of grief from her unhappy heart. In the midst of company she felt like an isolated being, for though every eye was upon her, there was no sympathy of soul between her and the gay, happy beings around her, who but a little time before, ere the blighting breath of slander had fallen upon her fair fame, had been delighted to come at her call, and to own her the fairy May queen, and the centre of the circle of society in which they had moved. Often during the evening, did she mentally repeat the exquisite lines of Moore—

“I feel like one, who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me deserted.”

It has ever appeared strange to me, that females should be so severe against one of their own sex, who really, through the villainy of man, steps into the path of error, or who, by idle, unfounded rumor is said to have done so. But it is a lamentable fact, that when a lady does, through the base arts of villainous man, overstep the bounds of decorum, or is only said to have done so, by the tongue of slander, the whole sex come forth open-mouthed against her, and hunt her down to shame through every lane of life. While pity for her misfortune drops from the lips of man, thunders of denunciation fall from the tongue of woman. She has no mercy for the foibles of one of her own sex. But whenever I have enquired why they are so severe against a fallen sister, my question has been met with a powerful argument, that if they were not thus severe, many more would fall. The severity and the certainty of the punishment, say they, saves many from wandering into the paths of error.

The party at length broke up, and poor Mary found that it was not as it once had been. Every lady now seemed anxious to avoid

going home with her. The time had been when every one was striving which should have the honor of taking her arm, but now she was left to trudge her way alone. Mary keenly felt this neglect, for there is no one so independent as not to be susceptible to such slights. The ladies and gentlemen were all paired off, save Mary and one wild young fellow who had been silyly winking at her all the evening, thus presuming to insult her, on the strength of the reports which he had heard concerning her and Mr. Whitefield. He offered to attend her home, but she repulsed him and went alone.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the feelings of Mary, as she slowly moved along, reflecting on the occurrences of the evening. Never had she spent such an evening before. She had always been the star, the guiding genius, and leading spirit of every party. The admired of all, both for her talents and her beauty, she had ever been the centre of attraction round which all others moved. Oh! how keenly did she feel the change. We judge and enjoy every thing by contrast, and by contrast is our misery often measured. When Mary contrasted that evening, and the treatment she had received, with the happy days that were gone forever, when she was idolized, worshipped, and her slightest wish anticipated, her bosom swelled with emotion, and tears trickled from her eyes.

The full moon was hanging high in the hall of heaven, like a silver chandelier, and Mary, as was her wont, stopped a moment to muse on that beautiful orb. But how sad were her meditations! But a month before she had stood at the side of Henry, gazing at the same moon. Oh! how happy she was then, ere the blight of scandal had fallen upon her fair fame. It was then that she pledged her heart and hand to Henry, whom she dearly loved, and she would have given the world to feel as she then felt. She shuddered as the recollection came upon her that she was now a blighted flower, blasted by the withering breath of slander. Would Henry now take her to his arms—now that she had become a mark for the finger of scorn to point at? Would he rejoice in the possession of the hand of her whose reputation was the sport of slander; whose honor had become a by-word and a reproach? Oh! the thought was madness. She could not bear to think of it.

Scarcely had the unhappy girl withdrawn her eyes from the moon and passed on, when she beheld some object emerging from the shadow of the court-house. As she approached, the fortune-teller crossed her path, and so suddenly did her appearance recall

to her mind the ominous words of the prophecy, that feelings of superstitious terror crept over her, and she fled hastily. No sooner did she reach home, than she repaired to her room, but not to sleep. Oh! no; sleep,

“Like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.”

So it was with the lovely, the innocent, the miserable Mary. She threw herself upon the bed, and gave way to that flood of grief which had been pent up all the evening. Long and bitterly did she weep, and she shuddered when she thought of that bleeding heart which the fortune-teller spoke of. Many of her predictions had already transpired, and Mary believed that all would be fulfilled. She felt that she was doomed, and that no power on earth could avert the fate that must befall her. Tossing from side to side she spent the night, and arose next morning dejected and dispirited. The sun arose in all his glory, shedding his golden light on her flowers at the window, but not a ray of hope's light broke into the darkened chambers of her mind. All was dark, lonely and desolate.

Henry Brandon, who had been spending some time in the country previous to his expected marriage, now returned to town, and with a joyous heart hastened to pay his visit to her, who had become to him dearer than life. As he was passing along the street with a rapid pace towards the residence of Mary, envious of every moment that kept him from her presence, he observed several men standing at the corner, who seemed to be much tickled at something that one of the party was relating with singular gesticulation, while ever and anon the whole party looked towards him. Not a breath of the rumor concerning Mary's reputation had yet reached his ears, and little did he dream of the deadly blow that was destined to fall upon his hopes and happiness. Brilliant and beautiful was the prospect which his fancy had pictured before him, when he should lead to the altar in triumph that beautiful one, at whose feet so many had bowed in adoration, and for whose hand so many had sighed in vain. Ah! how soon was this cup of bliss, just tasted, to be dashed from his lips, and all his gay visions of hope and happiness to disappear, like the sunlight from the landscape, when a dark cloud suddenly intervenes. Oh! it was cruel thus to blast

at one blow the joyous dream of affection, which he had so long, so tenderly, and so dearly cherished.

"Whither are you travelling so fast?" enquired one of the party. "Why you go ahead like a locomotive, and one would suppose that he was flying on the wings of love. But I suspect he's going to see his old flame."

"He'll be apt to get his fingers burnt, if he goes there," added Paul Freelingham, bursting into a horse-laugh at his wit.

"Yes," rejoined Tom Bensonby, following up the low wit, "and there'll be an explosion of the heart."

This was followed by a roar of laughter.

"I guess," said Sam Winnersly, who was famed for his punning propensity, "that it will be a flaming and flare-up concern throughout; when Henry knows how he's been burnt."

"Gentlemen, I don't understand your inuendoes," said Henry, little dreaming of the drift. "You speak of flames, but the subject is such that I'm all in the dark, it appears."

"You'll soon be illuminated," said Sam, "for there's a monstrous smoke out."

"Pshaw! man, why don't you tell him the truth, Winnersly," interrogated Tom Bensonby. "The fact is, Henry, it's reported in these diggins, that your dulcinea made a contract of marriage with Whitefield, who is already a married man—a second wife with the first living."

A tremendous roar of laughter followed this slang, for it must be borne in mind that these men were all political opponents of both Henry Brandon and Mr. Whitefield, and there was a bitterness in the expression of every word. It is painful at any time to become the butt of ridicule, but in this case it was poignantly severe, as the subject in part with Henry was a beautiful and virtuous young lady, whose heart had long been his, and whose hand was pledged to him in marriage.

"Dare not, sir, to breathe one foul word from your polluted lips on her fair fame," said he, "or by the eternal Jove you shall answer for the base aspersion. Let any man dare to impeach her character, which has ever been above suspicion, and it were better he had never been born; for know, ye traducers of innocence, that not purer are the angels in heaven than she whose name is coupled with infamy on your unhallowed lips."

This speech startled those who were brave enough to attack a lady's reputation, but who shrunk from the avowed avenger of injured innocence.

"What he told you," replied Paul Freelingham, "is reported all over town, and it's no use to get mad at it."

"Do you know it to be true, sir?" enquired Henry, as he approached him in a menacing attitude. "Dare you avow it to be a fact? Have you any proof?"

"Ay, sir, I have been looking for you," exclaimed Mr. Whitefield, who now approached, and who had heard the questions put by Henry, "Villain, do you know it to be a fact? Give up your author, or stand branded as an infamous fabricator of the foul slander which has blasted the peace of an innocent girl, and doomed her to shed the bitter tears of sorrow."

"Oh! I don't know, nor don't care, whether it's true or not," replied Paul, "I only heard it about town."

"Who told you, sir?" enquired Mr. Whitefield, trembling with passion, which he in vain endeavored to control.

"I don't know that I'm bound to tell you," said Paul, becoming pale. "I'm not to be frightened, sir."

"Frightened!" repeated Mr. Whitefield with a sneer. "Why, sir, one man who stands forth to avenge the wrongs of an injured and innocent lady, is more than a match for a host of cowardly assassins, who skulk and stab their victims in the dark. Give me your author, sir, or you shall answer on the spot for the base slander you have retailed. Shame upon you to blast a lovely lady, that you might injure my election!"

"Well, if you must know my author," returned Paul, "it was old Billy Sandwick, and he said he heard some one say that Bob Stricker, the cow boy, saw Mary Mandeville walking with some gentleman, one dark night, but it was so dark he could not distinguish him."

"And pray how did he distinguish her?" asked Henry, with a look of contempt. "This is like all other stories of the kind, too contemptible for any person of sense to listen to."

"Let it pass," continued Mr. Whitefield. "I have made several attempts to trace it to its origin, but in every instance I am met with the same pitiful shuffling. Every one has heard it from some cow boy, or old woman that dreamed it, and no one started it. I will offer a sum of money for the name of the scandalous author, and if I succeed in obtaining it, woe be to him. I do not care as it respects myself, for I know the fiendish invention was got up by my political opponents to prevent my election; but the mean and dastardly stab which has been given to the reputation of a lovely lady, whom I have ever regarded as a sister, would excite indigna-

tion in the heart of any man who has any pretension to honor, or any respect for a virtuous woman."

Henry, during the last speech of Mr. Whitefield, had started with accelerated speed down the street, and the nearer he approached the residence of Mary, the more was his heart harrowed with the recollection of what had just passed. When he entered she was sitting with her back towards him, but no sooner did she turn and catch a glimpse of her affianced husband, than she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, while he stood wondering at the change in her appearance.

"Oh! Henry," she exclaimed, sobbing as if her heart would break, "with what different feelings do we now meet, from those when you were last here!" and as she spoke, the unhappy girl wrung her hands in agony, while her dark eyes, from which the tears were streaming, were turned towards him imploringly.

"Mary, dear Mary, what is the matter?" he enquired, feigning to be ignorant of the cause of her grief.

"Oh! Henry," she cried, while she became frantic with grief, "I am ruined, blasted forever! My name has been consigned to eternal shame, and as the fortune-teller foretold, my best friend, by evil tongues, has been made the innocent cause of all my woe. Oh! that I were in the peaceful grave, for I shall never know any more happiness in this world."

"Say not so, dearest Mary; it is but an empty rumor, and will soon die away."

"No, Henry, never, never, till I go down to the grave with a broken heart. When all remembrance of me shall have passed away, then it may die, and not till then. Oh! Henry," she exclaimed, raising her beautiful eyes, swimming in tears, to his, "it is cruel, it is cruel! My persecutors, I think, would relent, could they but know the pangs that have wrung my heart, and the many hours I have spent in unavailing agony. My friends and companions have all forsaken me; they shrink from me as from a thing of pollution, and my name has gone forth as another word for shame. Oh! I am sure I do not deserve it; and I was so happy when you were here before. I then thought that a life of joy was just opening before me, but I am doomed to misery."

"Nay, Mary, dear Mary, be more calm. I do not believe a word of the villainous slander, and why should conscious innocence shrink beneath unmerited censure?"

"But, dear Henry, the wicked world will believe a tale of scandal, however preposterous it may be, and dearly have I reason

to know that it believes this shameful story. Oh! yes, it makes my heart ache to think, that those who once dearly loved me believe every word of it, for they have flung me from their bosoms like a worthless weed. Oh! my heart will break! My heart will break!"—and she rushed wildly across the room, wringing her hands in an agony of grief.

"Dear Mary, be more calm," said Henry, as he took her hand. "Do not, I beseech you, give way to the violence of your feelings." "I cannot help it—I cannot help it, Henry. Oh! no, I cannot help it," she exclaimed, and with one scream she tottered backwards, and fell fainting in the arms of Henry.

Instantly he bore her sylph-like form to a couch; ran for some water, and, without calling for assistance, bathed her face, from which every trace of the roses that had lately bloomed there was gone. For some time he stood, as if spell-bound, watching the symptoms of gradually returning consciousness, while his bosom swelled with mingled emotions of pity and indignation. Where indeed is the heart, so dead to all the finer feelings of our nature, that it would not melt in pity, at seeing an amiable, beautiful and innocent being thus stricken down? And where is the man whose spirit would not flash with indignation at so heartless a deed? For oh! how keen, how killing, how cruel must that grief have been, which could thus so suddenly hurl reason from her throne, and prostrate all the energies of life?

"Oh! cruel, cruel act!" mentally exclaimed Henry, as he stood with clasped hands, still watching the pale and almost inanimate form before him. "Could those who inflicted this deadly blow on her whose gentle heart never breathed a wish to injure any one—could those who have thoughtlessly given currency to the rumor, which has blasted her peace of mind, and given her days to misery—ay, could he, who first invented the calumny, behold her now, for I will not believe that one of her own sex could be so cruel, how would compunction seize upon him, and wring his soul with torture! Alas! how often do people laugh and sport over the ruined reputation of an innocent one, who never did them harm; how little do they think that the scandal which is the subject of their thoughtless mirth is blighting the hopes, carrying desolation to a heart that is breaking with anguish! A careless word, a single look or nod, may sometimes, though said or done in merriment, make a wound which time can never heal. It may rankle in the heart, long after the remembrance of the word or look hath passed away and been forgotten."

While Henry thus mused, and with bitter feelings contrasted this meeting with the happy one before, when, with smiles and modest downcast looks, she promised to be his bride; Mary opened her eyes, and for some time gazed upon him with a mournful look, that seemed to penetrate his soul.

"Ay! Henry," she at length said, gently putting her hand on his, "I told you there was truth in what the fortune-teller said. Yes, Henry, the bleeding heart is realized here," and she put her hand upon her bosom, as tears again gushed from her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

"You are melancholy, Mary; shake off this night-mare of the mind—there are happier days in store for you."

"Nay, never," she replied, with a deep sigh. "You say that I am melancholy. Is it not strange that I am not more—that I am not distracted? Oh! is it not enough to drive me mad, mad, mad!" and as she spoke, her eyes dilated and she stared at him with such an unearthly look, that he shuddered; for he fancied, from the wild flashing of her eyes, that the demon of mania was about to take possession of the desolate chambers of her brain.

"Is it strange," she continued, "that I should be gloomy, when all that woman holds dear has been rudely blighted? Is it strange that I should be melancholy, when my good name has been coupled with shame, and is repeated with persecution and scorn at every corner of the street? Is it strange, I say, when all my friends have deserted me—when they fly from me as if my presence was pollution—when the finger of contempt is pointed at me, and reproach pursues me through every lane of life? Oh! Henry," she continued, her voice growing louder and louder, until the last words were uttered in a wild scream, "is it not strange that I am not mad, when even mothers forbid their daughters to associate with poor, persecuted Mary, whose heart never knew a single stain, and never wronged a human being?"

"Be calm, dear Mary," said Henry, soothingly, "I will not believe it, and though the heartless, whose friendship is of little value, may forsake you, I will be your friend; I will still love you while life endures. But, Mary," he continued, seeing that she became more calm, "the people,—I mean those whose opinions are to be prized, will spurn the accusation against so good, so sweet a girl—they will never believe it for a moment, and you will finally come forth shining like gold tried in the fire."

"Oh! Henry," she exclaimed, as she struck her noble forehead with her fair hand, as if some painful thought had just flashed

through her brain, "you are deceived, you are deceived. They will—they do believe it now. I am undone! Oh! what could a poor weak girl do to merit this? Go walk the street, and my name is on every tongue. Oh! would to heaven that he who first blighted my fair fame, had plunged a dagger to my heart, for then would I have gone to the grave with a reputation unstained, and have escaped all the miseries I am doomed to endure!"

"But, Mary, you are innocent, and——"

"Oh! Henry! Henry!" exclaimed the frantic girl, wringing her hands and interrupting him, "it matters not if I were purer than the angels of Heaven; for so delicate is woman's reputation, that if the breath of suspicion be but once breathed upon it, it is blasted, ruined forever. It matters not how innocent that woman may be, on whose fair fame slander fixes its envenomed fangs; the moment that rumor cries out *shame*, she is lost, undone. Oh! yes, Henry, Heaven is witness that I am innocent of every base charge that the thousand tongues of rumor have scattered abroad; but what does conscious innocence avail me in this world! The tale of scandal is believed, for there is a proneness in human nature to believe the worst, and as it regards the effects, my reputation, which is dearer to me than life, is ruined; and I am doomed to suffer the same misery as if the tale were true."

Henry saw that the mind of Mary was on the very verge of despair, and that agitating the subject of her grief, might drive her to utter distraction, and he resolved to leave her for the present, in hope that quiet would restore her to composure. Indeed, he was sorry that he had not delayed his visit beyond the time of his arrival, that time might have softened the poignance of her grief; for in its freshness, her mind required but a little more excitement to drive her beyond the bounds of sanity, and hurry her into the dreadful abyss of mania. Alas! he little knew the extent of the nature of that wound which had been made in her heart. He dreamed not that it was incurable and mortal; had he even imagined it, his mind would have been driven to a degree of sorrow, but little less than her own. It is a wise provision of nature, that we cannot look through the telescope of time into the dark, boundless future, and read the destiny that awaits us. Whether that destiny were good or bad, we should be miserable; for if good, we would become sick of hope deferred, we would become weary of waiting its approach; and if bad, our souls would sink at the prospect.

“Well, farewell Mary, dearest Mary,” said Henry, tenderly taking her beautiful white hand in his, “I will come again, when I hope to see you more cheerful, and wearing those blissful smiles with which you once greeted my approach.”

She slowly turned her head, from which her dark hair fell in clustering curls, and fixing her eyes upon his with a mournful look, she said in a melancholy tone—

“Deceive not yourself, dear Henry, I shall never be cheerful again on this side of the grave. My hopes and my happiness are buried in my heart, and the smile that henceforth illumines my face, will be like moonlight on a burial stone.”

As she spoke, tears trickled from her eyes, and so sad did she look, and so mournful was her voice, that his heart melted with sympathy, and he was compelled to turn away to hide his emotion and his tears, for men are always foolishly ashamed to exhibit that tenderness of feeling which is an honor to human nature. A lady once observed to me that she had never seen any thing in nature so awful as a man weeping—that the sight inspired her with feelings of awe that no other scene could ever inspire. But for myself, I am not averse to such a sight, for tears are the evidence of a feeling, sympathetic heart. Cæsar did not like Cassius because he never smiled, though Shakspeare tells us that a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain. If, as Cæsar thought, a smile is the evidence of a generous and feeling heart, how much more so are tears, which must ever spring from the fountain of feeling. What Shakspeare has said is true—a man *may* smile, and smile, and be a villain; but I do not believe in what are called crocodile tears. No, a hard heart, a heart that has become callous, and is lost to feeling, never weeps. Physiology itself would deny the possibility of counterfeited weeping. The sac which secretes and holds the tears in the eye cannot be made to overflow at pleasure—grief, sympathy, or some emotion of tenderness must wring the heart ere the eye can be made to press upon this sac and force out the tears. Thus, it is positively proven that there can be no treachery in tears, though a man *may smile, and smile, and be a villain.*

My dear reader, will you please to pardon the above episode, as I considered it necessary to show that it is not weakness in a man to weep; but, on the contrary, is an evidence of manly virtue and refined sensibility.

“My sweet Mary, compose yourself, and drive these thoughts from your mind,” said Henry, “and I will be your protector, I will defend your honor though it cost my life. Yes, dearest girl,

let but a man dare to breathe one syllable derogatory to your fair fame, and by the eternal gods, I swear, that he shall eat every base-born word, or answer to me, as one gentleman ever should be amenable to another for a wrong? Gentleman, did I say? Can he be a gentleman who meanly tramples on a lady's honor? Can he be a gentleman who would basely rob from a poor and lovely girl the jewel of her soul—who would take from her all that gives her value—who would, in the language of Shakspeare, steal from her that which not enriches him, but makes her poor indeed? No, he is a base-born damnable villain. He, who would thus blast a lady's honor—he who would, like the serpent that stole into the garden of Eden, destroy innocence in public estimation and blast the peace of as pure and lovely a creature as ever breathed, would not hesitate to plant a dagger in the dark, in the heart which had not offended."

As Henry uttered these words, his cheek burned with indignation, and he stood in a theatrical attitude, with his hand clenched and his eyes fixed with a wild stare upon the pale tearful face of Mary. As is often the case, and it is a singular phenomenon in nature, the emotions of the sweet girl subsided, the moment she saw that the heart of her lover and affianced husband, was burning with revenge.

Of all revenge, woman's is the most deadly, the most unrelenting, when her affections have been trampled upon. She may love and be betrayed—still she will bear her wrongs in silence so long as the object of her love bows his knee to no other idol; but no sooner does he throw off the silken chain that bound him to her and acknowledge allegiance to another, than the demon of revenge lights up his unhallowed fire on the altar of her heart, and she clutches the dagger, which she swears never to relinquish, till it drinks the life-blood of the heart that had won her to betray—the heart that had basely wronged her. And woman's revenge has often been awakened by seeing her proffered love spurned, rejected with disdain. Roll back the pages of Sacred Writ and we have an example. Potiphar's wife fell in love with the modest, religious, gentle Joseph, and though she was a voluptuously lovely woman, whose simple smile would have set one of our modern hearts on fire, the pious Joseph turned from her; scorned her proffered love, and so great was her revenge, that she endeavored to destroy his life.

But Mary Mandeville was one of those gentle creatures who never injured, and could not think of injuring any one. Her heart

had never known the passion of revenge, and even now, when persecution had almost driven her to madness, she breathed not a word of bitterness; not a single avenging word against those who had so cruelly blasted the bright prospect of life before her, and plunged her in the very gulf of despair. When Henry sat down beside her, and took her fair hand in his, she looked up mournfully into his face, and said—

“Dear Henry, you are very generous to give me your confidence and affection, when you do not know but that every word that has been said concerning me may be true.”

“Sweet Mary,” exclaimed Henry, as he folded her to his bosom, and pressed upon her lips a pure impassioned kiss, “there is a consciousness in my bosom that one like you cannot be otherwise, than pure as the angels are; for were it otherwise, it is in the nature of things that you could not put on the cloak of deceit so as to deceive me. Those who wear that cloak are old in wrong doing; the pure in heart, in the moment of their fall, cannot hide their guilt from the experienced eye; they have not learned the art to cover it.”

Poor Mary, at these words, so true to her own consciousness, endeavored to smile, for she was pleased to think that Henry had confidence in her virtue. If there is one species of pride that fills the heart of lovely woman to the exclusion of all others, it is that of virtue. And well may she take pride in that, for it is the jewel of her soul; it is the charm which in the eyes of man makes all the witcheries of woman. Without it, she is nothing. Take from the loveliest woman that ever trod the earth, the good name which belongs to woman in her high estate, and she at once falls like Lucifer, not as Milton presents him falling, “nine days,” but forever, forever. She can never rise again.

“It is sweet to me to think,” said the unhappy girl, still gazing in the face of Henry, “that when I am dead and shall be beyond the reach of persecution, that you will believe in the purity of this heart which is now beating and breaking with anguish. Ah! Henry, how sad, how melancholy I feel, when I think of the hour when with all a woman’s tenderness and all a woman’s love and hope, I pledged you this poor hand in marriage. It does not make me sad to think I pledged it to you, but oh! how happy I was then, Henry! Every thing in life was bright and beautiful. I looked forward and saw nothing but happiness—a long life of happiness with the man that my heart had chosen. But ah! how changed is the prospect! How miserable——”

“Dearest Mary,” exclaimed Henry, interrupting her, “we can still be happy. You are the same to me that you have ever been, and I care not for the slanderous——”

“Ah! but *I* do, dear Henry,” returned Mary, as she clasped her hands as if in devotion, and lifted her beautiful eyes to heaven, “Oh! yes, I *must* care, for the opinion of the world is the fiat of fate.”

“Well, dearest Mary, we are pledged in marriage; let us be united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and then let the world say what it will. With you I can be happy, and let the tongue of slander say what it may, I am satisfied with my own sweet Mary.”

“No, Henry, that never can be. Think you, that I would wed and hear the taunting tongue throw the base report that now troubles me into your teeth? No, Henry, no.—Oh! God, my heart will burst, my brain grows wild—save me, Henry, save me!”

The unhappy girl uttered the last words in a wild scream as she leaped from her seat beside Henry. She rushed across the floor with uplifted arms, and had not Henry followed her, she would have fallen to her injury; but perceiving the extreme paleness of her countenance, he stretched his arms just in time to receive the lovely burthen on his bosom. She swooned.

The fair form of the insensible Mary was borne to a bed, where she lay some hours with scarcely any signs of life. The sun was just sinking below the western horizon, and bathing the distant woodlands in his golden flood of light, when Mary once more opened in consciousness, those beautiful eyes, into which no man could look without feeling a thrill of pleasure, and at the same time feeling that she was not only a lovely creature, but that she was one who approached as near to what we conceive the angels to be, as any of womankind. The roses had perished on her cheeks, and yet she was lovely. There is a charm in the expression of the human countenance which far surpasses all the brilliance and bloom that ever gave eclat to beauty. Talk of female beauty! What is it? Those who judge only by the sight, imagine that it is an assemblage of regular features, conjoined with a brilliant eye and fair complexion. But beauty to the man of intellect, is a far different thing. We look upon a beautiful face without expression, as we would look upon a picture, that delights the eye for a moment, and then palls upon the sight. Not so with the face on which the soul of woman beams—on which we read all the enraptured feelings of the heart. Oh! no. I have gazed into the face, and into the eye of woman, until the very emotions

of her soul seemed to become tangible, while from her eye, the feelings of her heart appeared to speak with a more irresistible eloquence, than ever fell from the tongue of Tully. Such beauty hath no transient power. It is not gazed on and passed idly by, but its influence every moment gathers strength, till the soul of the gazer is led captive in the irrevocable chains of love.

Such beauty belonged to Mary Mandeville. Even now, when her face was as pale as that of beauty that has been decked and adorned for the tomb, she was still fascinating, still lovely; and few could have gazed upon her pale face as she turned her eye to the setting sun, the light of which was streaming in golden radiance through the window, without feeling a mingled sentiment of pity and love.

It has ever been strange to me that some women (I like the word *woman*; it is more poetical than that of *lady*)—I say, it has ever seemed strange to me, that some women have a fascinating power under all circumstances, although when compared, they may be inferior in form and features to many others at whose shrine the hearts of men scarcely deign to bow. It is evidently the soul that gives this proud and imperious charm; for I have seen such fascinating creatures even in sickness exert a sway that others could not acquire in the full bloom of beauty.

Mary turned her languid, but still lovely eye towards the setting sun, and calmly said, "See how that sun sets—so shall I go down to the grave, and like that sun, Henry, I hope I shall leave a light behind me that will dispel the dark shadows that rest upon my character. Oh! yes, Henry, I fear not death—but oh! could I have met death before my fair fame had been assailed, how happy I could have died in your arms as your affianced, or as your wedded wife! But alas! I am doomed to die of a broken heart, and doomed to die unwed, for Henry, I can never consent to give these poor fading charms to one who is worthy of one like Mary was, ere the blight of persecution and pollution fell upon her name. Oh! Henry, you know I love you with all my heart, and in the sight of heaven we are one; but on earth never, no never, can I consent to link my name with yours while on it rests the brand of infamy."

"But, Mary, you are innocent—why will you thus talk? The best of God's creation may be assailed by slander, but that is no proof of guilt. You are sinful in the sight of heaven by thus suffering your mind to dwell upon a phantom, and to make you wretched without any real cause."

“Say not so, Henry, dear Henry, for you know not the sensibility of a virtuous woman’s heart—you know not the delicacy of woman’s honor. Oh! a single breath may destroy it, and when once destroyed, not all the powers of earth can restore it. As I have said before, what matters it whether the charge be true or false?—the effect is the same—ruin, eternal ruin. Oh! Henry, say no more. I am as much undone as if I were the guiltiest wretch on earth.”

The nerves of the unhappy Mary had become so much unstrung, that she trembled like an aspen-leaf, and Henry saw that it would be unwise to say more on the subject. With the promise that he would come again, which she ardently solicited, he arose, took his hat, and departed.

Mary Mandeville had become altogether another being. Once gay and happy, she was now gloomy and abstracted. She shunned all society, in which she had once shone, and wandered alone, amid the sublime solitudes of nature. There, where contemplation loves to dwell, she communed with herself, and wept over the fate that she so little deserved. Almost at times, she was tempted to arraign that Almighty Power that guides and governs the universe, for the destiny that had come upon her; but in her sober reflection, she saw that all her griefs had sprung from the desperate wickedness of the human heart.

There was one favorite spot, where Mary in her loneliness, loved to stray. It was a skirt of woodland in the eastern suburbs of the borough, where she had first seen Henry during a walk. A party of ladies and gentlemen were strolling, and in the encounter Mary was made acquainted with the man to whom she was now betrothed, but to whom she refused to fulfil her vows on account of her unmerited obloquy. On this spot, now sacred to the heart, she loved to muse alone, and here she often came to weep, where no one would break in on the privacy of her grief. She now went forth from her once happy home, as Eve passed out of the Garden of Eden before the flaming sword of the angel, with this difference, that Eve had indeed transgressed, while she was as innocent as the angel that drove Eve forth. Yes, her heart knew guile only by name. Her foot had never even trod the threshold of the temple of shame.

Gentle reader, if you be a lady, on whose fair fame the envenomed breath of slander has never breathed, pause for a moment and reflect. Think how superlatively wretched that sweet girl must have been, thus stricken down by evil tongues, when at

the same moment she was as innocent as the sinless child! How apt are we to read or to hear of the sorrows of others, and to pass over the matter with a light remark, when if we could but realize the agony of the heart that has been rent without cause, we would sympathize in the deepest degree. Gentle lady reader, identify yourself with her forlorn and unfortunate situation—imagine yourself happy, as you no doubt are—fancy that you are wooed and won by a noble-hearted lover, who would spurn the idea of blighting the rose-bud of beauty's loveliness—then fancy that, at the moment, when the landscape of life is bursting in brilliance and beauty before you, and you are looking forward to a life of wedded bliss, the deadly blow comes; that the dagger of defamation is levelled at your heart, and that all the bright landscapes of love and happiness withers and fades before you. Fancy, in less figurative language, that in an unexpected moment the hopes and happiness of your heart, which never dreamed of wrong, are blasted by the unrelenting tongue of slander—fancy to yourself that those who once courted your society, now shun you as a thing of pollution, when at the same time, you know that your reputation in the sight of heaven is unspotted—fancy that your name, in every circle of society which you once adorned, has become a by-word and a reproach—Oh! fancy that you, as innocent as an angel, are looked upon as a fallen one driven from the blooming bowers of Paradise! Then, and then only, can you in any degree realize the unutterable woe that hung like a cloud over the grave of Mary's happiness. Language is too mean, too poor, to portray the anguish that preyed upon the soul of that virtuous and once happy girl. She was as sensitive as that plant which recoils from the slightest touch, and the words I write, you can imagine, for you could not express, any more than myself, the almost inconceivable misery that pure and gentle girl endured under the consciousness that she was charged with a dereliction from the path of virtue, when she was conscious in her own mind that she was innocent, even in thought.

My dear reader, pardon me, while I make another digression. The man who would deliberately slander so sweet a girl as Mary Mandeville, is a villain—a villain of the darkest dye. Is there, can there be a man so base, so dead to all the dictates of honor, as to breathe suspicion upon the character of lovely woman,—as to trail as did the serpent his venom over the the cradle of innocence in Eden, and, demon like, desecrate the holy temple of love in the heart? If there is such a man, who would knowingly

destroy the peace of mind and the reputation of a virtuous and happy lady, I know of no punishment severe enough for him. Pluto's dominions would not be too gloomy for such a wretch. And why? Because he had far better plunge a dagger to her heart, and consign her to the solemn silence of the tomb, than to steal from her the precious gem, her honor, robbed of which she sinks from the glory of an earthly angel to a degree of degradation far below the meanest of the human race. Oh! I can never forgive that man who, for the accomplishment of the ruin of a political rival, would destroy an unoffending woman. It is in the nature of woman, when her heart is swayed by the deep devotion of love, to sacrifice every thing to the happiness of him she loves. I know such to be the generous nature of woman. I never appealed to her in vain, whether it was for her love, her sympathy or assistance. How base then must he be who would betray the confiding heart of that gentle creature who, in the fullness of her regard, would sacrifice her very life to render him happy! I consider such slander the worst of crimes—and why? It is worse than murder, because both body and soul are slaughtered. To ruin the hopes and happiness of her who loves, is downright murder of the mind, and then the victim of perfidy pines and perishes soon or late, while a pang is left in the heart of her friends. Oh! it is crime as black as night—crime of the darkest, deepest dye, that nothing can palliate, nothing atone for!

But alas! poor Mary was suffering all the pangs and penalties of such an act of villainy, without any of the guilt. She was enduring the scoffs and the scorn of the world, without any consciousness of having merited it. She was rudely thrown from the circle of society which she had adorned, and was spurned by those who had eagerly sought her friendship, when, at the same time, she was as pure, as lovely and as confiding, as she had ever been. Is it any wonder, then, that she wandered into the wilds of solitude and shed the unavailing tears of regret? Is it any wonder that her heart, the home of the most exalted love and every tender emotion, should be breaking in despair? Oh! tell me, you who are young and lovely, whose hearts now throb with the voluptuous luxuries of love, is it any wonder that the beautiful Mary Mandeville should be pining away in hopeless agony, beneath unrelenting persecution?

And Mary was indeed pining away. Gradually the roses, one by one, faded on her cheek, until she seemed like some lost spirit, as she glided along the street. But in her tears, if possible, she was

more lovely than she had ever been. Beauty in tears has a charm which all the sunny smiles of joy can never give. The sight of the weeping Mary won the hearts of men, who never would have loved her under happier auspices. They pitied first, and pity always unlocks the heart to love. Were I a lady, and had I the desire to win the heart of the man on whom I had set my heart, I would wish to be in grief that he might witness my tears; for I have more than once witnessed the irresistible power of beauty in tears. Hard, indeed, must be the heart of that man, who can witness such a scene unmoved—who can coldly mark her grief and not love her.

Henry had loved Mary devotedly before this blight of scandal had fallen upon her fair fame; but now, when he marked her pale cheek and her eye suffused with tears, his pity blended with his love, and the flame on the altar of his heart was increased. He wooed her by every means in his power, from the subject of her grief, but he wooed in vain. So great was the sensibility of her soul, that she could not believe the world would look over, or pardon the stab which had been given to her fair fame.

Some time after Mary had left the store, Mr. Whitefield heard of the great distress under which she was laboring, and he called to see her in the vain hope that he could reason away the effects of slander. Vain hope indeed! He might as well have attempted to move the solid mountain from its base, as to have undertaken to have healed that wound which the dagger of slander had inflicted in her heart.

When Mr. Whitefield, her ever steadfast friend, entered, she was reclining on a couch; in one hand she held a book, from which she had averted her eyes, in the act of contemplation; her hair, though neglected, still hung in beautiful tresses around the other hand and arm, which supported a head as lovely as that of Hebe; yes, no less beautiful than that of Venus. She was dressed in a loose white robe, beneath the hem of which one of the most beautiful little feet in the world was protruded, which, of itself, was enough to captivate a less sensitive heart than my own.

Oh! if there is any thing in beauty that has a silent and irresistible power, it is the unintentional exhibition of a sweet little foot, encased in a slipper as delicate as itself. Then, in the language of Moore, the fabulist,

“The very shoe has power to wound.”

So deeply was the mind of Mary engaged in contemplation, that she did not notice her friend and benefactor when he entered, and it was not until he called her by name, in that brotherly tone to which she had been accustomed, that she awoke to a consciousness of his presence. Stretching forth her beautiful white hand, she said, "Ah! Mr. Whitefield you have come to look upon the wreck of human happiness—you have come to look upon one who might have been one of the happiest of our race, and whom God constituted to be happy, but who by the ungenerous tongue of slander, is made one of the most wretched."

"Say not so, Mary," replied Mr. Whitefield, assuming a levity he did not feel, "there are many happy days in store for you."

"No, never, never," exclaimed the unhappy girl, at the same time bursting into tears, "I can never be happy again."

"Mary, you do wrong to give way to a mere tale of defamation."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot help it. The fortune-teller told me true—my heart is breaking, Mr. Whitefield, but I shall ever remember your kindness with gratitude, though evil tongues have linked my destiny with yours."

"Yes, Mary, I regret it on your account, and could I find the villain whose mean tongue first uttered the base imputation, I would drag it from his mouth and nail it on the highest wall. I have sought him, diligently sought him, but I have not yet found the man who dared to avow it."

"I forgive him, oh! my best friend, I forgive him," said the poor girl, as the tears streamed afresh from her eyes. "Yes, I forgive him with all my heart, though I shall not long remain to be the scoff and scorn of that world that he has incensed against me. No, no; I feel it here," and the lovely, persecuted girl laid her hand upon her heart, that was indeed breaking in despair.

Mr. Whitefield gazed upon her for a moment, as she sat with her beautiful eyes upraised to heaven, from which the large round tears were rolling down her cheeks. So touching was her appearance, that he could bear it no longer; his fortitude gave way, and turning from her, he buried his face in his hands and wept. The thought that he had unintentionally been the cause of the ruin of so sweet, so lovely a girl, touched him to the soul, and without uttering another word, he arose and left the room. His anguish was little less than hers, for he saw that she was doomed, in the hey-day of her beauty, to be a bride—not the bride of him she loved—but the bride of death. Yes, he saw that the roses were perishing on her cheek, for the evidence was as plain to his

eyes as to those of Henry. He felt a deep interest in her fate. And where is the honorable man, whose heart is alive to the finer sensibilities of our nature, who would not? It was a source to him of the keenest pain, that the slanderer should have made him the immediate instrument of her ruin; and not less did it give him pain, that no persuasion, no entreaties could prevail upon her to look upon it as a mere idle tale of scandal, which would pass away with the political excitement. She still contended that the effect was the same, be it true or false; the world would believe it; her name would be the scoff and scorn of the thoughtless, and that even the grave, to which she was hastening, could not shield her from the hyena-like fangs of the slanderer. And poor, persecuted, though still pure and lovely Mary, was right. Without the shadow of a cause on her part, she was, in the first instance, slandered; and without any cause on her part, the slander pursued her, linking her name with infamy.

Oh! how cautious should we be in speaking of the reputation of another, for, to quote that passage of Shakspeare, of which I before quoted a part, and I quote from memory—

“Who steals my purse steals trash,
'Tis something, nothing—'twas mine, 'tis his,
And has been slave to thousands—
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which enriches not him,
But makes me poor indeed.”

Too often has the delicate fame of beautiful woman been blasted by a simple and innocent act which has been seen by a prying eye. A stolen kiss, or a glance of the eye, has been tortured into guilt by the evil mind, and a confidential meeting between two hearts, that were pledged in the sight of Heaven, has been noticed and retailed to the eternal ruin of her who dreamed not of wrong. The fame of lovely woman should not be assailed on trivial grounds, for if it once receive a stain, it can never be washed away.

It was thus with Mary Mandeville. A few circumstances, trifling in themselves, and which involved no guilt, were the sole ground on which the tale was founded, which was now sapping the very fountain of her life

Mary had long had a desire to go to the West, to see her relatives, but the pride of woman still clung to her heart when all else had flown; she resolved not to go until she had proven to the world, by the lapse of time, that the story of her disgrace was

false—ay, false as the tales which the serpent whispered into the ear of Eve. Months passed away, and instead of being soothed by the oblivion that time generally brings, she became more and more unhappy. Every day left its traces in the increased paleness of that beautiful cheek, where so recently had been seen the bloom of beauty. Every day when Henry came, and found that it was vain to attempt to woo her back to hope and happiness, he sat and silently gazed into her face, so pale, so interesting, and ever and anon a tear stole down his face.

Mary now spent most of her time in her room, bowing in devotion before her God. She knew that she was fading away, that her heart was breaking, that she would ere long be the bride of death, and she prayed to God to forgive her enemies; to pardon those who had planted daggers in her heart, and had doomed her to go down to the grave in the very morning of her bloom and beauty. The heart of that fond, affectionate girl, felt no animosity against a living creature; and oh! how cruel it was to blight so lovely, so gentle a being!

“Mary,” said Henry, one day when he found her alone, “the day appointed for our marriage is past, are you resolved still to deny me, and to make me as wretched as yourself?”

“Oh! Henry,” exclaimed the still beautiful girl, turning her exquisite eyes upwards, and clasping her dear little hands, “forgive me—forgive me. I know, Henry, that you believe me innocent, but the stain of imputed guilt is on me, and I cannot consent to go to your arms anything less than Cæsar wished his wife—not only virtuous, but above suspicion. I cannot consent to be the wife of a man whom the world would taunt with having lavished his affections on a fallen woman. It is some consolation to know, that my heart is innocent of even a thought of error, but that very consciousness renders the sting of reproach more severe! for were I guilty, that guilt would destroy sensibility—yes, I should not feel insult so keenly. Dear Henry, I speak to you thus plainly, because I feel that I am fast fading away. I shall not remain long with you—my heart is breaking—I cannot consent to give you the persecuted wreck of my beauty—Oh! no, no, no.—Forgive me, Henry, for I still love you as dearly as ever.”

“Mary, I do forgive you; but are you to perish beneath the infiction of an idle tale of slander?”

“Oh! Henry, for heaven’s sake, say no more!” exclaimed the now frantic girl. “It will drive me to madness, Henry—yes, yes, I shall go mad, mad, mad!”

As she spoke these words, she leaped from the side of Henry, who had been holding her hand in his—her unbound hair fell in masses over her symmetrical shoulders—her eye was burning with the wild intensity of grief, and as she stood in the middle of the room with her hands clasped and her eyes raised to heaven, she looked like some inspired being. Ophelia or Desdemona, in their woe-worn moments, were not more fascinating than was Mary, though she was totally unconscious that a single charm lingered around her. Though long continued agony had rendered her pale—though the joyous brightness that once laughed in her eye was gone—and though that mirthfulness, which belongs to a young girl, no longer broke from her luxurious lips in tones sweet as those that are breathed by the Æolian harp, yet there were charms around her even in her despair, which were irresistibly touching.

Poor Mary; she obstinately refused to fulfil her vow of marriage, though in her happy days, when she made it, she eagerly looked forward to her union with Henry as the height of her happiness. Alas! that her brilliant and beautiful dream should have been so soon destroyed! It was a bright and transient dream of happiness from which she awoke, and wept to find herself undone.

Time rolled on, and still Mary was fading away like a beautiful flower nipt by untimely frost. Time had proven one part, by doing the work of death. Her gentle heart, so full of tenderness, was silently and slowly breaking, and she felt that it could not continue to beat much longer. Often, when alone, did she place her pretty little hand on her heart, and while she felt its tumultuous throbbings, she would shake her beautiful head, and say in a low mellow tone, "Beat on little world of love and woe, the struggle will soon be over. You cannot ache with anguish much longer, and oh! that will be a happy day for me, when your pulsations will cease, and these eyes which were once admired, will be closed forever; I shall sleep quietly in the grave."

As Mary had long intended to go to the West to see her relations, her friends persuaded her to depart, under the belief and hope that a change of scene would relieve her mind and recall her back to life. But it was a vain hope. No power on earth could revivify that delicate spirit, which like a bird that has received a shot in the heart, falls, and can never take wing again.

Mary went to the West, and in travelling, passed through many sublime scenes, that under other circumstances, would have en-

raptured her mind; but now the poor, unhappy girl was like the captive Indian, who looked upon the stately tree, but could see no beauty in it because he was unhappy. Her friends in the West sought every means to soothe her mind, and to soften the circumstances which had been the cause of her woe, but they sought in vain. There is a bound to all human suffering—a barrier, which if not passed, the wounded heart may recover from its pangs; but when that barrier is passed, hopeless, irremediable woe is the consequence. The shadows of despair had long since gathered on Mary's pale brow, and when she sat at the window, gazing upon the morning sun, as he drove up his fiery steeds over the golden woodlands of the West, and turned her ear to listen to the hollow, mournful winds of November, she looked like some unearthly being—like some unhappy angel that had strayed from the bowers of Paradise.

“Oh! I am sick, sick to my very heart,” she said one day, as she laid down the book she had been reading. “I must go to my bed, and I feel that I shall never leave it until this heart shall know its griefs no more.”

Her cousin Julia wept, as she assisted the unhappy sufferer to her bed.

“Oh! Julia, my heart indeed is breaking,” said Mary, in a melancholy tone of voice. “I feel it is breaking as sensibly as I felt the joy of love when Henry wooed and won it. Weep not for me, dear cousin Julia, I fear not death, and I shall soon be where the cruel voice of traduction cannot molest me. The voice of slander cannot break in on the dull cold ear of death, and in the solitary grave I shall weep no more. Oh! Julia, how much I have suffered! If he, or they, who invented the slander, could know what I have endured, I know they would pity me. My heart aches—Oh! how it aches!” and the fair, dying girl threw her head back on the pillow, and breathed one of those deep heartfelt sighs which come from the very depths of the soul.

Mary had ceased to weep. The fountain of her tears was dried up. Ah! yes, she had passed that acme of suffering, beyond which tears are never known. As she lay in her loose white robe upon the bed, she looked like some beautiful being that was dressed in the habiliments of death, and just ready to be placed in that cradle of mortality, in which we convey our friends to the city of the dead. Her friends crowded around her, young and old; and with all the eloquence they could command, essayed to

win her back to hope, to happiness, and life; but their efforts as before, were all in vain.

"Dear friends, whom I love dearly," said the dying girl, as she clung round the neck of her aunt, who had stooped to kiss her, "I am the bride of death—I feel that I can never survive, and oh! I look forward to the grave as my only solace, for from the lenity of this world I can expect no sympathy."

Finding that their tears and persuasions were of no avail, her friends ceased to importune her, and turned all their kind attentions to smooth her pathway to the tomb, for so rapidly did she now decline, that they saw there was no hope. Her cousin Julia was a lovely girl, who possessed a warm heart, and she hung around her bed like a ministering angel.

Oh! how I love that devotion of angel woman at the bed-side of suffering humanity! If there is a scene on earth on which angels look with pleasure, it is to see woman at the bed-side, soothing and softening human woe.

The fame of Mary's beauty, amiability and suffering, together with the romance which a hundred stories had gathered around her, called many a curious eye to look upon the lovely victim of persecution, and to drop a tear over her misfortunes.

Mr. Whitefield felt so deep an interest in the fate of the poor, persecuted girl, that when he learned that she was so fast fading away, he resolved, if possible, to have her restored to her parental home. He had hitherto imagined that the stories respecting her dangerous situation were untrue or exaggerated; but no sooner did he learn that the unfortunate Mary was about to bid adieu to the world forever, than he resolved to have her brought back to the bosom of her family. And oh! how sweet is that word to those who know the joys of home—home, home, sweet home! None know the joys of that word but those who are dying in a far distant land.

Mr. Whitefield determined, if possible, in spite of slanderous imputations, to have the dying girl brought back to her once happy home. To accomplish this object, he appealed to the sympathy of Mr. Simpson, who possessed a heart that, in the language of Pope, could

"Feel for others' woes."

Mr. Simpson was a man whose soul, like that of Mr. Whitefield, did not quail beneath the bitter and uncalled for sarcasm of the world. He had just returned to town, and the moment that Mr.

Whitefield related to him what he already knew respecting the ill-fated victim of persecution, he, like a true knight in the days of chivalry, resolved to espouse the cause of injured woman—resolved to hazard his life in protecting and assisting a fair lady, the bloom of whose beauty had been blasted by perfidious tongues. And where is the man who would not thus boldly step forth in defence of trampled innocence and beauty? Does he breathe upon this land of intelligence and freedom? If there be such an one, let him fly to the wilds of Africa, and hug the hungry tiger to his heart, for such a man is unworthy of the affections of lovely woman.

As I said before, Mr. Simpson resolved instanter to espouse the cause of the fair and fading Mary. With Mr. Whitefield, he looked upon her as one who had been cruelly and causelessly abused, for well he knew that the sole cause of her despair was the persecution of that party spirit which had raged, and which to reach Mr. Whitefield, had unfeelingly stabbed her to the heart. It is singular how pertinacious human nature is in pursuing that for which the cause has died away. Even after the excitement of the election had passed, the envenomed tongue of slander could not be still. No, it was not suffered to rest. Why is it that human nature pursues with deadly animosity the object in whose breast it has once fixed its horrid pangs? Is it that man is like the ferocious beast—that when he once gets a taste of blood, he must have the victim?

It seemed so in this instance, for, though every proof had been given that the dying Mary was innocent, the detractors of her fame pursued her still. This Mr. Simpson knew, and one evening, in the presence of a lady, declared before heaven that he would risk his life in her defence, though he claimed no ties of kindred with her, any more than subsisted between her and the man (Mr. Whitefield) who had been the innocent cause of all her woes.

It happened, the evening before Mr. Simpson started for the West, that he called upon a lady who had often charmed him with her conversational powers.

“Well, Mr. Simpson,” said Elmira St. Clair, “I am told that you are going to the West as a cavalier. In other words,” she observed, laughing, “I heard that you were to become the knight of the fallen——”

“Fallen!” exclaimed Mr. Simpson, starting from his seat—“Oh! Miss Elmira, how can you be so cruel as to use such lan-

guage? How can you persecute one of your sex in so unkind a manner? Take back those words."

"Take them back," said she, with a supercilious look—"what do you mean?"

"I mean that you are cruel to one of the loveliest of her sex—you know her, poor, persecuted Mary."

This appeal to the feelings of Elmira, touched her heart, and she hesitated to reply.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Simpson, in continuation, "how is it that you will defend a man who does wrong, and yet you refuse all sympathy to a sister who is only charged with that which every one cries aloud is false? Why is it?"

Elmira covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Simpson saw evidence of considerable emotion.

"Well, well," said Mr. Simpson, "I see that you repent of the language you have used, and I hope you will never again trifle with feelings which are breaking another's heart."

Elmira burst into tears; and Mr. Simpson, a graceful and gentlemanly man, arose, took her hand, pressed it kindly, and left the room.

The next day he took his departure to the West, to bear back the fading flower, which so many wished to see restored to her native garden, to be revived again.

When Mr. Simpson left the lovely Elmira, she began to reflect on what he had said—she began to reflect on the language she had used toward one of her sex, in whom she had never seen any guile. She thought of the agonies that must rend the heart of Mary, because she placed herself in the situation of the forlorn persecuted girl, and fancied to herself how she would feel under similar circumstances. The heart of woman is easily touched, and the more she thought of it the more was her sympathy excited, until her heart began to flutter with that indescribable feeling which precedes a burst of sorrow. The tide of emotion came rolling over her bosom, and the beautiful Elmira, who was not wanting in generous feeling, burst into tears, and fell upon the sofa, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Thus it often is; we speak lightly of the woes of others, and even make a breaking heart the subject of our merriment, when, if we were to reflect one moment, and place ourselves in the situation of this afflicted one, our hearts would melt in sympathy and sorrow. Ah! yes, were we to identify ourselves with the griefs of those whom we make our sport, we should sigh instead of smile,

and drop a tear of regret instead of sporting in levity over the woes that are preying like a vampire on the bosom of another.

Elmira bent her beautiful head back over the sofa, while her clustering curls hung like grapes of gold around her swan-like neck, and she looked like the representation of queen Dido, at the moment when she, through unfortunate love, stabbed herself to the heart.

Oh! there is something irresistibly touching in beauty, when thus thrown into a paroxysm of grief. The words of Mr. Simpson were continually ringing in her ears, and the more she thought of them, the more she repented of having trifled with the sorrows of the poor, heart broken Mary.

But the repentance of the fair and exquisitely beautiful Elmira could be of no avail in relieving the heart of poor, dying Mary. She little knew that that sweet girl was so rapidly going down to the silent city of the dead, or her regret for her levity would have been much greater.

Mr. Simpson, as observed before, departed for the West, as the knights in the days of chivalry, went forth in defence of some *ladye fayre*. But though he had started on a generous, a noble expedition, his travel was not unmarked by adventure. He had scarcely proceeded a hundred miles, ere his elegant charger took fright, ran, and despite his being a good rider, threw him, and he fell head foremost against an oak. Covered with blood, he lay unnoticed for some time, until a shepherd happened to pass, and, seeing him, supposed him to be dead. While he was gazing upon him, fearful to approach, his two sisters came into the woodland, and drew near. Though naturally timid, as we always find women in those circumstances of life which do not call forth their bravery, when anything happens calculated to call forth her spirit—when humanity calls upon her, she drops that spirit of the lamb, and assumes that of the lion. Not as man does—not in the angry passions, but she rises in fortitude, and boldly dares everything for the relief of the suffering. Heavenly woman, what will she not dare when sorrow, sickness and misfortune call upon her?

The two rustic maids had the young Simpson conveyed, in an insensible condition, to their humble home in the woods. There, like ministering angels, they watched over him with assiduous care until he recovered; for whenever woman beholds man in misfortune, particularly where she sees in him the trace of elegance, refinement and mind, though he may have no claim to beauty, she will never desert him. She will watch by his bedside with an

unblinking eye, when all others sleep, and pay him that devotion which man, with all his boasted fortitude, can never pay even to woman. Hence comes the witchery of woman: When nothing calls for the exercise of her fortitude, she will start at the sighing of the blast, or the hum of an insect; but when she sees a fellow-being in distress, she becomes strong and fearless; or when she sees two men in strife, in whom her affections are wrapped up, she will fearlessly throw herself between them, even when the glittering dagger gleams in her gaze, and even though its point may drink the precious blood of her own heart.

Lelia and Lucy, the two country maidens, I have alluded to, watched over the suffering young man, until he was perfectly recovered, and never was there a more grateful man than Mr. Simpson. With many thanks he gathered the rustic family around him, and blessed them for the kindness that they had bestowed, and as they followed him, mounted his horse, and bade adieu to a humble place, but where humble hearts had cared for his distress. Oh! generous, generous woman!

As Mr. Simpson rode along the lonely way through the forest, he could not but think of the sweet sympathies of woman, even in the wilderness, in whose solitudes we little expect to find those exhibitions of tenderness, which are found in the polished circles of city life. Their kindness, however, was the more sweet to him, because it was unexpected, and his heart beat with the warmest gratitude, as he rode along the devious way. Indeed he could not forget the melting and melancholy eye of the little, light, and airy Lucy, who had flitted around him like some sylph of the woods. Though rustic and uneducated, he beheld in her charms, which surpassed those of the city belle. And what most touched the soul of Mr. Simpson was, that just ere he departed, while standing alone in the passage of the humble dwelling, the sweet little unsophistical Lucy, after gazing at him with indescribable tenderness, came forward, fondly placing her arms around his neck, and with that voluptuous impulse of soul which none but woman knows, pressed her blooming lips to his, in one fond, long and last embrace. She had watched over him in his suffering moments, and during the weary watchings of the night, had learned to love him. Poor girl, she had only learned to love at the moment of parting. She loved him with all her soul, and thoughtless of all propriety, she clung to him as the first object on which her heart's riches had been bestowed. Ah! how severe must it have been to that young girl's heart, to see the only object

she had loved, bidding her farewell forever! No doubt she is at this moment mourning over the recollection of his departure, for the whole story I am relating, but recently transpired.

Mr. Simpson met with but few incidents worthy of notice, ere he arrived at the beautiful mansion which held the fair and fading Mary. Oh! who can imagine the feelings, the mutual feelings, with which Mary and Mr. Simpson again gazed upon each other. When Mr. Simpson entered the room, and he entered alone, the fair, though fading Mary, was lying on a couch. The book which she had been reading, had fallen from her hand; her unbound hair was scattered over her beautiful bosom, that was white as snow, and equally as pure; she was gazing, as she often did, upon the sun, as he veiled his glories behind the distant woodlands, and gently sunk into the bosom of the sea. "Ah!" she would say, when thus gazing upon the setting sun, "I too, will soon go down in peace to the grave, and like thee, bright sun, I shall rise again—I shall rise, never to set again."

So seraphic did she appear in the sight of Mr. Simpson, that, for a moment he stood transfixed. He gazed upon her as some superior being, that had strayed away from the bowers of Paradise. Though she was no longer the blooming and beautiful Mary that he had known in the days of her hopes and happiness, he thought her still more lovely, if possible, thus clad in the weeds of woe. There was an expression on her countenance which he could not describe, yet that expression to him had a charm, which all the roses of beauty could not have lent to her lovely cheek. So absorbed in thought was she, that she saw him not, and he stood gazing upon her fixed eye, so beautiful in its gaze, and upon her pale cheek, from which all the flowers had faded but the lily.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, mentally, "what a pity that so sweet, so lovely a girl, should be sacrificed without the shadow of a cause—that one so gentle, so faultless, should be thus made the victim of unwonted persecution." While he was thus reflecting, Mary recovered from her reverie; her melting and melancholy eye met that of her old acquaintance.

Mr. Simpson at any time would have rushed to her assistance, but now, when he knew she was afflicted, who can describe the feelings with which he flew to grasp her sweet little hand? As soon as Mary turned her melancholy gaze towards him, he advanced and took her hand.

"Oh! Mary," said he, "I am sorry to see you look so sad," and, as he spoke, he could not refrain from turning away and shedding

a tear over the sorrowful countenance of one whom he had known in the hey-day of her bloom and beauty.

“Do not weep for me, my friend,” she cried, “I fear not death, and indeed, I long for the quietude of the grave, where no evil report can harm me more.”

She spoke these words with such a touching tone, with such a pathos, that her cousin Julia fell upon her bosom, and burst into tears. Every one in the room caught the infection, and, by sympathy, in a little while all were weeping. During this touching scene, little Kate, a girl about six years old, clambered up on the bed, and throwing her dear little arms round Mary’s neck, said—

“Don’t cry, dear cousin Mary, little Kate will love you, if nobody else will; don’t cry, cousin Mary, little Kate will love you.”

This act of the sweet little creature only added fuel to the flame, and a burst of sorrow was heard all over the room. The dying Mary clasped the affectionate little creature to her bosom, and kissed her again and again, and little did Kate think that her cousin Mary would never kiss her again. She never did; though circumstances alone prevented it, for Mary lived some days afterwards.

When Mr. Simpson came to her bedside, the only regret she expressed was, that she was to die away from her parents, and away from Henry, whom she loved dearly, and that he would think she had proved recreant to her vow, or had treated him with that coldness which is foreign to the nature of woman.

“Oh! my friend,” she exclaimed, “when I am dead and laid in my silent grave, and you return to that once happy home, where I was so happy, tell poor Henry, who has loved me so much, that I did not forget him in the hour of death. Tell him that I loved him to the last—that the last prayer that lingered on my lips was breathed for him; and oh! tell him that the poor heart-broken Mary, if possible, will love him when this heart,” and she laid her hand upon her heart, “shall have ceased to beat forever.”

That night the unhappy Mary complained of pain in the left breast, in the region of the heart, and the next day her cheek, which had hitherto been pale as death, now bloomed with the hectic of consumption. Yes, the consuming fire had lit up the cheek which, in happier days, was adorned with roses of beauty. Oh! who could look upon the dear girl, thus dying with a broken heart, and not weep her early—her untimely fall?

“Dear cousin Julia,” she would say, as she fixed her fading eye upon her, “I can never weep any more. Oh! be careful that your good name is never assailed as mine has wantonly been, for

you see before you the ruin that slander has made. I was innocent, I was happy, and should now have been the wife of my dear Henry, had not some ungenerous tongue breathed pollution on my good name. Oh! Julia, dear cousin Julia, it is hard to die so young, and to die under a charge of which I am totally innocent! But, perhaps, when I am dead, and laid in my grave, the heart that has wronged me may relent, and shed as bitter tears of sorrow as those which have so often poured down my poor, pale, fading cheek. But, dear Julia, I can never, never weep any more! The tide of life is ebbing fast, and this heart, which has at last broken, will soon cease to beat. Oh! Julia, kiss me once more, ere the shadows of death have hidden you from my eyes forever! I feel that I am dying, and I am happy thus to die in the conscious triumph of virtue.

“Would to God that he who inflicted all my misery could now behold all the ruin he has made, and see how fearlessly a virtuous heart can die. Oh! Henry, my beloved, my betrothed, my heart bleeds for you—yes, the bleeding heart is verified—she was right, the funeral procession will soon follow.” The unhappy Mary, overcome by the intensity of her feelings, stretched her fair form upon the bed, covered her face with her hands, and while all in the room were drowned in tears of heart-felt sorrow, remained for some time in perfect silence.

For some time Mary went to her couch and reclined for a while, occasionally through the day, but the hour soon came when she was to lie down and rise no more; so rapidly was the anguish at her heart sapping the very fountain of life. Mr. Simpson found that it would be vain for him to attempt to convey the lovely fading flower to her native garden, though anxious hearts were beating to see her restored to their sight.

Poor unhappy Mary, the gloomy cloud of sorrow had so long hung over her that she had ceased to smile. Yet even now, in her dying moments, there was a power in her charms which was scarcely surpassed when she was in the brilliant bloom of her beauty. Hectic fever gave a flush to her cheek, which increased in intensity every day, and there was an unearthly light in her charming eye that seemed to pierce the beholder's soul. Mr. Simpson gazed upon her with feelings which not even a Tully's tongue could describe. It was a beautiful morning when he entered the drawing-room, and beheld Mary sitting, as usual, at the window, gazing upon the rising sun and the autumnal woods.

“Ah!” said he, as he took her sweet little hand, “how happy I would be could I only convey you to those friends who this very hour, no doubt, are thinking of you, and longing for your return.”

“My dear, dear friend,” returned the dying Mary, “I feel the evidence here,” and she laid her hand upon her heart which was beating with tumultuous emotion, “that I shall never see another sun set.”

Mr. Simpson started from his chair, on which he had sunk by the side of Mary, and walked the floor rapidly. The thought startled him that death should be so loudly knocking at a heart, in which so many of the glorious virtues of woman were enshrined.

“Oh!” thought he, “how can I behold so lovely a creature in the grasp of death? I could stand before my fellow-man with an instrument of death in his hand, in defence of the unhappy girl, but I have not the fortitude to see her die.”

Thus did he muse to himself, and at one moment was just ready to order his horse and depart. But he did not, for he was destined to behold the beautiful Mary in the last expiring pangs of dissolving nature.

During the day, Mary grew much worse—her hand was ever pressed upon her heart, and she declared with a calm countenance, that what had been said of broken hearts was true; for that she was as conscious of the pangs she felt when her own broke, as she had ever been of a pain in the head or breast. Many persons suppose that a broken heart is a mere poetical fiction, but I have been assured by more than one, that it is a reality, literally speaking.

About ten of the clock, poor Mary went with a steady step to her couch, and calmly lying down, said to all who were gazing on her with piteous eyes, “Farewell, dear friends, the sufferings of poor persecuted Mary are almost over. I shall never rise from this couch again, and the next sun, when he sets, will gild the grave of poor heart-broken, persecuted Mary.”

At these words, uttered in such a touching tone, every one in the room shed tears. Julia sobbed aloud, and the dear little Kate, whose heart was not deficient in feeling, ran weeping to the arms of the dying Mary. They clung in one long, fond embrace. The physicians perceived, when they entered, that there was no hope. When the gentle Julia pressed them to tell her there was longer life for Mary, they shook their heads with that ominous meaning which at once puts an end to all fond anticipations.

From hour to hour Mary declined, till the energies of life's last lingering hold were nearly dissolved. She stretched herself in

her loose white robe upon the couch, and told them that she would never rise again. Mr. Simpson was so affected that he could not speak a word, and he sat and gazed upon her with inexpressible sorrow.

“Mr. Simpson,” said Mary, “death has put his cold hand upon me, and as I feel that ere many hours I shall sleep in his embrace, I will tell you all that I wish you to convey to my dear parents and friends. Tell them, Mr. Simpson, that I am innocent—Oh! yes, assure them that, with my dying breath, I declared my innocence. You know not my feelings, Mr. Simpson, and no doubt you think I will recover—but no, the shaft is in my heart, that has made a wound never to be healed. Oh! tell Henry, poor Henry, that I loved him in death, and would have fulfilled my vow of marriage, had not the breath of defamation fallen on my fair fame. I could not, no, I could not give my fading form to his arms, after the imputation of shame had fallen upon it. But tell him that Mary is gone to the grave with an unstained heart, and that her heart beat for him to the last moment of her existence. Bear to my parents and friends the assurance that the heart-broken Mary feared not death, but died as all innocent hearts should die, with perfect calmness.”

“Tell those who have struck the cruel blow, that they have murdered poor Mary—but tell them, again and again, that with her dying breath she forgave them—and oh! tell them that she died triumphant in virtue.”

As she uttered these words, she took the hand of Julia, and by her assistance, attempted to embrace her, but the effort was in vain. Putting her hand upon her heart, as she had so often done, she said in a mournful tone—“It is almost over, dear Julia. When yon sun shall have set, poor heart-broken Mary will be pale and lifeless before you. And Mr. Simpson, when you thus look upon me, wrapped in the white shroud, remember what the heart-broken Mary has told you, that she never erred; that her virtue was truly triumphant in death. Yes, Mr. Simpson, give a dying girl your hand, for I know you are a man of honor, and you will feel for one whose bosom has ever been unstained.”

Mr. Simpson was so overcome by his feelings that he knew not what to say. Mary kept her dying eyes steadfastly fixed upon him, and said—

“I cannot, no, I cannot say all that I wish to say to you.”

Her friends hastily gathered around her, and the dying girl, now gasping for breath, pressed every hand as it was presented to her,

and said in an almost inaudible voice, "Farewell forever. I am not afraid of death, for I die with a pure and virtuous heart. Farewell, dear, absent Henry, forev—"

Death stopped the last syllable upon her tongue. She gently fell back into the arms of Julia, and on her bosom died. Thus perished the beautiful, the lovely Mary Mandeville—perished in the early bloom of womanhood, a victim to the slander of some merciless tongue, the victim of a broken heart. Alas! the fortune-teller's story had proven true, and the funeral procession was soon to close the sad prophecy. Never, perhaps, did human tears flow so freely as when the sweet girl, the broken hearted Mary, was encased in her coffin, and was conveyed to the silent city of the dead. Many a heart melted in sympathy, that had stood by the graves of others unmoved; for when they heard the melancholy sound of the clods falling upon her coffin, the most desolate and mournful sound that ever falls upon the human ear, they thought of the beautiful being there deposited forever. They thought of her former gaiety and happiness—of her sweet smile—her heaven-lighted eye—of her blighted peace—of her blasted hopes—of her broken heart—and how she perished in the bright morning of her existence, when her young soul was full of love and hope, and they wept over the grave of the poor unhappy Mary. But, sweet girl, she sleeps in peace. That dazzling eye, which could once awaken feeling by a single glance, is closed—those lips, which had often lighted up with a smile, and on which bloomed the sweet roses of youth, and from which fell the bewitching accents of love, were sealed by the icy finger of death—that heart, that gentle little innocent heart that so often throbbed with the tenderest emotions of our nature, had ceased to pulsate forever.

Oh! gentle reader, if you have ever stood by the grave of departed beauty, you can realize the feelings of Mr. Simpson, when he heard the clods falling upon the coffin of poor, dear, sweet, innocent Mary. But the grave—the grave covers all human woes, and all ambition. The sun was just setting when the grave of the unhappy Mary was filled up, and the mourning concourse turned to leave the hallowed spot. Ah! how sad it is to think that she, so lovely, and so well calculated to adorn society, was but a short time ago one of the most charming of her sex! Now, where is Mary. Pale in death, she lies in the grave, and the setting sun casts his last rays upon the lovely spot where she rests.

Oh! you who have sighed, or shed a tear over the sad story of Mary's wrongs and ruin, remember that a single word of defa-

mation may make a wound that can never be healed. Remember that words lightly spoken may blast reputation and cause a heart to break that never conceived a wrong. May my readers remember the poor heart-broken Mary, who died triumphant in virtue, and hug to their hearts that jewel without which woman is nothing.

NOTE.—The author of the foul slander that cost a young and lovely woman her life, and her friends the happiness of her society, made the confession upon his death-bed, and died in all the horrors of remorse.

Slander.

WHAT' is Slander?

'Tis an assassin at the midnight hour
 Urged on by Envy, that with footstep soft,
 Steals on the slumber of sweet innocence,
 And with the dark drawn dagger of the mind,
 Drinks deep the crimson current of the heart.
 It is a worm that crawls on beauty's cheek,
 Like the vile viper in a vale of flowers,
 And riots in ambrosial blossoms there.
 It is a coward in a coat of mail,
 That wages war against the brave and wise,
 And like the long lean lizard that will mar
 The lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest breast.
 Oft have I seen this demon of the soul,
 This murderer of sleep, with visage smooth,
 And countenance serene as heaven's own sky;
 But storms were raving in the world of thought:
 Oft have I seen a smile upon its brow;
 But like the lightning from a stormy cloud,
 It shocked the soul and disappeared in darkness.
 Oft have I seen it weep at tales of woe,
 And sigh as 'twere the heart would break with anguish;
 But like the drop that drips from Java's tree,
 And the fell blast that sweeps Arabian sands,
 It withered every floweret of the vale.
 I saw it tread upon a lily fair,
 A maid of whom the world could say no harm;
 And when she sunk beneath the mortal wound,
 It broke into the sacred sepulchre,
 And dragged its victim from the hallowed grave

For public eyes to gaze on. It hath wept,
 That from the earth its victim passed away
 Ere it had taken vengeance on his virtues.
 Yea, I have seen this cursed child of Envy
 Breathe mildew on the sacred fame of him
 Who once had been his country's benefactor;
 And on the sepulchre of his repose,
 Bedewed with many a tributary tear,
 Dance in the moonlight of a summer's sky,
 With savage satisfaction.

The Neglected Wife.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A VERY INTELLIGENT LADY OF BALTIMORE.

I SAW the gay and graceful youth,
 At beauty's feet in homage bow;
 And lingering on his lip, in truth,
 I heard him breathe affection's vow.
 He wooed and won her heart and hand,
 For him she left her happy home;
 Forsaking friends and native land,
 With him she loved afar to roam.

Oh! if there is one pang, one dart,
 That hath in it all woes combined;
 One dagger thro' the human heart,
 That murders the exalted mind,
 'Tis felt by woman in those hours,
 When she beholds her hopes decay;
 When sweet affection's cherished flowers,
 Are thrown, like worthless weeds, away.

The fair Ophelia loved, and fain
 Would trust his violated vow;
 Still to her heart would hug the chain,
 Ungrateful man hath broken now;
 She little thought the hand she pressed
 In wedlock, would her sorrow prove;
 Would aim an arrow at her breast,
 And blast her brilliant dream of love.

The man who bids the bosom bleed,
 Which he had vowed his bliss should share;
 Who triumphs in the dreadful deed,
 And dooms a fond heart to despair;

Is a vile coward who, on earth,
Should hug the hungry tiger's form;
He knows not aught of woman's worth,
His breast no blissful feelings warm.

He should be doomed to wander where
Earth's angel, woman, never trod;
And be in caves or caverns there,
The scoff of man and scorn of God;
He ne'er should gaze on eyes of bliss,
As beautiful as those above;
Should taste not witching woman's kiss,
Nor hear the language of her love.

Far in a foreign land she sleeps,
Far, far from friends, across the wave;
No kindred eye now o'er her weeps,
'Mid strangers she hath found a grave.
Like flowers that now are fading there,
And fragrance to the air impart;
She pined and perished in despair,
By him who wooed and won her heart.

Memory.

Written for the Album of Miss E. M. of East Marlborough, Chester County, Pa.

WHEN Memory, with a magic spell,
Her mirror bright displays;
How oft we seem, again, to dwell,
In scenes of other days!
The spectres of the past arise,
With long forgotten hours;
And fancy feeds her eager eyes,
On fair, unfading flowers.

Again in childhood's home appears,
Call'd up by Memory,
Companions of our earlier years,
And joys of infancy;
Ev'n at our side, our parents, there,
Once more we gaze upon;
And bow the knee, to hear the pray'r
Of those, long dead and gone.

Beneath the shade of childhood's tree,
 We mingle in the plays,
 And feel the joys, of childish glee,
 We felt in other days;
 We ramble thro' the wild-wood shade,
 Or butterflies pursue;
 As oft we roved, rejoiced, and played,
 When life and hope were new.

And oh! when Memory works her spell,
 We shed the tender tear;
 When bidding to some friend farewell,
 Or bending o'er the bier
 Of some dear one, as once we did,
 In years long passed away;
 O'er one, the grave has long since hid
 In coldness and in clay.

Oh! Memory! what charms are thine,
 Clairvoyant, to disclose
 The happy scenes of love divine,
 And courtship's joys and woes!
 Within thy magic mirror, we
 Survey the dark-eyed fair,
 Who, in our youthful years of glee,
 Our hearts and hopes did share.

But, lady, it is sad to break
 Fond Memory's magic glass,
 And, from the dream of youth, to wake
 To age and woe, alas!
 But time will pass, and when thine eye
 These friendly lines shall see;
 Let Memory dwell on days gone by,
 And sometimes think of me.

The Battle of Brandywine.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1777.

To sing the beauteous morn that broke,
 When valor and when vengeance woke,
 When England's Lion rent his chains,
 And thunder shook the sanguine plains;
 When Freedom's Eagle, thro' the sky,
 Dashed lightnings from her lurid eye;
 When WASHINGTON, the son of war,
 Drove, thro' a sea of blood, his car,
 The glorious task be mine.

The sun arose, in lucid light,
 High o'er the boding brow of night,
 The light blue clouds like ringlets rolled,
 The sky seemed but a sea of gold,
 The sunbeams danced upon the deep,
 Like smiles upon an infant's sleep,
 And orange rays, upon the peak,
 Like blushes o'er a maiden's cheek;
 And where the glittering dew appears,
 Like beauty smiling thro' her tears,
 And softened sounds, o'er rocks expire,
 Like sighs that sweep the Æolian lyre;
 But ah! that sun his light did throw,
 O'er many a weeping widow's woe,
 And those soft sounds were but the tale,
 Of many a weltering warrior's wail,

At bloody Brandywine.

Hark! hark! the trump of war awakes,
 And vengeance from her vigil breaks;
 The dreadful cry of carnage sounds;
 It seems that hell lets loose her hounds,

To crush Columbia's band.

Pulaski saw the signal rise,
 He heard the thunder pierce the skies,
 And snatched his sword and flashed his eyes,

And waved his daring hand;

His war-horse, headlong down the hill,
 Like lightning, sought the sound so shrill;
 He saw the dreadful foe advance,
 Two streaming standards met his glance,—
 Two columns moved with awful tread,
 That seemed the armies of the dead,
 Kynphausen and Cornwallis led,

Tow'rd mighty Maxwell's line.

Pulaski tilted round and round,
 And held the leaping charger's bound,
 To view once more that groaning ground,
 Of beauteous Brandywine.
 Loud thunders thro' the concave rise,
 A volley rattles round the skies,
 Louder, still louder, round and round,
 And peal on peal the rocks resound;
 From rank to rank, resounds the clash,
 And brilliant blades in vengeance flash;
 Brave Maxwell stands the stormy strife,
 Nor dreads he now his dauntless life;
 Full on Knyphausen's hostile band,
 He fell, with bayonet, blade and brand,
 Again, again, the foemen fled—
 Again they sought the bloody bed,
 The banners blazed, the battle burned,
 To right, to left, the victory turned;
 'Till breathing flames of bursting fire,
 Brave Maxwell bade his men retire,
 And straightway cross the stream.
 A horseman dashing down the hill,
 Came, like the wind with trumpet shrill,
 And bade Pulaski's legion wheel—
 'Twas like a fitful dream.
 Fly to the ford—O fly—O fly!
 Each moment did the horseman cry;
 Great Washington there waits your hand,
 To try Knyphausen's hostile band;
 Fly! fly, and wield the conquering blade,
 Nor let Cornwallis lend him aid;
 One moment lost, a hundred years
 Can ne'er repay or bring arrears.
 Pulaski heard the dreadful shock,
 His war-horse thundered down the rock,
 And at his side, one moment seen,
 Were all the ranks of gallant Greene,
 And o'er the distant hill afar,
 Brave Sullivan came to join the war,
 But lo! Cornwallis had retired,
 And hope in every heart expired;
 Greene was recalled to feel his fate,
 And Sullivan doomed in doubt to wait,
 The clarion of command.
 Pulaski held his horse that strained,
 Like tiger tied, or lion chained,
 But quick he saw and soon explained,
 The fiery blazing brand.
 The foe had passed, prepared for fight,
 And fallen with fury on the right;
 Greene saw that Sullivan's fate was sealed,

His cheek was pale—he paused—he wheeled
 And bounding down the bank like light,
 He dashed thro' dust to join the fight;
 But Sullivan's soldiers fled the plain,
 Nor dared to face that foe again:
 Stained with his blood he waved his hand,
 And, shouting, begged them but to stand.
 Pulaski reined his charger round,
 Wheeled to the right, and gained his ground;
 One moment stood on stirrups high,
 To view the van and hear the cry;
 The wind swept round—the clouds of smoke,
 Revealed them, and in distance broke—
 Charge, wheel and charge, he said and flew—
 A field of bayonets faced his view;
 He led the way, his dauntless ranks,
 With fire and steel, cut down the flanks,
 And to the column's centre dashed,
 Where bayonets blazed and lances flashed;
 And on he rode, thro' walls of fire,
 That closed around with roaring ire;
 Reeking with blood, he gasped for breath,
 And wheeled in one wide blaze of death,
 And dealt his blade, amid the yell,
 Till horseman down on horseman fell,
 The foe gave way—they fled amain,
 But concentrated soon again.
 Once more! Pulaski cried, once more,
 And dashed headlong amid the gore;
 Like whirlwinds quick his chargers wheeled,
 And many a hostile horseman reeled;
 High o'er their heads the hero rode,
 Till his bright blade was drunk with blood,
 And slaughter sick with gore;
 The sun went down, veiled in 'a cloud,
 Like many a hero in his shroud,
 That slept along the shore.
 Meanwhile brave Greene approaching near,
 Brought up with wrath the raging rear;
 One rush of fire the hero stood,
 'Twas followed by one gush of blood,
 With planted blades the British kneeled,
 No more they rose—in death they reeled;
 Pulaski's war-horse, warrior proof,
 Nailed many a heart with his high hoof;
 Pulaski plunged—a warrior wheeled,
 His blade struck full—Pulaski reeled:
 His bearskin flew, and quick displayed,
 The wound the warrior's weapon made.
 He tilted round—a bolder blow,
 In slaughter stretched the savage foe;

It cleft his skull, and blood and brain
 Came spouting forth upon the plain:
 Off to the right again he wheeled,
 And saw brave Weedon take the field;
 Virginia's vengeance was displayed,
 With many a flashing flame and blade;
 Rank sunk on rank, in death to writhe,
 Like wheat before the cradler's scythe;
 And Pennsylvania's patriot band,
 That never knew a coward's hand,
 Supported Weedon's daring ire,
 That seemed but one exhaustless fire;
 By La Fayette the band was led,
 In freedom's cause the hero bled,
 His arm was wounded, and behind,
 His scarf was streaming in the wind:
 But still he waved his bleeding hand,
 And urged to death the dauntless band,
 And on they rushed, with raving ire,
 Through the red sea of flaming fire;
 It seemed to him that saw the sight,
 As heaven and earth had met in fight,
 Hot lava streamed across the vale,
 Like shooting star or comet's tail,
 On every wind was heard the wail,
 Of pain and agony;
 Ascending ghosts arose on high,
 Like snow-white birds that seek the sky,
 And hovered o'er to hear the cry,
 And shout of victory.
 Retreat! retreat! the clarion cried,
 Retreat, great Washington replied;
 One fault has turned the fate of war,
 But valor has not left her car;
 The knell of vengeance yet shall toll,
 Along these hills the sound shall roll,
 And golden harps, with heavenly lay,
 Shall sing the valor of this day,
 While Freedom's flag shall wave.
 With Vandyke, Clayton and M'Lane,
 And Bayard, statesmen of acclaim,
 Shall live, O Delaware, the fame
 Of all thy warriors brave.

The Triumphs of Learning.



It is with peculiar pleasure that I take up the pen, just relinquished, to add another trophy to the modern march of mind—to add another tribute to the triumphs of learning and liberty. The heart of the philanthropist leaps with pleasure at the prospect, that religion, hand in hand with learning, is about to illuminate the minds of more than three hundred thousand children, scattered in the vales and villages of the great valley of the Mississippi. Most glorious undertaking! The cynic may smile at the idea, and the infidel laugh to scorn the noble intention; but there is, perhaps, many a germ of genius in that valley, destined, by the aid of a Sunday school, to rise to the pinnacle of human glory. Go search the records of renown. It is not to colleges we are to look alone for great and good men. The Saviour of mankind chose his disciples from the fishing boat; and many of the most illustrious characters that ever illuminated the world, rose by the aid of the bright and brilliant agency we are contemplating. Dr. Herschel, who, with the eye of a philosopher, searched out and added another world to the solar system, was a fiber boy in the army; Ferguson, the very son of science, was a poor weaver, and learned to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother. Search the record of our revolution, and the names of Sherman, of Franklin, and many others, may be adduced as evidences of the truth of the position.

Upon the culture of the intellect depends the glory of nations and the stability of empires. When Homer sung and Hesiod wrote, Greece was ascending that pinnacle from whence the flood of her glory gushed and still gleams upon the minds of men. When Seneca laid down the grand principle of morality, and

Cicero shook the forum with the thunders of his eloquence, then Rome, the city of the Cæsars, flourished, and Virgil sung her the glory of the globe. But when the red sons of rapine rushed from the hills, when the Goths and vile Vandals beat like a cataract at the gates of Italy, she fell like the Colossus at Rhodes, and became the "Niobe of nations," recognized alone in the renown of her relics, and the grandeur of her ruins. The destiny, as well as durability, of a nation depends upon the culture of the mind. Rome held, even in the dark ages, and still holds, a respectable standing among the nations for her science; but Greece, unhappy Greece, the very last gleam of her glory was extinguished in the blaze of Byzantium. The last star of her learning that had enlightened the world, went down in the long night of barbarism, and the last remnant of her renown was annihilated in the ravages of the unrelenting and merciless Moslem. The tyrant Turk left her nothing by which she might recognize her former greatness and triumphs, but the tombs of her saints and sages, and the page of her imperishable fame. But the luminary of liberty hath again risen on her shores, and the light of learning and religion again gladdens her bosom—she may shine again among the noblest of nations.

That knowledge is power, may be read in every page of history, and every achievement of man. The rise and ruin of empires, the flourishing and fall of rulers, are pregnant with the truth of this aphorism. We are informed that the single arm of Archimedes was enabled by his knowledge to defend Syracuse against the legions of Rome, and to defy the wrath of the world. To him alone the launch of a ship was but pastime, and for his amusement he set fire to whole navies. The press, that mighty engine of intelligence, and the compass, the polar star of commerce and curiosity, are the offsprings of human knowledge and invention. By the aid of steam we are enabled to resist the elements, and matter, even on the land, is transported over space with the velocity of mind. Printing, the great pioneer of knowledge, has disseminated intelligence in a tenfold ratio. All the glory of ancient times, all the oracles of Athens, of Ephesus, and the world, may not be compared to this in the greatness of its design and the brilliance of its benefits.

Not less is the power of knowledge in other respects. Why does gigantic Russia, the terror of the Turks, tremble at the armies of England? Why, when the cloud of battle shrouds the heavens and darkens the orb of day, does the savage fly from the sons of

civilization? Ay, why did the Tartar hordes and Arab armies of Africa sink beneath the valor of the fair-cheeked children of France? And why did the sun-burnt Gothics of the Ganges yield when the British battle-cry was heard on the banks of the golden river? On the contrary, why was the Russian successful in triumphing over the Turk, and planting his standard on the walls of Adrianople, when a thousand sabres started and streamed with the blood of the bravest heroes? It was the result of the superiority of mind over matter; of intelligence over ignorance and barbarity. This same superiority of mind enabled one man to rule Sparta, and lay down a code of laws for her future government. That illustrious man was Lycurgus, the best benefactor of his country.

In the middle ages, when printing was undiscovered, and books scarce, and of inappreciable value; when learning was preserved in the convent, the closet, and the castle; when man was the absolute master of his fellow-man, and the chains of tyranny rattled on the arms of the slave, the light and power of knowledge were made more evident by the great circle of darkness which surrounded them. In those days of romance, the infant was cradled amid the clash of arms and the tumult of battle: to him valor was virtue, and a knowledge of war was wisdom. Then came the Crusades, and glory consisted in grappling with the Mahomedan for the sepulchre of the Saviour. Then the aspiring youth knew no piety but patriotism, no science but arms, and his education taught him that to conquer on the field of fight was the very essence of philosophy. About this era arose the orders of knighthood, among which the Knights Templar were distinguished. Learning became hereditary among them, and never was the might of mind more terribly triumphant. The great Charles of Germany was their patron, and, headed by the venerable Valette, they shook the throne of the incensed Solyman, and bade defiance to the tyrants of Turkey. For six or seven hundred years they struck terror to the infidels, and hung out their banner in the cause of Christianity. During that long period of despotism and decay, they were the ægis of Europe, and a shield to the Christian world, against which the spear of oppression rattled in vain. In the eleventh century, when the cloud of war darkened the East, and a volcano broke from the mountains of Imaus; when the Saracen crescent was waved by Saladin on the walls of the holy city; then was seen a tempest even more terrible rolling up from the West. Then the dark Iberian, the gay Gaul, and the gentle German, were seen bat-

ting amid the burning sands of Syria; and then the Albanian and the Arab unsheathed their glittering swords for the glorious combat. Then, too, did the victorious sword of the Templar gleam and glitter in the sunbeam; and mighty was its blow. Jerusalem may bear witness. Aye, go and meditate amid her melancholy ruins; go survey the tall temples of Askelon laid low in the dust, and muse amid the scenes of Samaria, celebrated in the annals of that proud and imperious age. The sublimity of those solitudes only exist now in the ruins of their former renown, and the recollection of departed grandeur. The flowery fields and pavilions of Palestine, where mirth and music oncè resounded, war hath desolated; and Calvary, the covert of the lamb, hath become the lair of the lion.

Nor is learning more powerful and beneficial to the state than pure religion, and her handmaid, morality. But, in the language of the eloquent Phillips, "I would have her pure, unpensioned, unstipendiary; I would have her, in a word, like the bow of the firmament: her summit should be the sky; her boundaries the horizon; but the only color that adorned her should be caught from the tear of earth, as it exhaled, and glowed, and glittered in the sunbeams of the heavens." Yes; and I would have her bright as the crystal current from the rock, and sincere as the smile of infant innocence when it slumbers on the bosom that bore it. I would have it great, but not gloomy; magnificent, but not mercenary; and powerful, but not ambitious.

It is not pure religion—that blissful harbinger of hope and dove of heaven, that aims at dominion, and to unite the congress to the conference, and the crosier to the crown. No! it is political hypocrisy that hath no hope; it is restless, ruthless bigotry that knows no blush. Pure religion never sanctioned the murdering of the martyrs, or introduced the fagot and the fire. No! she never sighed for a union of the church and state.

But it is strange that the effort to educate the children of the West should beget fears for the safety of the state. As well might we assert that to sever the chains of a slave would excite vengeance in his soul, and enlist him an enemy against his liberator. Does learning shed no light on the human intellect? Does gladness in the benefited beget no gratitude to the benefactor? To decide to the contrary, is inconsistent with reason. Enlighten the minds of those children, and they will see the dangers they are to avoid; they will be so many bulwarks to the state in the day of darkness and danger.

But who are the men who advocate the measures of the Sunday School Union, which proposes to send light into the wilderness of the West? Who are those who are in favor of cherishing the germs of genius now scattered over the prairies of the great valley of the Mississippi? They are some of the most illustrious statesmen and heroes our state or republic has produced; some of the most eloquent and eminent divines enrolled in the cause of Christianity. They are men of various sects and societies, men whose only ambition is to fix the permanency of our institutions on the firm foundation of education and liberty. They are men of piety and patriotism; they are philosophers and philanthropists. They are men who look with delight upon the temple of our devotion as it kisses the clouds and dips its head in heaven; but they will never agree that the flag of our freedom shall move upon its walls. The cause of education is the cause of Christianity and of our country. The present measure is advocated by the great and the good, by the wise and the wealthy. Aye, a voice from the tombs of Oriental saints and sages, a voice from the gory graves of the revolution, a voice from the sepulchres of the heroes of our country, and a voice from the vault of Vernon, come stealing on the Sabbath silence, approbating the grand and glorious enterprise. The very simplicity of the undertaking makes it sublime. How cheering the idea, that more than three hundred thousand children shall be made moral, be taught to read the most beautiful of books, and discharged with a Testament for the paltry sum of what, as an eminent gentleman very justly observed, we should pay for a pin, a feather, or a flower! The retrenchment of a single ribband; the sacrifice of a single ticket to the theatre or ball-room, might raise up and give the impulse in the West to another Washington in war, or another Wirt in eloquence; to another Jefferson in the presidential chair, or to another Jay in the councils of his country. There is talent among the children of those pioneers who subdued the wild wilderness, and peopled those sublime solitudes of the West, where no human foot had trod and no eye penetrated, save those of the unhappy children of the forest, the aborigines of the country. Man is naturally a religious creature. Had the light of the Gospel never illuminated his mind, and the knowledge of his own destiny and dignity hereafter never dawned upon his understanding, still reason would have taught him a belief in the existence of a superior Being. He would have admired his wisdom in every leaf and every flower that adorns the earth; like the Hindoo, he would have seen him in the setting sun, and like our own

Indians, he would have worshipped the Great Spirit, as he passed in his chariot on the storm of night. But, happily for us, the Gospel has gone forth with glad tidings. The story of the Saviour's sufferings and sorrows, of his crucifixion on Calvary, was one of the first lessons imprinted upon our minds in the hours of infancy. As first impressions last through life, it is our duty to extend and imprint this necessary knowledge on the minds of the rising generation. The Gospel has been sent to the heathen children of Hindostan and Japan; to the Arab and the South Sea islander; and the time is rapidly arriving when the Æthiop and the Arab will own the same faith with the Englishman and American; when the Hottentot and Tartar will extend the hand of good fellowship to the Protestant and the Catholic. But in those glorious triumphs abroad, the darkness which enshrouds the intellect of our own country should not be forgotten. Infidelity is abroad, and the novelty of her tenets, and the force of her blandishments, are bowing the minds of men. She hath erected her altar, and she hath her oracles, her priests and her divinities. The doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras have burst from the billow of oblivion which had buried them beneath the rubbish of three thousand years, and are again taught by the Pagan priest of modern times.

But nay, there are those who are up and doing. There are those whose lives have been almost spent in disseminating the light of religion and learning to the sons of darkness. Most high shall be their reward in heaven. The pride of ancestry, as an incentive to emulation, may be just; to read over a long list of illustrious predecessors may be laudable; but when man looks back to a long existence devoted to the glory of God and the benefit of his country, then it is that life becomes truly illustrious, and the grave glorious. Such are some of those who advocate the measure which I have endeavored to delineate. Such are those who would enlighten the intellect and moralize the mind of one of the fairest and most flourishing sections of our country. When the foam of the last wave of time shall whiten their heads, and the blast of the last trump shall echo in their ears, the recollection, of the past shall light up the gloom of the grave, and soothe and soften the pangs of dissolution. And when they shall have long slumbered in the city of the silent; when every trace of the unhappy Indian shall have been buried in oblivion; when other cities shall rise in the great valley of the Mississippi, and this republic shall rival and surpass the ancient glories of Greece and Rome; then shall the memory of their labors still live, and

their monuments be inscribed with characters of imperishable fame. Ages hence, when some youth shall point to a modern Athens, to another Rome on the rivers of the West, and ask of what manner of people the fallen race of the forest were, and concerning those who enlightened the minds that achieved the glorious foundations of greatness; then will some venerable sire, some Plato, Cicero, or Seneca, point with pride to the catalogue of renowned names, names of those now living who disseminated the Gospel and the light of learning in the West.

Mind constitutes the majesty of man; virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement, which is now flowing, like another Niagara, through the land, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity; and it will bear to them on its bosom our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It, then, in a great measure depends upon the present, whether the moth of immorality and the vampyre of luxury shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwinds of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time. Let no frown fall upon the hopes of the philanthropist in the cause of the Sunday school. If its power individually is humble, so is the labor of the silkworm; but the united product is immense; it becomes the wealth of a whole empire. We despise the single insect crushed wantonly in our path; but united, they have depopulated cities, destroyed fertile fields, and struck terror to nations, becoming more formidable than Cæsar or Scipio, than Hannibal or Alexander. The united effort of Sunday schools may carry intelligence and virtue to millions of minds; nor does the accumulation of influence cease with their labors, for millions yet unborn may reap the tenfold harvest. Active education is ever on the increase; like money, its interest becomes compound, doubles, and in the course of years becomes a vast national treasury. Give your children fortunes without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will accumulate fortunes; they will be a fortune themselves to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor; they can neither spend nor lose it; and through life it proves a friend, in death a delicious consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will triumph over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample on the ruins of the fabric of your freedom.

Love and Reason.

LOVE and Reason one day to escape from a shower,
 Crept under a rose that bloom'd in the glade;
 Firm friends they had been from life's earliest hour,
 And were partners in all the sweet conquests they made;
 Lots of hearts,
 Pierced with darts,
 They had gained in their cause;
 But reason was stupid,
 And little Dan Cupid,
 He didn't believe was dead, shot as he was.

Reason thought he could make Love an arrow much brighter,
 And beautiful, too, that would reach ev'ry heart;
 'Twas of gold, but Dan Cupid's own arrow was lighter,
 And, feather'd, he aim'd it with much greater art:
 But in vain
 Did Love deign
 To contend for his dart;
 For Reason was bitter,
 He said that the glitter
 Of the gold one, would blind, while 'twas bound to the heart.

Dan Cupid, to please his old friend, used the arrow,
 And shot a young girl in an old man's embrace;
 He found that it went thro' the bone to the marrow,
 But seldom or never went to the right place;
 And each wound,
 Too, he found,
 Left a very bad sore;
 Causing grief and contention,
 Aching hearts, not to mention
 Broomsticks, broken heads, and divorces a score.

Love's own arrow always the right person wounded,
 And went to the heart, waking peace, hope and joy;
 While the gold one of Reason too often rebounded,
 And fell at the feet of the beautiful boy;
 And the heart
 That his dart
 Wounded, mortified too;
 Tho' the splendor of riches,
 That often bewitches,
 Attended it, wretchedness kept in its view.

Love and Reason beheld two fair sylphs from the city,
 The one was quite rich, and the other was poor;

One was weak as the other was wise and was witty,
 And they quarrelled which way Love should shoot, as before;
 "We'll divide,"
 Reason cried,
 "Shoot the rich with my dart;"
 But Love, with his EYES on,
 Shot the beautiful wise one,
 And his arrow went straight to her love-stricken heart.

Love then said to Reason, "we part and forever,
 You take the DOLLARS, and I'll take the SENSE;"
 And since thus they parted; they never, no never
 Have agreed, or been friends under any pretence.
 If Reason,
 In season,
 With Beauty should stray;
 Love soon takes the warning,
 And bright as the morning,
 Spreads his wings to the wind and flies gaily away.

Hope.

I WATCHED a bubble broad and bright,
 That on the streamlet played,
 And a gay world of life and light,
 In painted pictures met my sight,
 Around its disk arrayed.

Green vales and valleys caught my view,
 And fertile fields of flowers;
 The sky was paved with azure-blue,
 And blooming blossoms dipt in dew,
 Hung o'er the beauteous bowers.

And fancy's fairest forms were there,
 Of blushing beauty bright;
 They seemed to wander free from care,
 Upon this little world of air,
 Nor feared nor clouds nor night.

But ah! the quick returning tide
 Swept o'er the watery world;
 And all its gay and gilded pride,
 Sunk, as I hastily espied
 The wave that o'er it curled.

And thus does hope, man's fondest prayer,
 Beam on his beating breast;
 It pictures scenes of pleasure fair,
 Then comes the wave of dark despair,
 And as it sweeps his bosom bare,
 The bubble rolls to rest.

O there are Tears.

O THERE are tears by beauty shed,
 Upon the lonely grave;
 They fall for friends and kindred dead,
 And for the worthy brave:
 On sorrow's breast they melt in care,
 The fell musicians of despair.

O there are tears that brightly flow,
 When parted friends embrace;
 They bid the beating bosom glow,
 Remembrance to retrace:
 And they are called the gems of joy,
 Pure and unmixed, without alloy.

O there are tears of wrath and wrong,
 That gush in boiling streams;
 They nerve the arm of vengeance strong,
 And haunt the maniac's dream:
 They are the streams of rage and care,
 Sacred to anger and despair.

O there are tears in love's young eye,
 Bright as the dews of morn;
 And there are tears that none may dry—
 They chill the heart forlorn;
 Where disappointments coldly fall,
 They oft bedew the sable pall.

And there are tears that burst the goal,
 Of nature's feeble eye;
 They purify the sinful soul,
 To take its flight on high;
 And they are tears of innocence,
 That spring from humble penitence.

THE QUAKER MERCHANT,

O R

The Generous Man Rewarded.



"WHAT, in the name of sense, has come over you?" said Mr. Rivingston, one morning, to his friend Freelingham, "what has possessed you to take into your house, that young graceless fellow, Grandison?"

"What is thy objection to doing a good action?" asked the generous-hearted Quaker merchant of Wilmington:

"A good action indeed!" exclaimed Rivingston with a sneer. "But, to be serious, my objections are many. I am astonished at you, with a house full of children, to take into your family that wild fellow, to corrupt and contaminate—"

"Stop, friend," said Freelingham, "and I will put thy cavils at rest, by giving reasons for my conduct, that thee will not be able to upset, with all thy dogmas of economy and morality. In the first place we are commanded to do good to our fellow-creatures, to take the distressed stranger in, and——"

"He'll take you in," said Rivingston, interrupting him in turn. "You have a lovely daughter, just bursting into bloom and beauty, and nine other children, whose morals he will contaminate; and what advantage do you promise yourself?"

"I look for no reward, but the consciousness of doing a good deed."

"What do you call a good deed?" sneered Rivingston. "Is it to take a wild, dissipated fellow into your family to corrupt it, and place it in his power to be more dissipated? I would sooner kick him out of my house, than take him into it."

"Listen awhile, friend," said Freelingham, "thee is an Englishman, and we are not more different in our national characteristics, than in our notions of right and wrong. The young man I have protected, it is true, is a stranger, and found himself in a strange place without a friend, and without a penny. It is a natural consequence generally, that if a man has not a penny, he has not a friend. I found him without a home, and in great distress, and that was enough to call forth the sympathies of any generous heart."

"Aye," returned Rivingston with a sneer, "and you'll find the fable of the farmer and the serpent verified; when you have warmed and brought the serpent to life, he'll bite you."

"Well, well, if he prove ungrateful, the sin will be his and not mine. He is a very well educated and intelligent young man; but here he comes, and he can answer for himself."

"Yes," said young Grandison, as he entered. "I am ready to answer any enquiries that so generous a friend may ask."

"We would like to know thy history," said Freelingham.

"You shall have it, sir, though there are, or have been, but few incidents in my life. I was born in the state of Virginia, in what is called high life; that is, I was born in the lap of luxury, and reared in the cradle of wealth, no mean portion of which I fell heir to at the death of my parents, both of whom were carried off suddenly, by a fatal epidemic. With a large fortune, I was thrown upon the world at any early age, with no one to feel an interest in my moral welfare, no one to guide and direct my steps in this dangerous world, so full of snares for the young and inexperienced. At the early age of fifteen my guardian, who cared nothing about my morals, filled my pockets with money, and I was looked upon, and indeed I felt, as an independent gentleman. Fortune has thus been made a curse to thousands. I was reared to be what is termed a gentleman, that is, without a profession or occupation, for it was considered that I possessed fortune enough without descending to the drudgery of work, and bitterly have I had cause to repent it. My uncle, who was my guardian, was a man of loose habits, and the example which he set before me, proved my ruin. He was a nabob in the South, who was caressed, and whose society was courted by all the bloods of New Orleans, to which city he removed with me in my sixteenth year. He was so grand, so dignified, so fashionable, and so much honored by the elite of New Orleans, that I learned to think that every thing he did was noble, and every habit he indulged in

beautiful. To imitate him, who was so universally admired and courted, I considered the very acme of elegance and style. Oh! how many young men have thus been blasted by pernicious example!

At the splendid residence of my uncle I lived in great luxury and extravagance, after I left the University of Virginia, in which institution I had graduated with the highest honors. Among the gorgeous guests I learned how to kill time, by indulging in every species of dissipation. I had no idea of the real value of money or any kind of wealth, for my patrician hands had never been hardened by labor, and I had never earned a single dollar. Nothing but labor can give us a proper appreciation of the value of money, and the dissipation of my uncle and his grand array of guests, soon taught me to esteem money only as it afforded me the means of indulging in sensual gratifications. Gambling and drinking were universally prevalent, for the warning voice of temperance had not then been heard from the watch-tower of philanthropy, and with pernicious example on every side, it was not strange that I should become contaminated. Alas! without knowing the horrors in store for me, I lifted the golden goblet to my lips, and was ruined. The effects of stimulus at first were delightful, causing beautiful visions of imaginary bliss to pass through my mind, but I awoke to unutterable horrors. I slid insensibly into that vortex, in which so many of the best men have perished. I struggled to break the chain which bound me, but alas! I struggled in vain."

"It is too late to weep now," unfeelingly observed Rivingston, who observed the young man to be overpowered by his feelings.

"Nay, these are the blessed tears of repentance," remarked the good-hearted merchant.

"I was thinking," resumed Grandison, "of all the misfortunes and miseries that sprung from the evil examples that surrounded me, and of the miserable habits I contracted. Many a bitter tear have I shed, when I have ineffectually striven to free myself from those fatal habits. Imitating my uncle and his associates, I lived extravagantly, and indulged in gambling and drinking to a ruinous extent. When I arrived at the age of manhood, and my fortune came into my hands, I gave way to extravagance in every form. I bought a splendid house in New Orleans, which became the centre of dissipation, thronged with the votaries of fashion and the devotees of the gaming-table."

"How much fortune did you possess?" enquired Rivingston.

“My grandfather had made a princely fortune in New York, as a shipping merchant, which, through my father fell to me. It is almost incredible that I should so soon have wasted so much, the income of which, every year, was a handsome little fortune. But constant dropping of water, says the old proverb, will wear away stone; and constant extravagance will exhaust the largest estate. I became so passionately fond of the gaming table that I might have been said almost to have lived at it, and more than once have I gambled away thousands at one sitting. Being naturally generous and liberal in my disposition, and, as I said before, having no idea of the value of money, I was applied to by every adventurer who wished to borrow large sums, and I endorsed for many, in almost every instance of which I lost or had the money to pay. I found securityship a bad business, as thousands have and thousands will yet find it to be; but the pride of being called the friend of the needy, and of having it in my power to assist others, urged me on in the road to ruin. Those who sought my assistance, in the way of endorsing their paper or going security for them, flattered me as a great public benefactor, as a wonderful philanthropist, and I was weak enough, being always under the influence of ardent spirits, to become the tool of the designing, who saw the degree of gullibility under which I labored. But to hasten to a conclusion, for the subject is painful, I soon discovered that in various ways I was wasting my estate. Several failures occurred, by each of which I lost thousands, till at length I found I had but few thousands to lose. My property was seized to pay the liabilities of others, and as I saw myself going to ruin, a desperation came upon me, and I madly rushed on. Gladly would I have reformed my life, and retrieved my fallen fortunes, but it was too late. I was in the grasp of the demon intemperance.”

“What ensued?” enquired the merchant, deeply interested.

“One morning,” said Grandison, while tears were trickling down his face, “I stepped out of a gambling house, where I had gambled away my last dollar. A fire had occurred, but a few days before, and burnt a row of my buildings; and as misfortunes never come alone, a large firm had broken, and left me minus about twenty thousand dollars. To come to the point at once, I found myself alone in the world, and a beggar, for my uncle, for some slight pretended offence, poverty was the real one, discarded me, though he knew that his pernicious example had wrought my ruin. I found, by woful experience, that poverty was a great offence; that though it has been said to be no disgrace, that it

was the worst of infamy; that my nearest and dearest friends were altered in their manner towards me, or were my enemies; and that my nearest relatives threw my faults in my face, to cover their cupidity and want of feeling, in refusing to assist me. I have discovered that prosperity is harder to bear than adversity, and that an utter stranger will open his ear to the cry of distress, and his purse to the poverty of an individual, sooner than a relative, who is lavish in useless advice. Adversity is a good school of wisdom. It has taught me much of human nature, and of the nature of friendship."

"But go on with your narrative," said the merchant.

"Well, my property was all sold, and the very men whom I had started in business, and who on my money had realized fortunes, not only refused to assist me in my distress, but actually cut my acquaintance, when I had come to poverty. Oh! ingratitude! I have seen much of it in my short life; and many of my old friends, who had once felt proud to cultivate my friendship, now passed me unnoticed on the street. I felt this neglect keenly; but the ingratitude of those whom I had benefited I felt far more, and it brought with it a kind of desperation, which drove me deeper into dissipated habits. I strove hard to reform, and in tears I bowed down before God, and prayed fervently that he would assist me to overcome my evil propensities, but it was not until I experienced the grace of God, that I had power to do so."

The good-hearted merchant, at this announcement, looked astonished, and smiled with pleasure.

"But," continued Grandison, "the power of the evil one tempted me away from the right path, and I left New Orleans, and wandered in pursuit of employment. No one would employ me, because I was dissipated; and distress of mind at my forlorn condition, drove me deeper in dissipation. Oh! could I have met but a friend, like you, to sustain and encourage me in the desperate effort, I should long since have forsaken the evil of my ways. How many are there, who have slidden into the whirlpool of intemperance, who would gladly be rescued, would some friend but stretch his hand to save. It requires a Herculean effort to break the chain of a strong habit, but I feel that by the assistance of you, my friend, I shall conquer, and once more be a man."

The young man, with a subdued manner, arose, left the room, and walked up Market street.

"What does thee think of him now?" enquired the merchant.

“The same that I did before,” returned Rivingston. “Did you not hear him say he had reformed and fallen? There is no dependence on a man who has once been dissipated.”

“Come, come, friend Rivingston, thou art rather too severe. Thee might as well say that a man who has once fallen in piety can never be restored. I know a man who was very intemperate until forty years of age, who then resolved to reform, and after breaking his pledge twice, did reform; became pious, and never was known, during a long life, to taste ardent spirits.”

“But can you name another single instance?”

“Yes, I can name to thee a very talented and celebrated man, that thee will recognize instantly, who was no other than the great statesman, orator and writer, —. He drank to the greatest excess, and was often seen down on the streets, though he reformed entirely, and was afterwards a candidate for the presidency. Many a man might be reformed, by a little kindness and assistance from his fellow-man.”

“Well, well,” said Rivingston, “I would not have such a fellow in my family, for by and by he’ll take advantage of you.”

“Thee thinks meanly of human nature. I have not only taken him into my large family, but I offered to give him a genteel suit of clothes, but he would not accept the cloth, unless I would consent to charge it to him and receive payment hereafter when he is able to get employment.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Rivingston, “I see how it is; by these little deceptions he is preparing the way to swindle you.”

“Pohl poh! I wouldn’t have thy opinion of mankind, for the world. I believe the young man’s heart is right, and he is endeavoring to retrieve the errors of the past. I shall continue to assist him in well doing, and shall give him my confidence, until he betrays it. I will aid him all in my power to become a temperate and useful man, though at present I see no prospect of his ever repaying me for what he gets.”

“And never will,” said Rivingston bluntly, as he arose and left the room.

“It must be a bad man at heart,” mentally ejaculated the merchant, “who is thus ever suspecting the motives of his fellow-man. I have ever observed, that a man who is guilty of a vice is most ready to suspect it in another, and is most severe when it is discovered. I am always afraid of that man who is ready to impute the worst of motives to another, and who has no mercy for the errors of his fellow-man; for I have invariably found, that men the

most virtuous and most free from the common vices of mankind, are most willing and ready to forgive the vices and follies of others."

The generous merchant of Wilmington, after musing a while, closed his store, on Market street, and retired to the bosom of his large family. Ezekiel Freelingham belonged to that plain, unpretending, and truly pious sect of people, denominated, in derision, Quakers, properly Friends. A better-hearted, or more generous man than Ezekiel Freelingham, never drew the breath of life. He had lived a strictly virtuous and temperate life; had married early a very amiable woman, and had, at the time of which we write, a family of ten children, the eldest of whom was a daughter, Clara, who was just bursting into the beautiful bloom of womanhood; and a beautiful little creature she was, and as amiable, gentle and intelligent, as she was pretty.

The young man, Grandison, Charles Grandison, of whom we have been speaking, was found by the merchant in great distress. He had arrived at Wilmington, without a penny in his pocket, and found himself, on one of the coldest nights in January, wandering the streets, without a home and without a friend, not knowing where he should lay his head. Freelingham observed him for some time, gazing up and down the street, like one lost. He knew him to be a stranger, for it was not then as it is now, in Wilmington. Every resident's person, as well as his business, was then known to be such, as soon as seen. Ezekiel watched his motions, without appearing to do so, until he saw him seat himself on a block, at the end of the market house, and burst into tears. Ezekiel saw that he was in distress, and needed no incitement to awaken his sympathy, for he was ever ready to hear the cry of distress. He immediately approached, and enquired the cause of his grief; to which the young man responded, that he was a stranger, penniless, friendless, homeless. He gave a short account of his past career, and stated his desire to reform his life, and to become a useful member of society, by devoting himself to some useful employment. The merchant bade him rise and follow him, which he did, down Market street. When they arrived at the door, the merchant turned to him, and said kindly: "Come in, here is my house, make it your home till you can do better, and may God prosper you."

The heart of the young man swelled with emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and for a while he could not speak; but he grasped the hand of the generous merchant, with a firm and earnest pressure, that denoted his gratitude. The liberal offer of so gen-

teel and comfortable a home was more than he expected, and great was his relief when Clara, with her own fair hands, at the request of her mother, set a good supper before him, for he had eaten nothing that day.

From that ever remembered night, Charles Grandison became domesticated in the merchant's family, and his conduct did not diminish the hope and regard which his benefactor entertained for him. He had a hard struggle to overcome his powerful habits; but, by the encouragement of his friend, and by dint of a determined resolution, he came out conqueror, finally; and declared that he felt better than he remembered ever to have felt before.

After he had conquered his habits, and had partaken of the hospitality and kindness of his benefactor for several weeks, for which and his clothes, he considered himself indebted, he thought it was time to look out for employment, that he might obtain the means to pay his friend.

"I will employ thee in my store, if thee will stay," said the merchant, when Charles mentioned his intention of going. "Thee can go or stay as thee likes best."

"I will gladly stay," returned Charles, with a smile of pleasure, as he glanced at the lovely face of Clara, who, unknown to any one but herself, was equally glad at the determination of Charles, for in her eye he was a very pleasant companion. She felt that his absence would afflict her, without enquiring the cause, or even daring to confess to herself that he was any more to her than any other friend. His conversation was so pleasing, she said, and his manners so easy and winning, that she could not help liking him; while, at the same time, she knew that the sly little god Cupid had, more than once, knocked for admittance at the door of her little heart, in which Love would find many of the Virtues, and more than one of the Graces, to keep him company.

Charles, though a perfect stranger to business, rapidly became an adept as a salesman, as well as a book-keeper, and his art in selling goods became so well known, that many merchants wanted him, and would have given him much more than he was receiving; but he would not leave his friend, or benefactor as he called him, for he declared that the kindness he had shown him, and the obligations he had been under to him, had saved him from utter ruin. Gratitude was one of the virtues of Charles Grandison's heart.

Every day he rose higher and higher in the estimation of his friend, the merchant; nor less was he rising in the estimation of the beautiful, amiable, and intelligent Clara. A year rolled away

since the sad night, when he was in a strange place, and was without money, friends and a home, until he found them in the family of the generous merchant. He, many a cold stormy night, when comfortably seated in the parlor with Clara, referred to that melancholy period of his existence, and to the never to be forgotten kindness of her father, to which she listened, as did the fair Desdemona to the story of the Moor of Venice,

“She loved him for the dangers he had pass’d,
And he loved her that she did pity them.”

So much did Charles grow in the esteem of his employer, that he entirely ceased his vigilance in watching over his daughter, for the conduct of the young man was exemplary in every respect, and he became piously inclined. At first the merchant was led, from the language of Rivingston, to watch him narrowly, lest he might take advantage of his kindness; but he became satisfied that Charles Grandison possessed a soul of honor, and that he would not stoop to a mean action.

“Well, what does thee think now of the young man I took into my house?” enquired the merchant, with pride, one day, as he met Rivingston on the street.

“Don’t boast too soon,” returned Rivingston, “you’ll have ample time to repent it yet. Mark my words, you’ll find a wolf in sheep’s clothing yet, or I’m much mistaken.”

“Strange,” said the merchant to himself as he passed on, “what a pleasure some people take in thinking evil of others. They seem to look on the dark side of every thing; they love to prophecy evil of other people, and then rejoice if their evil prophecies happen to prove true. They would rather be under the necessity of speaking evil of a man than good, and they secretly rejoice at the calamities of others. What pleasure they can possibly find in the misery of their fellow-beings I cannot conceive, for it gives me pain to hear of the downfall of any one, though it be one of the humblest of our race.”

Thus the generous merchant of Wilmington mused, as he wended his way homeward; and a happier home did not exist in this happy land. His family had been reared and regulated according to the quiet principles that guide and govern the conduct of the Friends, and so regularly did every thing go on, that it seemed like clock-work. Peace, love and order, were the presiding deities. The bickerings, and unpleasant scenes which occur in badly regulated families, were never known in his. Constant sun-

shine was there, and every member was solicitous of giving happiness to the rest. Freelingham, the merchant, when he married, or rather just before he married, made a contract with his wife, that they would live together in peace, and studiously avoid every cause of offence. This they afterwards put in practice. Instead of disputing about trifles, they made mutual concessions; and, if, at any time, the one should happen to get a little out of temper, the other was silent, or kindly endeavored to soothe. The consequence was, there was never any disturbance in the family. How happy and peaceful would the world become, if all persons before marriage would make such an agreement, and keep it sacred, as did this exemplary pair, whose days flowed on in uninterrupted peace and pleasure.

Charles Grandison had never passed his time in such uninterrupted happiness; the contrast between his present and past life, struck him forcibly. He had never been so happy in the gaudy halls of grandeur and dissipation, for his life then was one constant feverish dream; now it was a beautiful reality of pure, calm, rational enjoyment, which left no sting behind.

Every day Charles, almost insensibly, became more and more attached to Clara; for he saw in her mother a model of what she promised to be; but he trembled when he thought of the depth to which he was suffering his attachment to go, and of the disappointment that he feared, nay, felt almost confident, must follow, if he aspired to the hand of Clara. He had frankly told the story of his former dissipated life, which, however, he did not regret, for truth is always best; and knowing how strict the Friends are in regard to moral character, he feared that the merchant would not trust him with a jewel so precious as his daughter. Then that incorrigible enemy, poverty, was against him, and that alone was an insuperable barrier. He, therefore, thought it the wisest course to struggle against that affection, which was stealing into his heart. But he did not know the powerful strength of that passion, until he attempted to overcome it, nor did he know that the fair Clara felt for him any more than mere friendship, until his altered manner and coldness threw her off her guard, and betrayed the fact that she had secretly indulged and cherished an affection for him, as deep and undying as that which he felt for her. Her mild, melting blue eye had often told tales of her partiality; but he doubted, knowing that all women are more or less coquettish; and though she had rejected one suitor, under circumstances that went plainly to prove that it was on his account, still he doubted whether she

felt for him any more than friendship. Love is very suspicious; as well as jealous.

When Charles formed his resolution to overcome the feelings in time, he endeavored to avoid the society of Clara as much as possible, so as not to be observed; but the quick eye of woman's affection saw it, and the effect was soon seen in the altered manner of Clara. She was no longer cheerful, and her cheek became pale. One day Charles suddenly entered the room where she was, and surprised her in tears, and discovered from a sentence she had written with a pencil, that his altered manner was the cause of her unhappiness. His resolution instantly forsook him; he took her hand between both of his, and sunk down on the sofa beside her; but in vain he endeavored to summon resolution to unbosom himself. He trembled, and observed the same tremulous motion in her hand. She lifted to his her tearful eyes for a moment, and though not a word was spoken, he felt that his fate henceforth was forever sealed up with hers. He silently arose and left her, with the resolve to cherish the affection he felt for so pure and lovely a creature, be the consequence what it might. He felt a deep degree of gratitude to her, for cherishing an affection for him in his poverty, when she knew that he had been wild and extravagant, dissipated and reckless.

Charles Grandison knew not how high he stood in the estimation of the merchant, during the second year of his reformation. Indeed it could not be otherwise, for many persons had noticed his genteel bearing and moral course of life, and spoke of him in the highest terms. The father and mother of Clara both noticed the growing attachment of the young couple, and said nothing; for Charles was very attentive to business, and had gained a thorough knowledge of all the merchant's affairs.

It was at the close of the second year of the clerkship of Charles, that he was seated with Clara before a cheerful fire, in the cold month of January. He had purposely sought the meeting, to know her sentiments with regard to him, as she was now addressed by one of the most wealthy young men in Philadelphia.

"Tell me seriously," said he, "whether you regard me, and whether I am to live in hope, or crush the dearest——"

"Have not my actions told thee, Charles, long since, that I have never regarded any but thee? I have been taught to be candid, and I confess that thy regard for me cannot be more sincere, than that I feel for thee. I first pitied and then loved thee, and nothing can destroy my regard."

“Enough, dearest Clara, I am henceforth the happiest of men. I shall live for you alone.”

It was not long after this interview, that Charles Grandison solicited the hand of Clara in marriage, and it was pledged to him. The parents, finding that the happiness of their child depended upon it, soon made up their minds, and the time was appointed for the marriage to take place. Never, perhaps, were two young persons more completely happy, for the affection they cherished for each other was disinterested, and unpolluted by any sinister or sordid motives.

One day, a little before the time the marriage was to take place, the merchant came home with a cloud on his brow.

“Ah! Rachel,” he said to his wife, “I have seen a man from the South, who brings bad tidings concerning Charles, and we must break off the match, unless——”

“What is it, for mercy’s sake?” enquired Rachel, turning pale with affright.

“He says that Charles Grandison killed a man in New Orleans, and had to fly from the State.”

“Oh! dear,” exclaimed his wife, “this is heart-breaking news for poor Clara, and she must not hear it suddenly.”

“It is all over town by this time,” said the merchant, “and the marriage must proceed no further.”

The next instant Charles rushed into the room, pale as one just risen from the dead. He had heard the report, and knew that it would be in vain to deny it, unsubstantiated by proof. He seemed like a man suddenly bereft of his senses, while loudly and wildly he protested his innocence. The sound of his voice brought Clara into the room, and, as Charles ran at her like a madman, exclaiming:

“I am innocent! Oh! Clara, I am innocent of the crime!” she swooned, and fell into the arms of her father.

Some time elapsed ere Clara revived, and then she awoke to wretchedness, though she resolutely refused to believe that Charles had been a murderer. The man, who brought the news, had a New Orleans paper, in which a large reward was offered for the apprehension of Charles Grandison, who slew a man in New Orleans and had fled from the city.

The good merchant was grieved, for he could not shut his eyes to the evidence before him. There were names and dates. The mother’s grief was great, thus to see her daughter’s happiness blasted in the morning of life. Poor Clara was distracted, and

was prostrated on a bed of sickness, by this horrible charge against her plighted husband.

Lander, the man from New Orleans, determined to secure the reward, and accordingly procured an officer and arrested Charles Grandison. Charles expressed a willingness to go, and requested only time to make some little preparation. When he went to the chamber of Clara, to bid her farewell, she fainted, at the moment he took her hand and fell upon his knees to protest his innocence of the crime with which he was charged, and to implore her to suspend her opinion of him until she should see him again. Fearing the consequences, should he remain longer, he arose and with a bursting heart, left her in charge of her weeping mother.

“Alas!” said the merchant, as he stood gazing upon the stage as it rolled down Market street conveying away the young man he had been a father to, and who was soon to have become his his son by marriage, “how strange are the vicissitudes of life, and how singular is the fortune of some men! With all his former errors, I believed Charles to be a young man of excellent qualities, and even now I cannot believe him guilty of murder, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial evidence against him. I do not repent having been his friend, for he has thus been induced to forsake his intemperate habits.”

“What do you think of your protegee now?” interrogated Rivingston, as he came up rubbing his hands with apparent pleasure that evil had befallen Charles. “Didn’t I tell you so! Didn’t I tell you that you’d repent your bargain, and that he was a villain; a wolf in sheep’s clothing? Didn’t I tell you he would aspire to the hand of your daughter, and bring misery upon her? This is what comes of young ladies listening to the love of strangers. Many girls from being too anxious to get married, have thrown themselves away upon strangers, and have been awakened from their dream of connubial bliss to find themselves in the arms of murderers, as your daughter had like to have done. Ha! ha! ha! I tell you what it is, the old proverb is true as gospel, that strange faces make fools fond.”

“Well, I’ve heard thee through,” returned the merchant, “and I must be allowed to speak my mind as plainly as thee has done. In the first place, friend Rivingston, I believe that thee loves to prophecy evil things of thy fellow-men; and in the second place, that thee takes pleasure in seeing thy evil prophecies fulfilled. It is very true, that we should not hastily place our confidence in

strangers, but to tell thee the truth, I would sooner run the risk of being betrayed, than never to trust my fellow-beings."

"You are wrong in your opinion of me," stammered Rivingston, for he felt that the merchant had touched upon the right key, though he pretended it was the wrong one. "I am not pleased at the evil of others, but the superior advantages I have had in England, in point of education and society, have given me a knowledge of human nature that qualifies me to judge of men, and of the result of their actions, in a manner that could not be expected of a person raised in this country."

"Oh! yes," said the merchant, speaking ironically, and somewhat nettled at the disparaging observation, "there's nothing good out of England, and every thing *in* England is always superior to any thing in any other country; but if the superior advantages thee speaks of have the same influence on all other hearts that they have on thine, I would prefer the inferior advantages of American education and society, with all the ignorance arising therefrom."

"You are very severe to-day, friend Ezekiel."

"Not more than thou art, friend Rivingston. Thee seems to have prided thyself on a want of feeling for the unfortunate young man from the first, and to have taken pleasure in foreboding, and in the fulfilment of the evil fate that followed him. Now, friend Rivingston, I never knew a man who rejoiced in the folly and the downfall of others, who did not in the end meet the same or a similar fate himself, though he might prosper awhile. Among the laws of Divine Providence, which regulate the affairs of men, there is one of retribution, and by it, sooner or later, every man receives justice. For every bad action, we suffer even in this world, as certainly as we commit it; and, *vice versa*, for every good one, we are rewarded."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Rivingston in derision, "if I am to admit your superstitious notions, I should say that you have received a great reward for your good action in taking a murderer into your house, and who had as good as become the husband of your daughter."

This thrust at the good-hearted merchant was severe, but he calmly replied, without exhibiting any degree of passion.

"I expected no reward for doing what I did. The approval of my conscience, for having rescued a fellow-being from want and from the vortex of ruin, was reward enough; but, friend Rivingston, I have faith to believe that I shall never suffer in the end for having done a good deed. The ways of Providence are mysterious,

and we cannot at all times trace each link in the long chain of circumstances; hence what at first may appear a curse, will, in the course of time and circumstances, eventuate as a blessing."

"A plague take such blessings as your boasted Providence has seen fit to bestow on you," said Rivingston in derision. "I should not desire many such blessings from any humbug Providence."

"Thee is a worse man than I imagined thee to be."

"What bugbear have you now discovered, friend Ezekiel?"

"I discover thee to be an infidel, and so sure as Voltaire repented in his dying moments, so sure will tribulation come upon thee. Let me advise thee to reform thy ways and opinions, or that law of retribution, of which I spoke, will overtake thee."

"I defy it—let it come!" exclaimed Rivingston, with an affected laugh. "I shall never believe in the superstitious nonsense that you teach."

"Thee will repent it, perhaps, when too late."

"Never, I hope, so much as you have cause to repent the folly of fostering in your family a murderer, and of murdering the peace of your daughter, by suffering her to think of such a fellow."

"Let time prove the matter," said the merchant calmly.

"Ay, and it will be a sore trial to you in the end. I know not which to deprecate most, your folly or your insolence."

"Well! well! friend Rivingston, it is useless for thee to become angry at what I have said, for I have only followed thy example of speaking plainly, and I spoke the truth."

"Yes, Mr. Ezekiel Freelingham, and if I mistake not," said Rivingston, with a dark expression of countenance, "you'll have more cause for repentance than I. Remember, sir, there is such a thing as one man being in the power of another."

"Thee alludes to my indebtedness, I suppose?" interrogated the merchant, as with surprise he looked at Rivingston.

"It matters not to what I allude, but you had better mind whom you insult," returned Rivingston, with an ominous look, as he wheeled on his heel and went down the street like lightning.

Rivingston was a morose, ill-natured man, who cherished malice, when once he conceived a dislike. He never forgave what he considered an insult, and no kind offices could appease him when offended. He was inclined to think the worst of all men, and nothing galled him like being told of his real character. His hatred was bitter, and he stopped at nothing to gratify his revenge. Dark, designing and revengeful, he brooded over a slight offence until it was magnified, and he resorted to all the underhanded and

secret means he could invent to injure the individual who was so unfortunate as to offend him.

Ezekiel Freelingham, the merchant, was precisely the reverse. He knew revenge, malice, and hatred, only by name, and instead of wishing to injure, he was ever ready to benefit his fellow-man, and ever practised that golden precept, of doing good for evil, which act seems almost superhuman. After the last meeting, Rivingston hated the merchant bitterly. He had never regarded him warmly, for indeed he was one of those nondescripts, who sincerely love nobody. Ezekiel had frequently taken the friendly liberty of telling him of his glaring and egregious faults, and of exhorting him to reform them, a liberty and a crime; in his eyes, which he never forgave.

Rivingston also hated the just and generous merchant, as the Athenians, in ancient Greece, hated Aristides; because he was celebrated for his virtues. Every man, woman and child, in Wilmington, knew Ezekiel, and so proverbial had he become for his many virtues, that every one, save Rivingston, spoke of him as the good-hearted, or the generous-hearted merchant. His praise was on every tongue, and many generous acts that he had performed, had become invested with all the attributes of romance; many a time had Rivingston sneered, when he listened to the praises bestowed on the generous merchant, by some widow he had assisted in distress; by some young man he had started in business; or by some person he had rescued from ruin.

"Alas! I fear for the fate of poor Charles," said Rachel Freelingham one day, "though I believe him innocent, for he would not harm an insect."

"I fear the worst," added Clara, as the tears gushed from her eyes, "for we have not heard a word from him, though he has been gone several months."

Charles, in the meantime, had arrived at New Orleans, where he was arraigned as a murderer, one of the strongest witnesses against him being Henry Langhorn, a former associate, who had won a great part of his estate, at the gaming-table. This young man produced in court a cane, on the head of which was engraved the name of Charles Grandison. Charles could not but confess that it was his. He remembered to have lost it, but knew not how. The cane was bloody, and to it was adhering human hair, which was of the same color as that of the murdered man.

When this evidence was brought before the court, Charles trembled, turned pale as the sheeted dead, and was near falling;

for, though confident before that no evidence could be brought against him, he now thought that his fate was sealed. His powerful emotions were considered by the court as evidences of his guilt; and when Henry Langhorn swore that he saw Charles in the room with the man who was murdered, and that he heard a scuffle and blows and the voice of Charles, every person was satisfied of his guilt, and Charles gave up to despair. Langhorn had been his enemy ever since he charged him with cheating him at the gaming-table. But there was another witness, a girl of equivocal character, whom Langhorn brought against Charles. When she approached the stand to take the usual oath, she was observed to turn pale and tremble. She pushed the book away from her and fainted, which circumstance threw the whole court into excitement and surprise. When she recovered, she protested that she could not take the oath; but she obstinately refused, for some time, to tell the reason of her repugnance and alarm. After a time, she confessed that she, and another, had been bribed to perjure themselves, by swearing that Charles Grandison had committed the deed. By persuasions and threats, she revealed the fact that Langhorn had done the deed, and that to screen himself and gratify his revenge, he had induced her to take the cane of Charles from his room, and smear it with the blood of the murdered man. Another person was now brought forward to testify to the same, and it was proven to the astonishment of the whole court, that Charles was innocent of any participation in the murder. Had these two witnesses sworn as had Langhorn, and as he had suborned them, an innocent man must have suffered the penalty, as no doubt many have done. Greatly was Charles Grandison rejoiced, as the reader may suppose, at his miraculous escape. Langhorn was tried, and after being convicted; confessed the crime. Fearful of being suspected himself, as both he and Charles boarded in the same hotel at the time the murder was committed, he had, by the assistance of two persons employed in the hotel, formed the plan of evidence related. Langhorn, on being in turn reduced to poverty at the gaming-table, as he had reduced Charles, resolved on committing the deed, as the murdered man was said to have vast treasure in his possession.

Charles having suddenly left the hotel and the city of New Orleans at the very nick of time, gave probability to the assertion of Langhorn that he was the murderer, and the production of the cane, having on it the name of Charles Grandison, and being covered with blood and hair, satisfied every one that he was truly guilty of the deed, which accounted for his sudden flight.

Charles was again at liberty and freed from every suspicion, and being now piously inclined, he offered up his thanks to that Being who had saved him by what almost appeared a miracle. But to save himself had cost every penny he possessed, and of course he had not the means of returning to Clara, whom he had dearly loved, and to whom he had deferred writing, that he might have the pleasure of imparting to her, with his own lips, the joyful tidings of his triumphant innocence. He considered it folly, not to say madness, to call on his uncle in his distress, as they had parted in anger, and his uncle's unforgiving disposition he well knew.

One morning, while standing on the hotel steps revolving in his mind what to do, he was startled by the approach of a person, habited in black, who placed a note in his hand, sealed with black, and without saying a word retired. He repaired to his room, and, opening the note, discovered that his uncle was dead, and that the whole of his vast estate was bequeathed to charitable institutions, and to the city corporation. Charles' heart sunk within him. Then his uncle had remembered his animosity till death! He had always intended that Charles should be his heir, until they had quarreled and separated, and he now grieved to think that he would be under the necessity of seeking some kind of business in New Orleans, until he could realize enough money to pay his expenses to Wilmington.

After searching for employment some time, he obtained a situation in a mercantile establishment, in which he had been busily employed some months. He had written to Clara, but, to his surprise and mortification, he had received no answer. What could be the cause? Had she been satisfied of his guilt, and repudiated him? He could not tell. His heart ached with anguish, more for her neglect, than the loss of all that his uncle possessed.

One day, while engaged in business, and his mind was wandering far away to Wilmington, and the fair one there for whom his heart alone beat, a gentleman entered the store, and requested his presence at twelve o'clock, at a certain number in a certain street, merely observing that he would then and there hear of something greatly to his advantage. He could not imagine what it could be, it had been so long since his uncle died, and knowing that his will was adverse to him, he could not suppose that it was any thing concerning that, and he was entirely at a loss.

Curiosity made him so punctual that, just as the clock tolled twelve, his hand was on the door bell at the appointed place.

After being ushered into a parlor of great splendor, by a venerable gentleman, and seated, the gentleman drew a parchment from his desk, and said,

“This, sir, is the last will of your uncle, which was found yesterday, and which you will find is in your favor.”

Charles took the will, and, in reading it, discovered that his uncle had repented of having cruelly cut off his nephew in his former wills, and that accordingly he had bequeathed the whole of his vast estate to him. This will revoked the former and all preceding wills, as it bore a later date, and was regularly signed and witnessed.

The joy of Charles at his good fortune was great, as may readily be conceived, not so much, however, for the sake of wealth, as for the fact that it would place him on an equality with Clara, and prevent any injurious surmises that he sought advantage in seeking an alliance with her. He, therefore, took the proper legal steps preparatory to settling up the estate, and again wrote to Clara, concerning his good fortune. But to this letter as before, he received no answer, and he feared that death, or some other great misfortune, was the cause.

Two years had rolled by since he had fallen heir to the estate, when nearly all the business was settled, and he began to think about going in search of Clara, whom he had not seen for almost three years. But on the day before that which he had appointed for his departure, he was riding a splendid charger, alone, on one of the roads in the environs of New Orleans, thinking of the joyful hour in which he should meet Clara, when his horse was suddenly frightened, and ran into the city at full speed. Being delicate, he was unable to hold him, and as he rapidly wheeled round a corner, plunging at a furious rate, the horse fell and threw him over his head. He fell against a post, and was taken up in a state of insensibility. By this accident his hip joint was dislocated, his skull fractured, and he received much injury besides. The surgeon was under the necessity of trephining him, or sawing out a part of the skull, in order to raise the depressed portion of the fractured bone, which was pressing on the brain and rendered him insensible. For a long time his recovery was doubtful, and several times his physicians abandoned him to death.

More than a year elapsed ere he could walk alone, and it was between the fourth and fifth year of his absence from Clara, when he went on board of a brig bound to Philadelphia. The sea breeze invigorated his frame, and he began to rejoice in returning health,

and the hope of once more beholding his betrothed Clara, after so long and painful an absence. But the brig had been at sea but a few hours, when a black looking vessel ran down upon her, which the practiced eye of the captain at once recognized to be a pirate. If there was any doubt, it was dispelled in a few minutes when she hoisted the red flag, the symbol of blood, and then run up a black one to denote that they might expect no mercy.

Charles had heard that the motto of pirates was, "dead men tell no tales," and he shuddered at the horrible death that awaited him, as he fancied. He bravely advised resistance to the last, but the captain declared it would be vain, as it would be to attempt to escape by flight, and would effectually shut out all chance for mercy. Charles reasoned that if they had to die, they might as well, and indeed had better die fighting, as the horrors of death would not be so great when in a state of excitement.

Still the dark looking vessel bore down upon them, while an awful stillness prevailed on board the brig. Consternation prevailed among the crew, for there were but few arms on board and they were irresolute whether to use them or not, until the frowning guns of the pirate came into full view, when despair sat on every countenance. The horrors of death stared them in the face. The West India Islands were at that time infested with pirates, and the tales that had been told, respecting the manner in which unfortunate crews had perished by their hands, were appalling. Some had been doomed to see the throats of their comrades cut, one after another, in their sight, until it came to their turn to share the same fate; while others had been blindfolded and made to walk a slippery plank, from which they were plunged into the sea.

When the pirates came on board, the scene was awful beyond description. The women and children, who were passengers, fell upon their knees before the ferocious looking chief, whose blood red face was half covered with a long black beard, and with heart-rending cries, implored him to spare their lives. Every countenance bore the agonized expressions of despair, while these terrific desperadoes, with glittering knives in their hands, were searching for money and other valuables.

Charles Grandison shuddered at the fate that, in all probability, awaited the unhappy and helpless crew and passengers. But, to the astonishment of all, the pirates, after having gathered all that they could find of value, retired without inflicting any injury, which lenity they ascribed to the passive conduct of the captain

and crew of the brig. They were now as exquisitely happy as they had been miserable, for we judge of, and enjoy, every thing by contrast. The vessel went on her way rejoicing.

Nothing further occurred worthy of notice, during the voyage, and Charles was extremely happy when his straining eye first caught a glimpse of Wilmington, the very sight of which recalled some of the happiest moments of his life. He gazed long and wishfully, while the image of the fair Clara rose in all its beauty before his mental eye. But instantly the blissful vision was dissipated, by the distressing thought that she might have denounced and discarded him as a guilty wretch, and might have bestowed her affections upon another. He had written to her twice, and she had not answered his letters. Might she not have dismissed him from her mind, as unworthy, and married another? Ah! there was the cruel conjecture. If she had been true to her vow, might not the grief she had endured have destroyed her? Oh! He could not bear to think of it. In the turmoil of business he had never had such surmises. But might not one of them prove true?

When Charles Grandison's feet once more trod the earth, he hastened to Wilmington to know the worst. But who can imagine his feelings, when on repairing to the spot where once stood the merchant's house, in the halls of which he had enjoyed so much unalloyed happiness, he found a new building, all traces of the former one having disappeared. Where was his friend and his interesting family? He made enquiry, and was informed that a fire had consumed the old one, destroying the store-house of Freelingham, with all its contents, and nearly all the furniture in his house. He was also informed, that his policy of insurance had expired but the day before the fire, by which, the insurance not having been renewed, he lost all. Charles' heart ached with unaffected sorrow, and he enquired where he might find his generous benefactor and friend, and he was referred for information to a person in King street. He immediately called on him, and was told of the misfortune of the fire, and that the merchant had started in business again in the lower part of the town, but had been unfortunate, and that the last he heard of him was that, after several removals in Wilmington, and having tried several kinds of business, gradually getting worse and worse, being much harassed by creditors, he had removed to Philadelphia in rather straitened circumstances. He had never heard from him since.

Charles listened to this narrative with feelings of pity and pain, but resolved at all hazards to find him, if he could be found on

the habitable globe. Accordingly he went on board of a packet, and sailed to Philadelphia. For some time he could obtain no tidings of the merchant, but at length a man told him that a young lady, of the name of Freelingham, had kept a little fancy store in Fourth street, to which place he repaired, and was informed that a family of Friends had lived there, but had removed down in Southwark. When he called at the place in Southwark, he was told that they were keeping a boarding-house far out Arch street, and without delay he went thither, but was informed that their goods had been sold for rent, and they knew not whither they had gone, though it was believed that they had left the city.

Sad and disappointed, Charles retired to his lodgings. But he was still determined to find them, and it was not long before he learned that Freelingham was working daily in a sugar-house, and in great poverty. He went to the place designated, and the first man he saw was his old friend at hard work; but he did not know him, so much was he altered by distress of mind, loss of flesh, and the humble garb he wore. Neither did the merchant know Charles, so elegantly was he dressed, and so pale from the injury he had received. But a mutual recognition took place, and the merchant related how he had been reduced to abject poverty; how a fire had burnt his house and store; how Rivingston had conceived a hatred to him, and had bought debts against him, and prosecuted him; how he had thrown him into prison, from which he had been rescued by the Friends, and how he had struggled and toiled in poverty to support his large family of children.

"Thee must go home with me, Charles," said the merchant, while tears stood in both their eyes, "for though we are now very poor, and have nothing but what we work for, thee is welcome still to what we have."

The native kindness of the merchant's heart still shone forth, and touched Charles to the soul, as he followed the laborer, who had been an independent merchant, to his humble abode. When they entered the small house, in a by-street, what a contrast did it present to their once happy home in Wilmington! The first objects that greeted the eyes of Charles, were the wife and daughter at work in the wash-tub. Clara instantly recognized him, and burst into tears; but her mother did not know him. Dressed in the most ordinary garb, they were employed in washing for the family, being unable to employ washerwomen. Charles clasped Clara in his arms, as he exclaimed: "Weep no more, for the day

of your suffering is past. You have been friends to me in distress, and I will now be a friend to you in the hour of your need."

All stared, as he drew from his pocket a bag of gold, and counted down the money for the clothes and board that he was indebted for when taken into the family, in distress.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Rachel Freelingham, "this money will pay our rent, which we saw no prospect of paying, and will save our few goods from being sold."

"One good action," returned Charles, "deserves another. You assisted me when I had not a friend on earth, and I am happy now to have it in my power amply to reward you. Your kindness to me now brings you relief in the hour of need, and proves that we do not lose by doing a good action."

Happy was that family, once more, when Charles informed them of the immense wealth that had fallen to him, and not less happy was Charles, when he learned from the lips of Clara that she had been true to her vow, and had never believed in his guilt. She had never received his letters, though she had seen an account in the papers, of the manner in which his innocence had been proved.

Charles and Clara were married in Philadelphia, and the whole family, at his solicitation, returned to Wilmington, where he bought the house built upon the ruins of their old residence, and started the merchant in business again, in which he prospered and became independent. Clara no longer toiled over the wash-tub, but lived in modest affluence and ease.

Rivingston, who had mainly contributed to ruin Freelingham, became very rich on the spoils, and went off no one knew whither. Often did the merchant speak of him in pity, and say, that he could not always prosper in the ruin of others, and that the day would come when retribution would overtake him. And that day *did* come. Many years passed away; a family of lovely children grew up round Charles, and the merchant had grown old, and was living in happy independence, when one day, during the period that the rail road from Baltimore to Wilmington was being constructed, Ezekiel Freelingham was walking with his grand-son a little way out of town, looking at the workmen, when he spoke to an old man who was employed in hard labor.

"I think I have seen thee somewhere," said the merchant.

"Very likely," returned the laborer gruffly, "I've often been there."

Ezekiel looked at him again, and said,

"Thee favors a man I knew, named Rivingston."

"That's my name," returned the laborer.

Ezekiel started with surprise.

"And what could have brought thee to labor? Did thee know Ezekiel Freelingham?"

Rivingston looked up and, recognizing him, said,

"Ah! yes, and my cruelty in ruining him, was what brought me to hard labor. Many a time have I thought of your words, that my wealth would never do me any good. From the first it proved a curse, and when I invested it with the best prospects, it was sure to turn out ruinous, and thus speculation after speculation failed; I was involved in debt, and was imprisoned two years. After a series of ill-fortune, you see me, in my old age, reduced to labor. All I have is now under execution, and unless I can manage to stop it, my family will be turned out of doors, and that, too, for the paltry sum of forty dollars."

The merchant thought of the injuries he had received, at the hands of Rivingston, but his generous feelings prevailed; the "still small voice" whispered, *do good for evil*, and he furnished Rivingston the means to save his family from being driven from their home. The unfeeling man was touched, and more completely humbled than if he had oppressed him in turn.

The merchant returned home to relate the singular circumstance to his happy family, and all agreed that though Rivingston had his day of triumph in oppressing his neighbor, yet far greater, in doing good for evil, and in relieving the oppressed, had been the triumph of the generous-hearted merchant of Wilmington.

Love's Pilgrimage Round the World.

Love wandered one day round the globe in his glory,
 His light airy chariot by doves was conveyed;
 His regalia and emblems, that 'lumine his story,
 Around were in beauty and brilliance displayed.

The bow and the billet were there, and the dart,
 And the wreath round the banner in beauty unfurled;
 Transfixed on an arrow was seen a huge heart,
 As a type that love conquers and governs the world.

The Stolen Kiss.

It was a lovely night in June; the air
 Came sighing from the south, and every breeze
 Breathed the rich breath of roses. Not a sound
 Disturbed the silent city; every pulse
 Of life was locked in slumber, and the moon,
 High in her silvery chariot, was alone
 A witness to the larceny of love.

The boudoir of the beautiful, the gay,
 The fair Ophelia, opened to my sight
 A garden of fresh flowers, and in the midst
 A centre table, scattered o'er with books,
 The tales of rich romance and chivalry.
 Beside it stood her golden harp, which oft
 Her fairy fingers, in the summer's eve,
 Had waked to all the witchery of song,
 In Lydian strains, or sweeter lays of love.
 On tiptoe to that paradise I crept,
 As did the serpent steal into the bowers
 Of Eden, and the bosom of fair Eve;
 But not like him to steal away the pearl
 Of precious innocence. The demon heart
 That wins but to betray, and tramples on
 A pure and fond affection, is a fiend
 That knows no generous feeling, and should hug
 Hyenas to his breast, and never know
 The pure delights and luxury of love.

I stood in beauty's boudoir gazing round,
 Intoxicated with the breath of flowers,
 And fixed by some sweet spell, like that which holds
 The spirit in delirious dreams of bliss.

Where was the angel of that Eden?—where
 The gay, the graceful, and the fair Ophelia?
 Oh! there, before me, on a crimson couch
 Reclined the heavenly creature; round her brow,
 Her lofty intellectual brow, as fair.

And smooth as alabaster, there was bound
 A wreath of roses, emblems of her beauty.
 I gazed with rapture on her graceful form,
 That painter's pencil and the sculptor's art
 In vain might strive to rival; it was small,
 Yet perfect in its symmetry; 'twas frail,
 Yet full; nay more, voluptuously lovely.
 The moon, emerging from a fleecy cloud,
 Revealed, to my enraptured view, a face
 As lovely as the houries have in heaven.

Oh! 'twas ecstatic—'twas a face so fair,
 So full of love, and gentleness, and bliss,
 That fancy cannot make its image now,
 Nor love forget its lineaments; it was
 Indeed a picture of surpassing beauty.

Entranced I stood still gazing on the face
 Of the fair young Ophelia; on her cheek
 The roses of her sixteenth summer bloomed,
 And her red luscious lip, ye gods! they were
 Like two sweet slices of ripe watermelon!
 A soft, sweet smile stole o'er them, as oft steals
 The sunlight o'er the petals of a rose.
 Enraptured still I gazed upon her charms,
 Each moment more enraptured—till my soul
 Seemed spell-bound by her witchery, as birds
 Are fascinated by the serpent's power,
 Save that her charm was loveliness. I stood
 Fixed like a statue, while my fluttering heart
 Beat audibly, and every feeling seemed
 Transfixed in form. Again she sweetly smiled,
 And as I snatched a burning kiss, a voice
 Loud as a peal of thunder, cried, beware!
 Starting I woke, and found two dazzling eyes
 Gazing upon me—I was *mesmerized*.

To the Cottage Maid,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A WRITTEN POETIC EPISTLE.

WHEN from old ocean's deep, by magic spell,
 Fair Venus rose, in all her angel charms;
 The shouting sea-nymphs woke the silver shell,
 And hailed her rosy bloom, and polished arms.

The Naiad train, attentive from the wave,
 And every nymph, rose on the breezy air;
 While the pleased goddess all her graces gave,
 And shook the dew-drops from her waving hair.

High on the billowy surge she blew her shell,
 Around her floating chariot, many a sound
 Of glad'ning triumph, bade old Triton swell
 His thund'ring conch, and wake the sea-gods round.

And thou, fair maid, if aught of oaten reed,
 Can swell thy praise, in music more refined,
 Thou hast a nobler beauty—nobler meed,
 The rich, celestial beauty of the mind.

If the dark caves of ocean could inspire
 The tuneful shell when love sprang up from gloom,
 What great incentive to my sounding lyre,
 Must be the charms, the pride of Ellen's bloom.

Throned is expression, love and every grace,
 In thy fair form, which none can prize too high;
 For heaven, as tho' she left her native place,
 Shines in the lustre of thy beauteous eye.

Sweet as the strains of wild Æolian lyre,
 Is the dear song that warbles from thy tongue;
 Methinks almost thou caught'st from heaven the fire,
 Or that empyrean choir had lofty sung.

O for some Handel's soul-inspiring art,
 That I might sing of love and virtue meek;
 That I might paint the virtues of a heart,
 Which even glows on Ellen's crimson cheek.

Some Grecian pencil, with a Raphael's blush,
 Some Angelo, with shades still more refined;
 Might will essay to picture—but no brush
 Can paint the heavenly beauties of thy mind.

But O how sweet is love's adoring sigh,
 How dear the modest blush on thy fair cheek;
 How dear the dancing splendor of thine eye,
 Brilliance that charms, and brilliance that can speak.

Soft as the zephyr in the vernal shower,
 Is the mild whisper of the maid I love;
 Gentle as shadows in the evening bower,
 Soft as the silver dew that decks the grove.

Say, beauteous Ellen, thou divinely fair,
 Shall my fond hope still live without alloy;
 Or must the thrilling horrors of despair,
 Sink to my heart, and canker all my joy?

O that were cruel, and blest Hope replies—
 She lives to love, she knows no other meed;
 Go read thy story in her beaming eyes,
 Go, and permit not thy true heart to bleed.

I envy not Golconda's golden coast,
 Nor all the silver mines of Peru's store;
 Rich in thy love, thou art my highest boast,
 Rich in thy love, I ask—I wish no more.

The Bible.



LOOK upon the Bible as the oldest and best of books. The history of creation is said, by Strabo, to have been handed down to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd; and its superiority to all other books is proven by the one important circumstance of its influence in civilizing mankind. Its doctrines are infinitely superior to those of the Mahometan Koran, and of the Talmud of the rabbis. The Bible inculcates universal *charity*, which word signifies, in the original, *love*. To say nothing of the glorious principle of love, the laws which it inculcates are, at the same time, the most lenient and powerful. Human laws are founded upon them; but they are like the rays of light, compared with the sources from whence they spring. On the sacred page of the Bible, we find woman elevated to her proper dignity; but, among those nations where it is not read, woman is the drudge, and man the tyrant.

The light of learning and wisdom flourishes where the Bible is read; but at its boundary commences the night of darkness and superstition. It has illuminated the world of literature and science, and cast a halo of glory around the atmosphere of intellect. It smiles on the calm and sunny scenes of life, and gilds the evening skies of the faithful in the dark hour of death. What the compass is to the mariner, the Bible is to the world. It teaches the king in the government of his empire, and the peasant in the tilling of his field. It proposes reward to virtue, and punishment to vice. It interests equally the brilliant intellect and the humble capacity. All that is good, grand and sublime is contained within it. Many cannot relish it because their taste is perverted; and many reject it from prejudice and ignorance of its value. To understand the Bible is at once to be introduced to a high source of enjoyment—the highest source on earth. When I hear a man exclaiming against the Bible, I cannot refrain from taxing his mind with ignorance.

If you are a literary character, and wish to behold elegance, perspicuity and taste, turn over the leaves of the sacred book. Are you pleased with poetry? You have at once an inexhaustible fountain. You have beautiful scenery, sparkling imagery, and ideas clothed in sublimity of language. It contains numerous specimens of the angelic lyre; and I doubt whether there is such a field for the poet in the world. The poet who draws his scenes from the Bible never can fail to please: his writings are always new. Are you pleased with the thunders of eloquence? Here is another inexhaustible source. Some passages of Scripture are irresistible. What can be more grand and sublime than David's description of the appearance of the Most High? "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet: he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind." Do you ask for more such passages? I could quote a volume; but let the description which the prophet Habakkuk gives of the grandeur of God suffice: "Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet; he stood and measured the earth; he beheld and drove asunder the nations: the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting."

It was such eloquence that made Felix tremble on his throne. But poetry and eloquence are not the only beauties of the Bible. We there find sound science and philosophy; there we find history the most perfect; and there, too, we have the biography of many great and learned men. In the Bible we have the history of him who groaned on Calvary. From that sacred summit a flood of light broke forth upon the world. It was the dawn of redemption! Superstition fled, affrighted, before the glorious appearance of Christianity, and the church of the living God arose on the ruins of the heathen altar. The automatons of pagan idolatry tumbled to the dust, and the false deities perished on Olympus. That glorious gospel, which effected this great work, is contained within the Bible. Like the rainbow which is hung out in the heavens, it was sent as a token that God would be remindful of us. Glorious token! I rejoice when I read it; and I would recommend it to all my fellow-travellers to the grave. The waves of time are rolling on to sweep us away; and, as we pass through the dark vale of death, the light of Calvary will illuminate our path to the mansions above. Darkness and death are horrific to the lonely mind; but the Bible will overcome those terrors, and infuse a calm serenity in the darkest hour of existence.

St. Paul at Athens.

He stood before the assembled throng,
The glory of their age;
The sons of science and of song,
The heathen, saint and sage.

Upon the grave of Greece he stood,
And held the chastening rod;
To preach, baptized in sacred blood,
The Gospel of his God.

Unawed in Athen's halls of fame,
His glorious accents rung;
The temple trembled at the name
Of Jesus, from his tongue.

The fanes of proud philosophy
Were crumbling in his sight;
While o'er the world of liberty,
Shone Bethlem's star of light.

The sages listened to the word,
By heathen hearts abhorred;
And trembled as they leaned and heard
The glory of the Lord.

The ancient idol's hour had come,
To crumble and decay;
The Delphic oracle was dumb,
The priestess passed away.

A suffering Saviour's love was told,
His banner was unfurled;
Redemption's record was unrolled
Around a dying world.

Where clouds upon Olympus rise,
And rolled the thunderer's tones:
The Grecian gods forsook the skies,
And left their golden thrones.

On that benighted nation rose,
More blest than learning's light;
The Star the shouting shepherds chose
To shine upon their night.

Hail! happy hour, when to the world
 The Gospel shall be given;
 When vice shall be by virtue hurled,
 And hope shall dwell on heaven!

When Turk and Tartar shall atone,
 Before the power above;
 The Æthiop and the Arab own
 A Saviour's lasting love!

Hail! glorious hour, when all mankind
 Shall bow beneath his nod;
 And in one faith, and with one mind,
 Shall feel the grace of God.

The Dying Deist.

THE young man, who was the subject of the following poetical lines, I knew when I was at the University, where he was considered a youth of splendid acquirements and brilliant talents. He read Paine and Voltaire, and, unfortunately, imbibed their opinions and believed in their annihilating doctrines. I often remonstrated with him, but, being superior to me in intellect, he laughed me to scorn, while he ridiculed Christianity, the glory of the world. Ah! said I, your doctrine may do to live with, but it will not do in the awful hour of death, when the greedy grave opens before you. "Should you live longer than I," returned the young man, "I will show you how a philosopher can die; or as you term me, a skeptic." Poor fellow! he little thought that I should live to witness his death, one of the most horrible and heart-rending scenes that I ever beheld, and I sincerely hope that I may never witness such another. Oh! his agonizing look is now before me, and his groans of penitence and terror, of hopeless misery and remorse, still grate in my ears! God grant, that when the things of life are fading from my view, and the vista of the future is opening before me, that the sun of my existence may go down without a cloud, and that I may go to the grave in the perfect faith of the Gospel, which was instilled into my mind at my pious and affectionate mother's knee. God grant that I may never die the death of the Deist, and that I may never know the horrors of my friend and fellow-student, who became not only a Deist but an Atheist, and who proved the fact, that "with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool."

I saw him in the bloom of youth,
 Ere he had felt affliction's rod;
 He spurned the sacred Book of Truth—
 The glorious Gospel of our God;
 And scorned the Almighty Power above,
 Whose eye creation's scope may scan;
 And read the source of hate or love,
 Within the heart of thankless man.

To him a gracious God had given
 The gift of genius to survey
 The wondrous works of earth and heaven,
 Spread out in beautiful array;

But ah! Creation, to his sight,
 Was but a wild, a rude romance,
 Sprung from the realms of rayless night,
 By dark and undesigning *chance*.

He saw the charming season change,
 And flowers bloom and blush for man;
 But in all nature's radiant range,
 The *Mighty Mind* he could not scan;
 Each spire of grass, each being, born,
 Should have convinced a mind so wise;
 And yet, he even laughed to scorn,
 A suffering Saviour's sacrifice.

I saw the dying Deist roll
 Upon an agonizing bed,
 Dread horrors harrowed up his soul,
 His eyeballs started from his head;
 With streaming eyes, I saw him stretch
 His impious hands to heaven in prayer;
 "Save! save! Oh! save!" he cried, "a wretch,
 Whose soul is shrouded in despair!"

Death's darkest angel o'er him waved
 His wings to waft his soul away;
 Rolling upon his bed, he raved,
 And wept, and prayed for one more day!
 Philosophy—thou fool! say, where
 Was now thy sweet consoling power?
 Where was thy balm for his despair,
 In dissolution's awful hour?

I saw him gathered to the grave,
 In Christian holiness unborn;
 He died cold skepticism's slave,
 All unforgiven and forlorn;
 With genius worthy heaven's abode,
 But with a hopeless heart of pride;
 Rent by the awful wrath of God,
 The poor unhappy Deist died!

What madness 'tis in man to mar
 The joys which God has kindly given,
 And blot out Bethlehem's beauteous star,
 Whose light illumines our path to heaven!
 'Tis vain to strive—no power may stay
 The will and pleasure of our Lord;
 Hell's deep, dark dungeons must obey,
 And heaven and earth receive his word.

Dialogue on Human Happiness.

ENTER FRANK AND ROBERT, MEETING.



ROBERT. "Well, Frank, do you still persist in your philosophy of human happiness?"

Frank. (putting his fingers to his nose in a quizzical manner) "Perhaps you mean, my dear fellow, my fool-osophy."

Robert. "Right, Frank, ha! ha! ha! the word fool-osophy would suit many doctrines of the present day, as well as your notion of placing human happiness in external things. I heard you contend the other day that a poor man cannot be happy."

Frank. "And I still contend that without wealth; without the means of obtaining the luxuries of life, the sum of human happiness is small."

Robert. "You are wrong, my dear friend. True happiness dwells in the mind and not in extraneous things. A contented mind is always happy."

Frank. "But I tell you, Robert, what the world, or what every body says, must be so."

Robert. "There you are wrong also, Frank."

Frank. "Explain yourself, if you please."

Robert. "The opinions of the world are often fallacious. For example, if you were to slay a man you would be denounced by the world as a murderer; while Napoleon, who immolated a million of men on the altar of his ambition, is held up by the same world as a great man."

Frank. "Well, well, that is an isolated case."

Robert. "No, I will give you another specimen of the world's fool-osophy. If I challenge you to combat, and either of us should refuse to fight, the world would denounce him who refused as a coward; but should we fight and one fall, the other would be execrated as a murderer."

Frank. "But what has this to do with the subject?"

Robert. "Nothing further than to show you that the world does not always judge correctly of right and wrong."

Frank. "But, properly speaking, is there a right and a wrong? May they not each of them be as Brutus said virtue was—a name?"

Robert. "No, my dear Frank, a rose by any other name may smell as sweet, as Shakspeare has said; but there is as positive a distinction between virtue and vice, or between right and wrong, as there is between light and darkness."

Frank. "Can you prove the assertion?"

Robert. "I can. Did you ever give a part of your purse to any sick or suffering fellow-creature, who, by misfortune, had been reduced to poverty?"

Frank. "I have."

Robert. "Did you not feel happy in your mind thus to have it in your power to relieve a fellow-creature?"

Frank. "I did."

Robert. "Well, then, you did what was right; because a right action never leaves a sting. Did you ever disobey your parents by not going to Sunday School, or by breaking the Sabbath?"

Frank. (hesitates) "Well I——"

Robert. "Confess your faults like an honest man."

Frank. "I have done so in days past."

Robert. "Did you not feel wretched in having done so?"

Frank. "I did."

Robert. "Well, then, you did what was wrong; because a wrong action ever makes us miserable."

Frank. (Smiling) "Ah, ha! I begin to think you are right in that matter, and that it is no fool-osophy."

Enter HENRY, musing.

Henry. "Well, well, after all my struggles, I am the happiest dog alive. I have won the heart, the hand, ay, and the purse, too, of the loveliest in the land, and declare myself the happiest dog alive."

Robert. "What, Henry about to commit matrimony!"

Frank. (putting his fingers to his nose) "Oh! no, he's not going in for matrimony, but for a matter-of-money, and he's the happiest dog alive."

Robert. "Let him take care that he does not get a Tartar."

Frank. "What need he care if gets cream of tartar, so that he has plenty of that shining stuff, to which the world pays its homage."

Henry. "You're right, Frank, give me plenty of money, and what care I for the world? I can command every thing, and even genius will humble itself before me."

Robert. "You are wrong, you cannot command virtue, without which there is no real happiness. A storm at sea, or a fire at night, may, in one hour, blast the rich man's happiness; while that of the poor man, who possesses a virtuous heart, is even by death increased and rendered everlasting. Did you ever see a pious, and, consequently, a truly happy man die?"

Henry. "I have read of the last moments of Addison, who sent for his infidel son-in-law to come and see how calmly and how happy a Christian would die."

Robert. "Yes, he was an example of a truly happy man. He had lived a virtuous and happy life, and in death he was happy. Suppose, Frank, that his happiness had been placed in wealth alone? Would the presence of death have increased it?"

Frank. "Ah, Robert, to be serious, I must confess that you are too hard for me there."

Henry. "I believe I cannot answer that, either."

Robert. "Well, my friends, in the pursuit of happiness we pursue the phantoms of life, as children do butterflies or bubbles—their glories are gone the moment that we grasp them. We foolishly think that so much wealth or fame, or some other bauble, would render us completely happy, but the charm disappears the moment we acquire it. And thus it is with every thing in life, but virtue."

Frank. "Your language carries conviction with it: I have long sought happiness in the bubbles of the world, and, as you say, I found they burst at the moment I seized them."

Robert. "And you have felt an aching void in your heart?"

Frank. "I have."

Henry. "Well, Robert, tell us how we shall acquire that happiness which will be lasting."

Robert. "Let the Bible be your guide; practice its golden precepts; let virtue have possession of all your heart, and never let your conscience reproach you with a dishonorable or wicked action. Walk so before God and man, that the arrow of envy shall fall harmless at your feet. Do unto others as you would have others do to you, and believe me, you will be happy in this world, and when the dread summons shall come, you will gather up your feet and go down to the grave in peace."

Frank. "But, my dear fellow, how is it that many men, of the greatest minds that ever shed light upon the world and dignified and adorned humanity, have been the most skeptical, and foremost in repudiating the doctrines which are taught us in the Bible?"

Robert. "Ah! Frank, in nine cases out of ten, great men become skeptics through pride, the pride of being singular. Look at Voltaire. His very language breathes pride. He said that the Christian religion required twelve men to establish it, and he would show the world that one man could put it down. But when death stared him in the face, how did he die? Go read the Abbé Bael's account of it—it was horrible in the extreme, notwithstanding the fact, that Mirabeau, D'Alembert, Diderot, and others, endeavored to encourage him to hold on to his opinions. Great minds are often very eccentric."

Henry. "But you must recollect, Robert, that all skeptics have not died, as you say Voltaire died. Hume, the great historian of England died—I was going to say, like a philosopher, but he did not—he died playing cards and cracking jokes, declaring to the last, that he was going into, as he came from, nothing, and that he was resolved to enjoy the last moment of life."

Robert. "Well, Henry, with men of such prejudiced minds as that of Hume, there are several things you must consider. Whatever, through pride and obstinacy, we wish to believe, we believe readily; and, if it be wrong, we imbibe it without an effort. Mark a child; how quick it will catch any thing evil, and with what tenacity it will hold on to it. I have known a man, who was given to lying, who told a story of two dogs that fought until they ate each other up all but the tails, and he told it so often, that he finally and firmly believed that it was a fact, and would have been willing to swear to it. Thus might Hume have become wedded to the doctrine of annihilation."

Henry. "May not those who teach religious doctrines have become wedded to them in the same manner?"

Robert. "No, for this reason; all nature cries aloud against the doctrine of annihilation, and is full of proof that there is a God, from whom comes every good and perfect gift."

Frank. "What are the proofs?"

Robert. "In the first place, you know that wherever we see design we know there is intelligence; and you need but look at your hand, to find positive proof of a God. Man, with all his mechanical genius, has never made any thing so simple, that was capable of admitting of such a variety of motions. Every joint in the fingers is necessary, and were one finger taken away, the hand would lose half its usefulness. Examine your hand. You can pick up the finest needle; you can wield that mighty instrument, the pen; you can bend a bow, fire a gun, play upon a

musical instrument, lift heavy weights, use all manner of tools, and perform a thousand evolutions, which it would be impossible to do if the hand had not been designed as it is. It is not only a proof of the existence of a SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, but that the Deity intended man to erect the temple of his renown and happiness. So long as man follows the dictates of that Sublime Being, so long is he happy."

Frank. "Well, where are the proofs that man will not be annihilated, when he departs from this world?"

Robert. "They are more numerous than the stars which glitter in the fields of space. Look around you, and nature will reveal many emblems of man's mortality and resurrection. Man has been denominated a worm, and the transformation of the caterpillar is equally as strange as the resurrection of man. Take the silkworm, for example. It comes forth into the world, like man, a tiny, helpless worm; it feeds, it grows; is now sick, now well; and as it approaches to maturity, it gives a loose to its animal appetite and revels in luxury, like man. But, unlike man, it prepares for the tomb. It lies in its tomb but a short time, ere the change is effected; the tomb, or cocoon, opens, and instead of a worm, it comes forth a beautiful butterfly, clothed in white. Every tree, every rose-bush blooms and dies, and blooms again. Every thing is undergoing perpetual change and renewal, and why should not man, the noblest creature that God has made?"

Frank. "Indeed, Robert, I can truly say, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;' for I begin to think that that which never did man any harm must do him good."

Henry. "But stop; has not religion been the cause of much bloodshed in the world?"

Robert. "There, my dear fellow, you make a stumbling block that thousands of others have made. The blood, you speak of, was shed from a mistaken notion of religion. I do not subscribe to every doctrine or dogma that is taught; but there is one thing which cannot be denied, and that is, that Christianity has lessened ignorance and superstition; it has made society better, by teaching men to do good for evil, and to do unto others as they would have others to do to them, instead of demanding an eye for an eye."

Frank. "Oh! what a glorious world this were, if all men would sincerely practice these precepts!"

Robert. "The really good do, and if others become heartless professors and shed blood, the evil should not be charged to the good. I would advocate Christianity for its benefit in this world,

if I were certain there is no hereafter. Look at France, during the revolution of 1789, when all piety was eschewed, and even the Sabbath abolished! There was an evidence of what the evil passions of men will do, when unrestrained by the gentle spirit of Christianity."

Frank. "Do you not believe that many doubt who profess to believe in Christianity?"

Robert. "There is not a doubt of that. We all doubt, more or less; for if we fully and firmly believed that if we were to die to-night, our doom would be misery, we should instantly strive to avert the fate. Our happiness in this world, I believe, is just in proportion as we are conscious that we are doing our duty towards God and man. We cannot be happy when conscience is continually upbraiding us with not doing our duty. The happiest man I have ever seen, was one who appeared to be void of offence both towards God and man; and, indeed, how could he be else than happy; for, when he laid down at night, his conscience approved his conduct; his spirit was calm; and he felt that if he should die before morning, no evil could befall him."

Henry. "I believe you are right, Robert, for once at an election I suffered myself to drink too much, and in recovering, never had I such horrors of mind. I wished myself dead, and yet feared to die."

Robert. "Yes, you did wrong, and conscience inflicted the penalty. So you will ever find that misery follows a wrong action, while happiness is the reward of a good one. That law is as fixed and certain as any that govern the motions of the heavenly bodies, and may be demonstrated with as much certainty as any problem in Euclid."

Frank. "Then, from all you have said, I should think it best to believe in Christianity, at all hazards."

Robert. "Certainly, for this reason, though it is not original. If you believe and find nothing after death, you will have nothing to lose; but if you do not believe, and should find a reality beyond the grave, you will have every thing to lose."

Henry. "That is very true; but there is one thing which puzzles me. Pray, how is it that there are so many Scriptures in the world, besides our own? There is the Talmud, of the Jews; the Koran, of the Turks; the Zend Avesta, of the Persians; the Hindoos have their Scriptures, and the Chinese have the works of Confucius, which they religiously believe in."

Robert. "Ah! Henry, this is the old cry of the skeptics; but the nations you have mentioned, are very little better or more

enlightened than Heathens, notwithstanding all the flummery about the Chinese. No discovery can be made, but immediately it is said that the Chinese had made the discovery centuries before, when it is notorious that they scarcely know any thing more about science, than a pig does about poetry, politics, or political economy. Barbarians, who as readily worship stalks and stones as any thing else, may not be presumed to be judges of any doctrine that the designing may impose upon them: Mahomet, one of the most ridiculous impostors that ever attempted to shackle the mind of man, was under the necessity of propagating his doctrine with the sword, the very idea of which is enough to condemn it at once."

Henry. "Robert, from what I can understand of your logic, the only true source of happiness is to do what we believe to be right, towards God and man."

Robert. "Yes, to carry a conscience void of offence. As I said before, if you do a wrong act, you as certainly suffer for it as that you commit the offence."

Frank. "Well, Robert, I think I could do what I think is right; but to do good for evil is a little beyond human nature. Pope says, 'whatever is, is right.'"

Robert. "Yes, but he did not mean in the evil conduct of man, but in the order of Providence—whatever *is*, in the glorious construction of the universe, is right. To do good for evil, I must confess, is difficult to the heart in its evil condition; but no sooner does it partake of the divine influence of the grace of God, than it feels an inclination to forgive injuries; to love its neighbor as itself; and to do good for evil. Indeed, Frank, if you wish to overcome your enemy and melt his heart to kindness, there is no readier way than to do him a good act for an evil one. If he has the least spark of generosity, on witnessing your noble conduct, he will grasp your hand in friendship."

Henry. "Yes, I have witnessed such a scene, and never can forget it. And now, my friend, I believe with you, that virtue is the only true source of happiness, and henceforth I will sincerely endeavor to put in practice the precepts you have mentioned. If I but do unto others as I would have others do unto me, I shall, no doubt, be a happier man."

Frank. "I shall endeavor to do the same."

Robert. "Good! Stick to your determination, and be assured that you will never regret the step you have taken. Adieu."

Address to the Moon.

EMPRESS of night, sweet messenger of eve,
 Pale Luna, thou, whose silver brows o'erhang
 The sloping woodland, and the mountain stream,
 Thou full faced goddess from behind the earth;
 Stealing from Titan his Promethean fire,
 To light thy lamp, when at the midnight hour
 Thou art still wheeling round this ponderous ball,
 Lighting the wanderer on his lonesome way:
 Thy beauties now I sing. Think me not vain,
 If this my humble muse, essay to twine
 One wreath of bays around thy polished brows,
 What time thou shone upon my evening path,
 When I, a lover, wandered far from home,
 Along the stream, nor dreamt of time's decay,
 Till down the west thy airy path was seen
 And bright Aurora shed her orange beams.
 Think me not false, if I could love thee well,
 And tune thy praise on this my simple lyre;
 For oft hast thou, when all mankind was wrapped
 In Morpheus' arms, strayed at the silent hour,
 My sole companion, down the peaceful glade;
 And when mine eyes were weary of thy gaze,
 Thou wouldst descend, and in some Naiad cave,
 Beneath the wave, I still beheld thy form.
 O thou wilt ne'er forsake poetic shades!
 For thou art pleased to hear the tuneful Nine,
 When at the midnight hour, the echoing hills
 Resound with joy, the sweet romantic strains.
 And thou hast listened, when Siderial spheres
 All sang together, of the wondrous love
 Of thy great Architect, the hand divine.
 I cannot talk like sage philosopher,
 And tell of Jupiter and his four moons,
 Of Mars and Venus, Saturn and his seven
 Bright satellites, which constantly attend;
 Nor have I yet a Newton's eye to see
 Ten thousand worlds fill up the realms of space—
 Nor yet a Herschel's, who with magic glance
 Drew from obscurity another ball,
 And named it Georgium Sidus. I have not
 The daring genius of the Mantuan bard,
 Nor of the bard of Avon, who searched out
 The deep recess of human nature, and
 Explained the darkling subtlety of man.
 And I have not a Thracian lyre to make
 The mountains weep, nor one like that of old,

To bid the Theban dome descend, or snatch
 From hell the tender lover, or subvert
 The laws of nature, taming savage beasts,
 As told by him, the Cheronean sage,
 The man of candor and sublimity.
 I cannot do all this, nor yet can I
 Belch out the thunder of Demosthenes;
 Or flash conviction like a Cicero,
 In eloquence of thunder. Yet I can
 Sing thy friendly nature, thy influence mild;
 How thou canst make the tides obey thy will,
 Nor lash them like vain Xerxes did of old.
 I love thee for thy mild and gentle reign,
 And much I mourn thy absence, when the earth,
 Ambitious like its natives, courts the sun,
 Because a brighter object, and involves,
 Thy form in night's eternal solemn gloom.
 Fain would I have thee like the evening star,
 The fair-haired Venus, spurning earth's domain,
 Like some coquette for ever shining gay,
 But not like her, importunate and vain.
 Go lovely Moon, go take thy mazy round,
 And then replenish at Sol's burning shrine,
 To light me on my way. Empty thy horns,
 And take, like me at Helicon, thy draught,
 Until thy face no darkness shall present,
 And then shall she, who nightly with me roves,
 Hail thy return with gladness and with joy;
 Till this proud harp shall catch Miltonian fire,
 And thou, and Ellen, wake my noblest song.

Ambition's Hope.

LIKE rainbow rays, that charm the gazer's eye,
 When the bright sun shines on a darken'd sky;
 And in a moment disappear from sight;
 Like brilliant meteors, on a moonless night,
 That dazzle for an instant and decay,
 Leaving a deeper darkness on their way;
 Are the vain hopes of man's ambition blind,
 That, dazzling, die in darkness on the mind:
 Too late he finds, upon his lonely way,
 Like *IGNIS FATUUM*, they lead astray;
 Too late, alas! his soul is doom'd to find,
 They were but bubbles, meteors of the mind.

The Courtship versus The Rum Jug.

Of all the ghosts that ever haunted man,
Of all the goblins human eyes e'er scan ;
Of all the infernal evil spirits curst,
Sure *ardent spirits* are by far the worst.
Of all the reptiles that on earth now are,
The dreadful *still-worm* is most fatal far ;
That serpent's venom, there's no doubt of late,
Was in the apple Eve and Adam ate.



THE substance, in part, of this true story, I obtained from my venerable friend, Dr. John W. Dorsey, of Maryland, and the hero of it was a lieutenant under the brave Commodore Truxton. It exemplifies the influence of the rum jug, in not only blasting moral character, plundering the purse, destroying health and happiness, and in the production of crime and wretchedness; but in debarring men from the accomplishment of designs which might eventuate in an increase of happiness and respectability.

Lieutenant Granville belonged to the squadron of Commodore Truxton, and a braver man never awoke the thunders of freedom on the mighty deep. Not only did he possess the animal quality of bravery, but he was endowed with higher attributes of the mind; he was graced with talents that would have shone brilliantly in the halls of legislation, or the councils of his country. Elegantly educated, and having what Horace calls *cacothetes loquendi*, or itch for talking, he would have distinguished himself in the forum, as well as in the field; in the senate, as well as on the sea.

But, alas! our hero contracted a love for liquor at a very early age. We all remember the period when the custom of sweetening the morning dram was universal, and the youngest member of the family was entitled to his share. It was thus, in childhood,

that Granville contracted the habit, which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. His society was universally courted, on account of his droll ways and humorous pranks, as well as his witty sayings, by which he often "set the table in a roar."

The lieutenant was not wealthy, and he often said that the easiest way to acquire wealth was to bear down upon and board some rich craft; by which he meant, to marry some rich lady. He had made several attempts at courtship, but had failed, on account of the unfortunate habit to which he was addicted.

It was the delight of the officers, on board of the ship, when seated over a flowing can, at the evening hour, to listen to the stories of Lieutenant Granville's courtships, which were related in so quizzical a manner, and contained so many ludicrous incidents, that all hands were thrown into convulsive laughter; for he soon collected a crowd around him.

"Well, Granville," said the Surgeon, one evening, when a party of officers were seated together, on deck, "you have never given us the history of that courtship of yours."

"Sure enough," returned Granville, with a quizzical leer of his eye, "and a prettier or more trim built craft I never ran along side of in my life. Oh! but you had ought to have seen her rigged out in her flying jib and spanker, with her streamers flying, and everything in ship-shape; and you'd have longed to come to, and cast anchor along side, as I did."

"But go on with the story," roared Lieutenant Bradley.

"Well, you see, I obtained, from the Secretary of the Navy, a furlough to go to the East Indies; and when I returned to Washington, I resolved to cruize about, in hopes I might fall in with some trim built craft, and take her as a prize. Well, you see, I had'nt cruised long, before I heard of a rich young widow, who lived about eight miles from Washington. Clear the deck for action, says I, I'll board her at all hazards. So I hired a horse; hoisted sail, and how far do you think I got, the first day?"

"To the widow's house, of course," answered the Surgeon.

"Deuce a bit of it. Three miles brought me to the tavern sign of General Washington, where I hove to; dropped anchor; got drunk, and staid all night. The next morning I got up, and piped all hands to splice the main brace ahoy with a little of the Boston particular. Well, you see, when the landlord made his appearance, I took a sneezer—ordered my horse—put out again; and, in less than four miles, ran foul of another tavern, the sign of

which was a good woman without a head; you know all women are good without heads, or tongues, I should say. Here I anchored of course; stowed away my breakfast, and got drunk again; and there, you see, was one drunk on top o' the other.—Well, you see, about five o'clock, I took a fresh departure for the widow's, and in a long lane was thrown overboard, by a tremendous surge, into the fence corner, where I lay at anchor until morning. When I awoke, I saw nothing but a chimney; it snowed all night; I was covered about two feet, and my breath formed this chimney."

"Well, what then?" enquired one of the officers, laughing.

"Why, after some difficulty, I regained my feet, and looking round, I discovered a cabin, in an old field hard by, and feeling like a man o' war after a hard battle, I made sail and hauled into port, where I was admitted by the old woman and her little daughter. Madam, said I, I am a poor shipwrecked mariner. I have been hanging to some fence rails all night, during the pelting of the pitiless storm, and I beg of you a blanket to roll myself in before the fire, as I am nearly frozen to death; and if I had a little rum, it would assist in thawing me the sooner; when—great guns! the old woman said that she never kept the article. Here was a broadside that made my timbers shiver again; for, though I was as wet as a rat, I was as dry as a powder-horn. But to my inexpressible joy, her little daughter said, as she started up from her seat, 'mother, I will go to old Tom Bowlin's and get some rum for the gentleman.'

"And, sure enough, in a short time, here she came with a jug full—God bless her!—of which I drank freely, and in three hours after, half seas over, put out to sea, and steered for the widow's."

"But why didn't you carry your liquor on board," enquired a midshipman, "as you were so often on short allowance?"

"May be I did. I saw, in the old woman's cupboard, one of these thin eight ounce medicine phials; so I bought it of her, and filled it with the Boston particular, by way of keeping my spirits up, when popping the question to the widow; for I didn't expect to get any there, and it wouldn't do even to mention rum."

"Well, go on with the story," said the Surgeon, "you got there?"

"Yes, with the phial of rum in my pocket, I dropped anchor, after being politely towed into the parlor by the fair young widow. Oh! but how it would have made your mouths water, just to have seen that trim built craft, with her curly streamers a-flying, and her

two bright port holes flashing fire at you at every glance! The very first broadside from her eyes, shivered my heart to atoms."

"Go on, go on," said several voices.

"Well, as I was saying, I was about half seas over, three sheets in the wind and the other shaking, and I couldn't have walked a plank to save my soul. My tongue was so thick, that I couldn't have spoken the words, *three thin saplings*, if my life had been forfeited, and to hide matters from my charmer, I took hold of the chairs and tables, when I moved about. After getting thoroughly thawed, I cleared the deck for action, and made preparation for popping the awful question. I had to keep a look out that I didn't break the bottle in my pocket, for I knew that if I got a lee lurch, the bottle might go by the board and betray me. This I dreaded; for I was getting on swimmingly. So I watched my opportunity; rose up gently see-sawing, like a ship in the trough of the sea, and held on to the back part of the chair.

"Madam—madam," said I, "having heard of your fame; goodness of heart; and above all, your bank stock—I—I mean your beauty; I have visited you for the purpose of asking you whether you would accept of one of Commodore Trux—*hic*—Trux—*hic*—one of Commodore Truxton's Lieutenants, as a companion for life?"

"Well, what do you think I got?"

"Why, she struck her colors, of course, and surrendered," answered a midshipman, with a horse-laugh.

"I'll tell you what I got. I got a flat, without a paddle to steer home with."

"What then?" enquired the Surgeon, as all hands burst into a loud roar of laughter.

"Well, I followed the advice of the brave Lawrence, and didn't give up the ship. But dang it, what a blunder I made with her bank stock! She smiled and simpered, and invited me to dinner. Thinks I, my honey, I'll give you another broadside, before I surrender. So when she went out to tell the servant to bring in dinner, I whipt the eight ounce phial out of my pocket, and took a little comfort; but, by the hickory spoons, she came near catching me in the act."

"But the dinner, the dinner; give us the dinner," roared out one of the officers.

"Well, you see, another drink made me glorious; and, as good luck would have it, there wasn't a soul at the table but her ladyship and your humble servant; so I had a first-rate opportunity to

pop the question again. But I thought I would flourish awhile, by way of coaxing her over; for young widows are wonderfully susceptible to the tender passion, and the last drink had made me quite eloquent, save that my tongue was rather thick, and an occasional hiccup spoiled some of my most sublime efforts.

"Madam," said I, giving her what I thought a soul-searching glance, though no doubt my eyes were red and sleepy,—“Madam, this fork I hold in my hand, is not more firmly planted in the breast of this chicken, than is the dart of love, shot from your beau—beau—*hic*—beautiful eyes, fixed in my heart.”

She smiled bewitchingly, and encouraged, I proceeded:

“Dearest Madam, there is nothing I prize so highly as your bank—I mean your beauty; and if there is anything I admire more than your pers—pers—personal charms, it is your money. I beg pardon, I mean your mental per—per—per—what was I saying, madam?”

“The widow roared out in a horse-laugh, and I was so confused that, seizing one leg of the chicken with my fingers, I sunk down in my chair, and commenced tearing it with my teeth like a hungry wolf; and the truth was, I had eaten nothing since the day before. I fell into a perfect reverie, on the ill effects of drinking rum, and when the widow spoke, I started as if there had been a sudden clap of thunder; upset my plate, with two soft eggs on it, into my lap, over which my handkerchief was spread. To avoid confusion, I rolled up the handkerchief, with the soft eggs in it, and stowed it away in my pocket. The plate fell to the floor, and, striking on its edge, rolled clear round the table into the fire. This was too much for the gravity of the widow, and she broke out into another horse-laugh.”

“Well, how did you get on after that?” asked the Surgeon.

“Bad enough, I tell you. It seemed as if everything conspired against me. After my confusion was somewhat over, I again launched forth into praises of her beauty, preparatory to popping the question a second time. Seeing that her plate was empty, I rose up to help her to another part of the chicken, when getting a lee lurch, I attempted to lay hold of the table, but missing it, I grasped the table-cloth, and should have fallen sprawling in the floor; besides dragging everything from the table, had not the servant, a large, fat colored woman, who had just come in, caught me in her arms. I shuddered, for had I fallen, I should have inevitably broken the bottle in my pocket.”

“Capital! Excellent! Well done!” cried several, while another loud laugh arose from the amused officers.

“Go on, Granville,” said the Surgeon, “the denouement will be rich, I’ve no doubt.”

“It may be rich to you,” continued Granville, “but it was poor fun to me, for so confused was I, that I staggered across the room; sunk down on one of these cane-bottom chairs, and my coat-tail being under me—Oh! decanters, I broke to smash the frail bottle in my pocket, and the liquor went trickling down, through the bottom of the chair, to the floor. This was more than I could bear, and my eyes glared upon the confused widow as if she had been a ghost, while the servant stood tittering at my dilemma. I would rather have faced British cannon at that moment, for I knew not what to do, or what to say. But my calamities were not at an end, for to clap the climax, and hide my confusion, I drew out the handkerchief, forgetful of what had occurred, and applied it to my face. Oh! Jupiter, the first slap filled my eyes, and bedaubed my face all over with the yolks of the eggs, and such a looking object never appeared before a lady to pop the question. The widow rushed, laughing, into the kitchen, followed by the fat servant, who ever and anon turned round, rolled up the whites of her eyes, and shook her sides with laughter at my truly ludicrous and ridiculous appearance.”

“Well, how did you come out in the end?” enquired the Surgeon.

“How did I come out? Why, I came out at the little end of the horn, as the saying is. I weighed anchor, and put out to sea as quick as my legs would let me; and from that day to this, I have never been on a courting cruize, and whenever I see a young widow, I can’t help thinking of soft eggs and broken rum jugs. From this time, to all eternity, my advice is, to young men who wish to court either a young spinster or a widow, to let the rum jug alone; for I have no doubt that if I had gone a sober man to see the widow, I might now be living in a fine house, and riding in a coach and four.”

At the conclusion of the Lieutenant’s story, the officers pulled off their hats and gave three cheers for the courtship; which was followed by a long, loud roar of laughter.

The Cathedral Bell, Baltimore.

Heard at a distance on Sunday evening, while meditating on a tomb, alone, in a Catholic burial ground.

How sweetly sounds that evening bell? how soothing is its toll?
It comes like mellow music on the meditating soul;
It speaks, as with a tongue from heaven, to every heart of care,
And, like an angel whispering, it calls the soul to prayer:

It speaks of Him who loved the world, of Him who deigned to give
His blessed Son to die, that man—ungrateful man—might live;
That glorious Son, who to mankind his gospel page unfurled,
And hung redemption's rainbow round a dark and dying world.

O thou, most holy, heavenly church! at whose all-sacred shrine
The God of heaven, in truth, pronounced devoted and divine,
What millions in all ages since have at thy altar knelt,
And all the luxuries of faith, of hope, and love have felt!

The infidel in vain may strike; in vain the fool may mock;
In vain all opposition, too: 'tis built upon a rock;
"The gates of hell shall not prevail" against its holy name;
When ages, yet unknown, have passed, the church will stand the same.

From age to age, alas! the church has been severely used,
By persecution butchered, and by bigotry abused:
But still she sends out from the ark of peace the gentle dove,
And holds out to the world around the olive leaf of love.

Ah! would that all mankind were thus inclined to live in peace!
The heart would be a heaven on earth, the storms of strife would cease;
The dagger would no longer drink the guiltless victim's gore,
And every man would go in peace, ay, go and sin no more.

O happy day! it were, indeed; the angels high in heaven
Would tune their harps of gold, and sing the truce of mercy given;
But man, because he *will not* join the holy church of God,
Gives vent to vengeance, and uplifts fell persecution's rod.

Her doors are open unto all; the tree of life is there,
And every one may of the fruit in rich abundance share;
Come, one and all, a mother she will ever truly prove,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, her paths are peace and love.

Sweet bell, thy tongue in mournful tones speaks to my silent heart,
 And bids me to prepare, for soon I must from earth depart;
 And lie down in the grave alone, like him who slumbers here,
 And who, like me, could once in life thy mellow music hear.

I love to muse, at evening hour, when thou art sounding far,
 And, while I listen, gaze upon yon bright and blessed star;
 And think of all the happy host that dwell, ye dead, with you,
 Beyond the starry skies above—sweet evening bell, adieu!

The Sisters of Charity.

ANGELS of earth sent down from heaven,
 To wipe away the mourner's tear;
 Sweet ministers of mercy, given
 To soothe afflicted mortals here;
 To lessen human misery,
 And to obey our blessed Lord;
 Ye are devoted, yet are free,
 And angels' smiles are your reward.

Ye do renounce the earth, and all
 Its Siren pleasures that betray;
 And at your Saviour's feet ye fall,
 And humbly and devoutly pray
 That He may give ye strength to bless
 The sick, and in his footsteps move;
 Thus imitating, in distress,
 His heavenly mercy and his love.

Ye seek not wealth, ye seek not fame,
 They are a bubble and a breath;
 Ye seek a home in heaven, a name
 With angels, in the hour of death;
 To helpless man ye comfort give,
 And smooth his pathway to the sky,
 In virtue's path ye calmly live,
 To learn the lesson how to die.

Like him who had in Bethlehem birth,
 And sin and sorrow nobly hurled;
 Who hung a rainbow round the earth,
 And saved from death a sinking world;
 Children of charity, ye seek
 The sick and suffering without price,
 Ye measure mercy to the meek,
 And oft from ruin rescue vice.

Methinks the heavenly harps on high
 Will welcome you, and crowns be given,
 When ye shall seek your home on high,
 Even at the golden gates of heaven:
 Methinks the angels blest above,
 Will meet ye with a smile and nod;
 And lead ye by the cords of love,
 To the bright garden of our God.

Oh! in that land among the blest,
 Where none may shed affliction's tears;
 Earth's angels will find glorious rest,
 Amid the march of endless years;
 When suns shall sink and stars consume,
 And skies shall pass away above;
 You, still triumphant o'er the tomb,
 Will dwell in yonder land of love.

Retrospection.

Oh! where are the friends whom in childhood I cherished,
 The good and the graceful—the gifted and brave?
 Alas! in a cold world they pined and have perished,
 Unpitied they sleep in the gloom of the grave.

Or far in a foreign land lonely they wander,
 Unblest by the bosoms that beat for them here;
 Perhaps on the years that are passed they now ponder,
 And drop the sweet tribute of memory's tear.

Alas! when I look on the scenes long departed,
 And think of the friends that so fondly I proved,
 Like Logan, a moment I mourn broken-hearted,
 Alone in the world, stripped of all that I loved.

Oh! the home of my heart, and the scenes of my childhood,
 I long to revisit, and love to recall,
 The village and valley, the grove and the wildwood,
 The friends and the fireside loved more than all.

But why should I weep o'er the friends I have cherished?
 Or sigh o'er the scenes that once happiness gave?
 A few fleeting years, and I too shall have perished,
 And sleep with them all in the gloom of the grave.

Lines on the Death of Isabella,

DAUGHTER OF JAMES AND ELLEN TERRY.

ON Sunday she was the pride of her father, and the joy of her mother's heart. On Monday the cheek which had glowed with health the day before, was blanched—she was dead! At that most interesting period of childhood, when the tongue is just learning to lisp the endearing names of father and mother, Death aimed his dart; and, in a few hours, the music of that little prattling tongue was hushed forever. Gone, forever, were all the bright anticipations of those who idolized her; and oh! how sickening is the thought that all we love is thus mutable and transitory? To-day we are happy in the possession of all that can render life desirable—the next day we are called to mourn over the desolation of our homes, and the ruin of all our high built hopes and holiest affections. Oh! how many a heart has thus bled in anguish, when returning to their desolate homes from the grave, which had just closed over all they held dear on earth? But for those bruised and bleeding hearts there is one consolation, and only one. It is the ever-during hope of meeting the loved and lost at the golden gates of Heaven, and of dwelling together in the garden of God, where parting is no more.

Oh! if there is a scene below the skies,
At which the angels weep, it is to see
A mother's anguish, when her infant dies;
For there's no measure to her misery.

To-day, methinks I see her, with her child,
Blooming in beauty, in her blissful arms;
To-morrow, in distraction, wan and wild,
She gazes on her pale and lifeless charms;

Or round her dying couch she fondly flies,
Calling on Heav'n her heart's best hope to save;
Each little art, alas! in vain she tries,
Then shrieks, and yields her darling to the grave.

Wildly she marks the last, long, lingering breath,
And the deep tides of anguish, gushing, roll;
Oh! mournful is that moment we call *death!*
How does it harrow up a parent's soul?

Methinks I see the sad funereal train,
Moving, in solemn silence, to the tomb;
The bleeding heart's deep sigh I hear again,
Mourning, in deepest grief, a daughter's doom.

Oh! if there is a moment that e'er gave
A chastening feeling to the heart, it must
Have been when standing by the solemn grave,
To see our friends go down to death and dust!

Ah! what a desolating feeling came
 O'er these sad parents, when they home return'd?
 No little daughter, lisp'd the much lov'd name
 Of Father, or of Mother—silence mourn'd!

In the lone chamber, where her merry voice,
 But yesterday, was heard with heart-felt bliss;
 She comes no more, to bid those hearts rejoice,
 And climb the knee to ask a parent's kiss.

Her little footstep in the hall is mute,
 Her tongue the ear, on earth, no more shall greet;
 Oh! more than lay of minstrel's love-lorn lute,
 Was to that mother's ear its music sweet!

Angels have borne her to the bowers of bliss,
 A happy home, not made with hands, above;
 Oh! may her parents here prepare in *this*,
 To meet her in *yon land* of light and love!

To part with those we love, is keenest pain,
 But here those days of grief will soon be o'er;
 And oh! what joy to meet that child again,
 Where none may weep, and parting is no more!

Solemn Reflections.

WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF A LADY IN NEW JERSEY.

OH! I have sat, at midnight's solemn hour,
 Musing upon the glittering globes, that hang,
 Like lamps suspended in the hall of heaven;
 And while, in contemplation, I surveyed
 The starry host, that wheel their ceaseless flight
 With regular precision, I have mused;
 Ay, meditated on the wondrous power—
 The grandeur and the glory of a God,
 Who is of suns and systems, and of all
 Created things, the centre and the soul,
 Till my wrapt soul was lost in deep amaze.

When to my mind the mighty thought came in,
 That every star, that twinkled, was a sun,
 Round which a system of huge planets moved,
 Millions of miles apart—and when I thought
 That the same God made me; ay, as I am,
 An insect in Creation's mighty plan;

I wonder'd, while I worship'd, at the Power,
That is as evident ev'n in a plant,
As in a planet; and as glorious, too,
In the frail structure of the worm we crush,
As in the wondrous fabric of a world.

Oh! I have started, when upon myself
I turned my mental eye; and strange thoughts came,
In contemplating that immortal part
Of man, the mind, to matter chain'd, till death
Comes, like a friend; unbars the dungeon door,
And sets the captive free. Why do we start,
And tremble at his coming? To die—it is
As natural as birth; 'tis necessary
That we give place to others, who come in
This breathing world, which our forefathers gave
To us. Then why the awful fear of death?
Ah! 'tis that dreadful consciousness within,
That we have not fulfill'd the destiny
Which God 'intended; that we are unfit
To enter at the golden gates of Heaven;
And that we've spurn'd the off'ring of that One,
Who hung the rainbow of Redemption round
A dark and dying world.

Death is no bugbear to the soul sublime,
That, freed from human error, walks the ways
Of innocence and virtue. To him the grave
Hath lost its victory—death hath no sting.
When comes the summons, he with joy obeys;
And, like the setting sun, he leaves behind
His golden virtues, to adorn the earth;
While his immortal spirit is removed,
From this cold world to the garden of his God.

Speech of Logan,

The Indian Chief whose wife and children were murdered by the Americans as they approached the shore in a canoe.

THESE hands have shed the blood of many a foe,
And laid in death the bleeding warrior low;
These hands still reek with noblest British blood,
Shed o'er these plains in many a rubric flood;
Columbia's cause has led me forth to war,
For her I mounted on the sanguine car;
For fair Columbia and her warlike sires,
I snatched the torch and lit funereal fires;

For her I bade the streams of vengeance flow,
 Piled up the dead in heaps of slaughter'd woe;
 Led on the ranks to gain the victor's prize,
 While many a ghost fled blood-stain'd to the skies.
 Bade all around vindictive fury roar,
 Till bleeding heroes cover'd all the shore.
 And now where is that bright reward of fame,
 Which every chief demands to grace his name;
 Where is that meed which heroes must allow
 To grace the bold victorious hero's brow?
 Alas! see there beside the sounding main,
 My wife and all my helpless children slain!
 With bleeding breasts they stain their native shore,
 And dream of Logan and his toils no more—
 Those sons whom I have screen'd from war's alarms
 Have robb'd my heart of all its earthly charms,
 And now not one lone drop of my blood warm
 Runs in the veins of any living form;
 By cruel men my joys and hopes have fled,
 They sleep with these, my wife and children, dead.
 O sacred wife, to thee no pow'r belongs,
 But yet thy Logan shall revenge thy wrongs;
 Thy mem'ry, O my children, pangs imparts,
 Your father's friends have pierc'd your guiltless hearts;
 For this, before the setting sun I swear—
 And thou, Great Spirit, hear my humble prayer—
 Never shall Logan drop the scalping-knife
 Or tomahawk, until the victim's life
 Shall pay the ransom of those children slain,
 And this dear wife now stretched along the main;
 Ere I shall falter in the bloody deed
 O may this heart with spouting crimson bleed,
 May ghastly wounds let out my life and breath,
 And seal these eyes in one eternal death;
 For this I draw the blood avenging blade
 To sweep the former friends Columbia made:
 Ne'er shall these hands support her cause again,
 Retrench her toils or lead her cruel train,
 More cruel far than Indian bosoms burn,
 For Indian warriors ne'er their friends will spurn;
 Now to the task my weary feet are borne,
 But O, alas! for these my friends I mourn,
 No friend I have, distained with human gore,
 Their bones must bleach along this billowy shore.
 Death is no terror, yet to me belongs
 To reek my vengeance and revenge thy wrongs;
 Then without fear I yield and calmly die
 To seek my wife and children in the sky.
 Till this is gain'd my hand shall never cease,
 Nor take from foes the calumet of peace.

Sunrise at Sea.

As observed from the balcony of the Ocean House, at Lewistown, Delaware.

As I stood on the balcony gazing afar,
A light stream'd across like the gleam of a star;
'Twas the light of the sun, and it broke in a blaze
O'er the tremulous ocean, exciting amaze.

'Tis lovely, I said, to the friend at my side,
Ah! yes, he exclaimed, and I view it with pride;
It illumines the land of the brave and the free,
As it rises afar from the dark rolling sea.

And mark the white sails, as they bend to the breeze,
Returning from far, very far distant seas;
They seem to my sight like the spirits of men,
On eternity's ocean, in fancy we ken.

Oh! yes, I exclaim'd, and how blest it must be
To ride and to rule o'er the dark rolling sea;
O'er which haughty England has boasted to ride,
But who has been checked by American pride.

Behold on Champlain brave McDonough in war,
And see how descended the bold Briton's star;
Ay, mark the brave Jones, when he gave them a toast,
And allowed the bold British no longer to boast.

Oh! Delaware, land of the brave and the free,
On which the sun rises from yonder dark sea;
I love thee, for thou wert the first to proclaim
Our freedom from slavery—freedom from shame.

Thy chickens are brave in the field of the fight,
Forever contending for honor and right;
Thy daughters are fair as the lilies of yore,
And their manners and minds ev'ry man must adore.

Oh! Sun, let thy beams still illumine our land,
And glory awaken on every hand;
Let our chickens still crow at thy rising for aye,
And the name of our worthies be doom'd ne'er to die.

The Duel, or the Dream of Love.

“Ah! me, how many a tender tear,
Has fallen on the untimely bier
Of those who on the field have died,
Sad martyrs to egregious pride!
How many a happy heart hath bled
Upon false honor's gory bed?
How many a blasted hope is found,
Upon 'the dark and bloody ground?'”—ANON.



GENTLE reader, the story which I am about to record, and which from the sensitive heart may demand the tribute of a tear, is not drawn from the vast store of poetical imagination; but actually occurred—and that, too, within the confines of the glorious little State of Delaware, the damsels of which are among the loveliest in the world. You may talk of the Peries of Persia; of the Sylphs of Circassia, and the dark-eyed, dazzling Georgian girls; but never was there a more graceful or beautiful being, than the one whose touching story I am about to relate. Mark me, my dear reader, I am not exaggerating. Every eye that beheld her, was entranced, as if some Houri of the Turkish heaven had come down to earth, blessed with the grace of a Grecian Venus.

Evelina Summerville was not only distinguished for her personal beauty, but for her talents and elegant attainments; and when I say that she was pre-eminent among the dark-eyed damsels of Delaware, I have paid her the highest compliment it is in my power to pay.

Evelina was the only and idolized daughter of respectable and wealthy parents, in the town of M——, in which she moved the centre of every elegant and accomplished circle. No expense was spared to have her accomplished, not only in the brilliant and beautiful, but in the more solid branches of learning. She was

placed in Wilmington, at that excellent Female Institute, which has sent forth so many accomplished young ladies, to become, as mothers, the great moral teachers in the happy homes of Delaware.

Evelina Summerville was not only beautiful and accomplished; but in her manners there was a magic, a witchery, that won and carried captive every heart. A light, as beautiful and blissful as that which beams from the eye of an angel, was ever illuminating with smiles her lovely countenance; and in her heart there was so much gentleness, and affectionate feeling, that few could enjoy her society long, without loving her. In company, she was so free, so familiar, so kind, that the most diffident were placed at perfect ease; for she possessed that peculiar art of making every one feel the freedom that is felt at home. Whether at home or abroad, her merry laugh infused joy into every heart; for she was ever the same light-hearted being, and knew that by sympathy we weep with those who weep, and laugh with those who laugh. Is it, then, any wonder that Evelina Summerville became a universal favorite, and that many a dashing dandy bowed down in adoration before her? No. She was beloved by the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the haughty and the humble, the happy and the wretched.

Evelina and George Blakely had formed a mutual attachment in childhood, while at school; and they had breathed a mutual vow, that they would live for each other; that no changes of time, no reverses of fortune, no whim or caprice should estrange them. The parents of Evelina saw the growing attachment with disapprobation; for though George, in boyhood, was held up as a pattern of moral excellence; he, or his parents were guilty of one thing not to be forgiven—poverty! Yes, poor George was condemned by them for his poverty, a thing he had no hand in, and which he might in future years retrieve.

Mr. and Mrs. Summerville were both ambitious, and they desired their daughter, as she was endowed with extraordinary beauty, and would be wealthy beside, to wed some rich and distinguished man. George was obscure and poor. He was not even celebrated within the purlieus of his own town, and he supported himself by teaching a school.

Sad was the soul of George, and gloomy was the day, when Evelina bade adieu to the sunny scenes of her childhood, and went her way to Wilmington, to finish her education. Her parents had two objects in view; the first of which was, to avail themselves of the advantages of an excellent seminary; and the second was,

the hope that a long absence would obliterate her affection for poor, obscure George; for the understanding was, that she was to remain until she completed a full collegiate education. Vain, illusive hope! They did not think of those winged messengers of love, that would carry to each bereaved bosom a sweet consolation—the consolation of still being remembered. They thought not of those couriers, called letters, which, though silent and unseen, bear heart-warm blessings many a weary mile. No, they did not think of these.

Evelina did not long remain at the institute, in Wilmington, without attracting the eyes of the proudest and loftiest, to her transcendent beauty. As at home, she became the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of the most gifted and accomplished men, till her personal and mental beauty became the theme of all, who could properly appreciate her charms.

She had been in Wilmington one year, and had been visited once by her parents. She often mused upon days gone by, and when the happy scenes of her childhood rose before her, bright and beautiful as when she wandered in them, in other years, with George, the vision of love became so vivid, that she felt a regret that she had been so long separated from him, whom absence had made dearer. Though it was in her nature to be happy, the thought that she was exiled from all that she loved, made her gloomy.

“Come,” said she, one bright and beautiful morning in June, to a class mate, “come, Gertrude, let us stroll on the romantic banks of the Brandywine. Every thing now is bursting into bloom and beauty, and the songs of birds, and the sight of flowers, will cheer my mind, which has too long indulged in a vision of love, which, though sweet, is sorrowful to the soul.”

“I saw a cloud upon your sunny countenance,” returned the smiling Gertrude, “but did not know you were in love. Ah! well Virgil says, ‘it is a comfort to the wretched to have companions in misery.’”

“My heart is far away,” sighed the gay Evelina, as they turned into Market street, and were approached by a young gentleman, who was well acquainted with Gertrude.

“Oh! Frank,” exclaimed Gertrude, “let me make you acquainted with one of the loveliest of her sex.”

Francis Wildemer was like a brother to Gertrude; and, between them, there was an attachment of a higher import than that which exists between brother and sister; but no sooner did he gaze into the face of Evelina, than he felt the arrow of Dan Cupid transfixed

in his heart. Gertrude saw the triumph of charms superior to her own, and she watched his every look and motion, when they had ascended the Brandywine and seated themselves on some romantic rocks. Her heart beat with indescribable emotions, when she saw their eyes meet, and had, or imagined she had, evidence that a flame had been suddenly lighted on the altar of their hearts. She felt how severe it was to see our own hopes blighted—to see the fair flowers of affection, which we have nurtured so gently, perish at our feet—to see the superb temple, which was erected in our hearts, tumbled to atoms.

Severe as it was, Gertrude *did* see her fondest hopes decay. The truth is soon told. Frank had been struck by one of those arrows called love at first sight; and, though he had considered Gertrude beautiful, the transcendent charms of Evelina carried his heart captive, by what the French call a *coup de main*, or, perhaps, more properly, a *coup d'œil*.

Francis Wildemer was the heir of a wealthy and influential family in Pennsylvania, and he resolved to woo and win the heart and hand of Evelina at all hazards. He was one of those rattle-brained, dare-devil fellows, who stop at nothing, and who care not for the means, so that the end is accomplished. Though young, he had already been engaged in one of those lamentable remnants of the Feudal ages, called a duel, in which, some way or other, much to the credit of Frank, a lady had been involved.

When the time arrived for the return of Evelina to the home of her childhood, George Blakely was made superlatively happy, and Francis Wildemer superlatively wretched. Frank was now madly in love with her; had proposed; and, much to his surprise, had been rejected. Evelina's parents were on his side; but Evelina's heart was averse to his proposal.

"Why do you reject me?" enquired Frank.

"For the best of reasons in the world," returned the bewitching girl, smiling. "The first is, that my heart has long since been given to another; and the second is, that I breathed an irrevocable vow never to wed any but him. To be candid with you, Frank, are not these weighty reasons?"

"They are certainly heavy and hard ones, too," sighed Frank, with a downcast look, "but cannot they be waived?"

"No, never. The vow breathed by the innocent lips of childhood, from a heart that knew no guile, cannot be lightly cancelled—can never be forgotten. If you regard my peace of mind and future happiness, I conjure you to relinquish the vain hope of

my hand; for you surely would not wish to possess my hand without my heart. You are of too noble a disposition to wish to possess my hand, while my heart would be possessed by another."

"But, dearest Evelina, I have the consent of your parents, which I solicited when they last visited you. Would you set at nought their wishes, and violate their commands? Who is he, whom you would wed? I conjure you to think of this. Is he not poor, obscure and low?"

A flame of resentment flashed up from the heart of Evelina, kindling her eye and cheek; and, ere he finished the sentence so obnoxious to her soul, she warmly exclaimed, "Oh! yes, sir, that he is poor, is very true; but have I not an ample inheritance to bestow upon him? It is true that, like many others, he has not distinguished himself yet in the field or the forum; but a nobler heart, than that within his bosom, does not bless, nor beat within, the happy homes of Delaware."

"But are your parents' wishes nothing, Miss Summerville?" enquired Frank, with a cool provoking air.

"I see," retorted Evelina, as her lovely eyes were again lit up by a sudden emotion, "that you are disposed to seek assistance from supposed parental power. Do not, I pray you, deceive yourself. The fortune bequeathed me, by my uncle, I hold independent of my parents; and I hold this truth to be self-evident, that a daughter has certain inalienable rights, among which, is that of choosing the man who, as her husband, is, in her judgment, best qualified to render her happy. Oh! how many, many hearts have broke and bled under the tyranny of parents! How many amiable daughters have been forced to wed with those they could not love, and have been doomed to drag out a life of wretchedness, unalleviated by a single joy! Some have gone to dwell in splendid mansions, and, while surrounded with all the gorgeous trappings of wealth, their hearts were pining away in unavailing grief and regret. They were given, by their avaricious parents, to men, whose wealth allured them; while their affections had been given, by themselves, to those, whose feelings and affections were congenial with their own. Think of this, Mr. Wildemer, and you will see, that you could not be happy with one, whose affections belong to another."

"Then, Miss Summerville, you spurn parental guardianship, and rely entirely on your own judgment?"

"No, sir; I do not. No one more reveres the advice of a parent than I do, and no one would make greater sacrifices for their

happiness; but when I am to be made a sacrifice to Mammon; when my husband is to be chosen, and he is not to be the one who possesses my affections, I beg to demur. Never till my parents can feel as I feel, and judge as I judge, will I consent to their choice of a husband for me. What are all the glittering gewgaws of wealth, and all the pomp and pride of princely grandeur, if the heart is mourning over the mausoleum of its hopes?"

"Well, dearest Evelina," said Frank, taking her small white hand in both of his, "you will think better of my proposition hereafter. It would be the pride of my soul to grace my ancestral halls with so lovely a flower as Evelina Summerville, who is, in my eye, the fairest of the fair."

"But if that flower should pine and perish, for the want of congenial soil, your triumph would be short-lived," returned the beauty, as she curved her lip, and bent her dark, dazzling eye full upon him.

Evelina's words were calculated to dampen the ardor of one less determined than Francis Wildemer; but they only had the effect of making him more strenuous in his efforts to win the proud beauty. Though her independent spirit militated against his hopes and wishes, yet it caused him to admire her the more, and he resolved to have her at all hazards.

"Farewell, Mr. Wildemer," said Evelina, next morning, "I am going back to the happy scenes of my childhood."

"Any place is happy where you are," returned Frank, as he grasped her hand. "Farewell, I shall soon follow you."

"You had better save yourself the trouble."

"Why so? Is there no hope?" enquired Frank, laughing.

"No, not a particle," answered the gay girl, echoing his laugh.

"Well, we shall see," returned Frank, as he shook her hand and departed. The huge stage, in a short time after, started; and bore away that exquisitely beautiful being, to the great regret of more hearts than one. So elegant, so easy and bewitching was Evelina in her manners; so engaging and entertaining in her conversation; and so transcendently beautiful in her person withal, that it was no wonder her departure was regretted.

The golden orb of day had just sunk below the western horizon, and the still hour of evening, with all its hallowed associations, was coming on, drowning everything in a delicious dreaminess; when George Blakely entered the residence of the Summervilles, once more blessed with the presence of its household deity. Three long years had passed since his eyes had feasted on the

charms of the beautiful Evelina. There she lay, reclining on a crimson sofa. Fatigued, she had fallen asleep. What a vision of love and loveliness! Since he had seen her, she had thrown off girlhood, and had bloomed into the voluptuous beauty of womanhood. There she lay, with all the gorgeous grace and symmetry of the Venus de Medicis. No Apelles, no Michael Angelo, no Raphael ever imagined—no painter's pencil, no sculptor's chisel ever fashioned or formed so much of grace and beauty. On one fairy hand rested her exquisite head, from which fell a profusion of ringlets, shading a neck and bosom that were smooth as marble, and white as alabaster. Her form, of perfect symmetry, was stretched at full length; and from her white muslin dress protruded two of the most diminutive and delicate little feet, the very slippers on which had power to wound the heart. But George's eyes were fixed on the angelic face before, on which the twilight fell with a mellow radiance, heightening the bloom on her glowing cheek. Her lips, so like

“A dish of ripe strawberries, smother'd in cream,”

seemed to be moving, as if breathing blessings; while a smile played over them, like the golden sunlight of morning dancing on twin rose-buds. That smile was sunlight, indeed, to the soul of George; and he longed to look into the dreamy depths of those dark and dazzling eyes, which now closed upon this world, and were surveying the romantic revelations of a world of dreams.

Scarcely did the wish cross his mind, ere she awoke; and, springing to her feet, stood before him the very impersonation of an earthly angel. Awed by the presence of so much virtue, dignity and beauty, he looked bewildered, not knowing what to say or which way to turn; but the cordial welcome he received from the fair Evelina, soon reassured him; and no sooner did the light of her lovely eye fall upon him, than he was satisfied that she was still the same in faith and in affection, unaltered by the lapse of time.

Sweetly and swiftly, now, flew by the golden hours; though the cold, averted looks of Mr. and Mrs. Summerville, met George every time he crossed the threshold. He often heard Evelina speak of Francis Wildemer; and one day he saw an elegant carriage stop at the hotel, the occupant of which alighted, and went immediately to the residence of the Summervilles. The very sound of the knocker seemed like the knell of all his hopes. A

wealthy suitor, he knew, could not but be well received by the parents of Evelina; and, for a week, he was on the horns of a dilemma, not knowing how to proceed.

The parents of Evelina were delighted with the gay, dashing, young Frank Wildemer; and used every argument to induce Evelina to accept his proffered hand.

"Would you have me happy or miserable?" she enquired. "If I am to be the first, I must marry George; but if I am to be miserable, I must wed Francis Wildemer, whom I do not love."

"Cannot you be happy with so wealthy and agreeable a young man as Francis?" asked her father.

"No, my dear father; have I not often heard you declare, that there was no situation in life so wretched, as was that of a woman compelled to marry the man she could not love?"

This was a death-blow to the arguments of her parents, and they resolved that the best way was to let her make her own choice. Frank, in the mean time, was determined to carry off the great beauty, and threatened to *call out* any man who should dare to step between him and the angel of his idolatry. George had met Frank frequently, at Mr. Summerville's house; and, though they treated each other politely, there was, evidently, no good feeling subsisting between them.

One charming evening, in August, George found Evelina alone, and made up his mind to put the matter at rest, by making a decisive proposal. He was resolved to know the worst, and to marry the fair object of his adoration, or relinquish all hope in future.

"Have you forgotten," said he to the fair creature before him, "the mutual vows that we breathed in the happy days of childhood, when we pledged ourselves to live for each other?"

"I never forget a solemn obligation," returned Evelina, while a slight blush passed over her face.

"Are you ready to redeem that vow?"

"I am;" and a deeper blush crimsoned the face of Evelina.

"Enough; I am the happiest of men."

The day was appointed for their marriage, and George went to his school in an ecstasy of bliss. So bewildered was he, that he set wrong copies; spilled ink; split pens, and was totally unable to do sums, for his pupils, in arithmetic. His parents thought he was becoming deranged, until they discovered that he was soon to be married to the loveliest of women, and the favorite of all who knew her.

There was, however, a cloud upon the mind of Evelina. She had heard that Frank had sworn vengeance to any man who should cross his path in courtship, and she dreaded that a duel would be the consequence; well knowing that the soul of George would never shrink from a challenge, and that Frank had been engaged in a duel. This fearful thought took full possession of her mind, and she laid an injunction, that the matter should be kept a secret until they were married; that, as a married man, George might refuse to fight, without any sacrifice of honor. Two nights before, she had a dreadful dream, in which she saw George fall before the pistol of Frank; and the vision was so vivid that she could not banish it from her mind. The bleeding form of George was ever before her excited imagination; and being, like most persons, superstitious, she was firmly persuaded that something would happen.

In the mean time, preparations were going on for a splendid wedding; the house was crowded with mantua-makers, milliners, and merchants' clerks; enormous pound-cakes were being baked, and the house renovated from top to bottom.

At length the morning of the marriage day arrived, and Evelina was almost worn out with the incessant fatigue she had undergone. Still that dreadful fear, that something would happen, was in her mind; she could not shake it off; and in her disordered fancy she could see her beloved George borne from the fatal dueling ground, bleeding and gashed with wounds.

Every arrangement having been made, she sat down, in the afternoon, in her large arm rocking chair to rest her wearied limbs. A dreamy sleepiness stole over her, for she had not closed her eyes the night before. Suddenly the door opened, and a servant rushed in, crying, "Oh! Miss Evelina, there is mad work at the hotel!"

"For God's sake," exclaimed Evelina, as she started up, "what is the matter? Is George killed? Speak?"

"Oh! he and Mr. Wildemer have had a fight, and the floor is covered with blood. Then they parted them, and Mr. Wildemer swore he would have revenge, and challenged Mr. George to meet him over the bridge, in an hour."

"Did George accept it?" screamed Evelina in trepidation.

"Yes, Ma'am, and they are now fixing and making their arrangements for the bloody work."

"Oh! I expected it! I expected it!" screamed Evelina, as she ran round the room, wringing her hands, in a wild transport of

despair. "He will be killed! he will be killed! Oh! God, I dreamt of it the other night! Wretched being that I am! But it must, it must be prevented."

With dishevelled hair, and a wild imploring look, she rushed into the room of her parents, and falling upon her knees before her father, she shrieked in piteous tones, "Save him, oh! save him, my father, or I am eternally undone!"

To her surprise, her father turned and said, unmoved, "As you make your bed, my daughter, so you must lie in it. Had you been obedient to the wishes of your parents, had you not violated the sacred duty you owe to them, you would have escaped the horrible event which now wrings your soul with anguish. You have drawn the judgment upon yourself."

"Save him, oh! save him, my mother!" again screamed Evelina.

"You have drawn this just punishment on your own head," coolly responded her mother. "Your headstrong will may be the cause of one, perhaps of two human beings being ushered into the presence of an offended God, covered with their own blood."

Evelina shrieked wildly in her despair; and flying to her chamber, she hastily threw on her bonnet, and fled from the house like one distracted, scarcely knowing what she did. She flew to the hotel, but they were not there, and she could not learn in what direction they were gone.

"Oh! horrors," she cried, as she rushed along the street to the house in which George's parents lived, "perhaps, ere now, pierced by a ball, George has fallen!"

Without ceremony, she ran into the house, screaming—"Save him! Oh! save him! or let me perish with him."

"Save whom?" cried the father of George.

"Save George; he has gone to fight a duel."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Blakely, "you have been the cause of the murder of my son; his blood is on your head! You have embittered my days, and will send my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh! wretched mother that I am!"

These words passed through the brain of Evelina like red-hot balls. The next moment the sound of voices and the tramping of feet, rushing by, saluted her ear, and the cry, "a man has been killed in a duel!" caused her to shriek. As she turned her streaming eyes to the door, a number of men appeared, bearing the dead body of her affianced husband—the bleeding form of George.

"Behold the havoc you have made!" cried the weeping mother of George, to Evelina.—"Behold my murdered son!"

Evelina would have fled from the scene, but she was transfixed to the spot. She was held as by a spell, while her wildly glaring eyes were directed to the bleeding bosom of George. A ball had pierced his heart, and the blood was oozing from the wound. His pale face which she had so often seen wreathed in smiles, was turned towards her; and while she fixed her gaze upon it, the mourning mother, swooned, and fell across the lifeless body.

But the dreadful scene was not yet complete—the last act of the awful tragedy was to be enacted. Francis Wildemer, with a haggard countenance, his eyes rolling in frenzy, rushed into the room; and standing before the affrighted Evelina, with a glittering dagger in his hand, he exclaimed—“Oh! fatal beauty, see the havoc that your coquettish charms have made! Another victim is doomed to die at your feet, a sad sacrifice to that dangerous gift, called beauty.”

Evelina shuddered and shook like an aspen leaf; but as if held by the charm of an enchantress, she could not move from the spot. The wild eye of Wildemer was fixed upon her, and its fascination seemed to hold her very soul enthralled; as the poor bird is held captive by the mysterious eye of the serpent. In vain she endeavored to turn from its ghastly gaze—in vain she attempted to fly from the terrific scene.

“I have come to die at your feet,” exclaimed Wildemer, and plunged the dagger to his heart. As he fell, she saw the blood stream from his bosom, and his eyes roll in agony.

“Oh! God, have mercy!” she screamed; “he has killed himself!”

“Who? who? What is the matter?” cried Mrs. Summerville. “Why, Evelina, you have been struggling with the nightmare. Wake up; it is high time for you to be dressing for the marriage ceremony. Get about; the guests will soon be here.”

Evelina had indeed been dreaming. She had fallen asleep in the chair, and her former foolish fear that Frank and George might have an altercation, had caused her dream of the duel. How different was the scene! They were soon after married, and with mirth and music the joyous evening passed away. The next morning an elegant carriage was seen at the door of the hotel, in which Francis Wildemer seated himself, and drove off to parts unknown.

George and Evelina now dwell in one of the happiest homes of Delaware, and they have a thriving family of children, whose heads rise one above another, like stair-steps. Evelina has never regretted her choice of a husband, neither has she forgotten the DUEL, OR THE DREAM OF LOVE.

The Monkey Outwitted.

A POETICAL TALE.

Now gentle folks, tho' I'm a little HIPPY,
 That is, somewhat affected with the BLUES;
 I'll sing you what is call'd a comic ditty,
 Of what, I'm told,
 Occurr'd of old,
 In Philadelphia city,
 And which in ancient prints you may peruse.

 On Market street,
 Say ten, or mayhap forty, fifty feet,
 Or I don't know but ninety-odd' or more,
 From the corner,
 Lived Mr. Horner,
 Who kept of boots and shoes a first-rate store;
 And just next door,
 A show,
 You know,
 Was kept as a museum by John Cope;
 And in the large yard back,
 A monkey—Dandy Jack,
 Was playing pranks all day upon a rope.

Two yards or so, perhaps it might be four,
 From this same rope, in Horner's shop, alas!
 There was a window cut; there was no door—
 Thro' which Jack could survey all that might pass,
 Without a glass,
 And there, from day to day,
 How long I cannot say,
 Did he peruse
 The workmen making shoes;
 'Till he, I think, believed at last,
 That he could stitch a boot or shoe as fast,
 And well
 As any journeyman he saw
 His wax'd end draw;
 But still till he had tried he could not tell.

 The proof of any matter,
 Philosophers have said,
 So I have read;
 Is first to eat the pie, then lick the platter;
 So when one day the workmen went to dinner,
 As I'm a sinner,

Jack thro' the window slip'd from his retreat,
 And took upon a workman's bench his seat;
 With knowing look,
 The shoe he took,
 And strap'd it nicely on his knee;
 And then, you see,
 He took his awl, and many a hole
 He bored through both the upper and the sole,
 While with the end he sewed them fast,
 Ay, even to the last;
 Hearing the sound of footsteps, Jack retreated,
 And in a trice upon his rope was seated.

“What scoundrel has been here?”
 Now fell upon Jack's ear,
 From the enraged shoemaker, who beheld
 His shoe sew'd up into a knot;
 While all his soul with indignation swell'd;
 And many an oath
 Was utter'd on the spot,
 Which frighten'd Jack out of a year of growth;
 Till finding that
 The workman had not smelt a rat,
 But thought that some outrageous fellow,
 Quite mellow,
 Had done the shameful act, nor could conceive
 'Twas Jack, tho' Jack was laughing in his sleeve.

Now the same play,
 Next day
 Jack acted over;
 And while he sew'd the ends all up,
 And took the paste and lamp-black cup,
 And rub'd,
 And scrub'd,
 The shoe sole well, he thought he was in clover;
 Nor would he budge,
 Till from the street he heard
 A footstep, or a word,
 When thro' the window he like lightning flew,
 And to the roaring mad shoemaker's view,
 Sat on his rope as solemn as a judge.

For several days Jack play'd this game,
 While the shoemaker thunder'd,
 And wonder'd
 What villain could be guilty of the same;
 No person thro' the door,
 Beheld him pass;
 And yet, alas!
 By some mysterious way he came,

St. Crispin swore;
 So he resolved to watch for the villain daily,
 And if he caught him, give him his shelalah.

Next day,
 Crispin, as usual, left Jack at his play,
 And started as if going home to dine;
 But in the next room was a nook,
 From which he, unperceived, could look

On all

That might befall;

And soon his eyes did open wide,
 When he beheld Jack slyly slide
 Into the shop, to cut another shine;

But to be satisfied

Jack was the sinner;

He sat

Down flat,

Upon the floor, where he could calmly view
 Jack's villainy, if he DID sew the shoe,
 Instead of going home to dinner.

Jack soon began,

Like any journeyman,

To push the awl and draw the cord, that is,

By all the craft,

Yclep'd the wax'd end, far and near;

And Crispin laugh'd,

To see the awful and most comic phiz

Jack made; his mouth was spread from ear to ear,

And straining, too, " " " "

To pull it through,

His eyes look'd like two red potatoes

Stuck in a pumpkin red; " " "

And Crispin swore, by all the Catos,

He'd be revenged upon the monkey's head.

So dinner time, next day,

Came round, and Jack as usual was sitting,

Watching for the next play,

And laughing as if both his sides were splitting,

"I'll make you laugh on t'other side,"

Replied

The workman, whose surname was Eleazer,

And from his draw'r he took

A box and brush and razor,

And strap'd the latter on a book;

While Jack, with knowing look,

Still sat upon the rope an idle gazer;

Chuckling to think how he would imitate,

And little dreaming of approaching fate.

Now Eleazer,
 After he long and well had strap'd the razor,
 Made a soap slush,
 And with the brush,
 Lather'd his face all over;
 Then held the razor full in view,
 Which twice across his neck he drew,
 But 'twas the back;
 So then he laid it down and went to dinner.
 Poor Jack
 Thought now he certainly had got in clover;
 And long upon the book,
 When Jack crept in the shop with cunning look,
 He strap'd the razor,
 A la mode de Eleazer,
 Feeling the edge to see if it was thinner.
 * * * * *
 When back from dinner Eleazer came,—
 Oh! what a shame!
 Oh! what a piteous sight was here!
 Jack's corpse upon the bench was gather'd,
 His throat was cut from ear to ear;
 And his whole face was thickly lather'd:
 Pale as a ghost he lay,
 His spirit having pass'd away.
 * * * * *
 Alas! Jack's sad catastrophe,
 Should teach us never to make free
 With other people's business, for I've learnt,
 In meddling you but get your fingers burnt.

D e l a w a r e .

The glorious little Banner State, which had the honor, through Mr. M'KEAN, of giving a Constitution to the United States.

Oh! land of my childhood, I long to behold
 Thy green grassy tombs, and thy temples of old;
 I long to survey the sweet spot where I trod,
 Where in youth I fell down at the footstool of God.

Dear home of my heart, in the moments of sleep,
 Again in thy green shady woodlands I weep;
 In the arms of my mother, I smile as I start,
 And awake far away, oh! thou home of my heart!

In the dark dream of memory fondly I mourn
 O'er the hopes from my heart that have rudely been torn;
 O'er affections that faded in boyhood's bright day,
 And the vows that have vanished like music away.

Sweet land of the beautiful, land of the brave,
 Where my forefathers fell in a patriot's grave;
 I envy the bird that now builds in thy bowers,
 And the bee that is banqueting there on the flowers.

The sister with whom I so fondly have strayed,
 And the schoolmates so merry with whom I have played,
 Have gone to the grave, like the hopes I have known,
 And have left me to weep and to wander alone.

In the land of the stranger my footsteps I bend,
 Where I press to my bosom full many a friend;
 Tho' the pathway of sin and of sorrow I've trod,
 And have wandered away from the worship of God.

There I met fair Mary Jane.

'Twas on a merry morn in June,
 Thro' beauty's blooming bower,
 I wander'd, with my harp in tune,
 To seek the fairest flower;
 But ev'n the blushing rose of Spain
 Could not compare, in sun or shower,
 With one that graced those scenes;
 For there I met fair Mary Jane,
 Exulting in her 'teens.

The lily hung its lovely head,
 The pink essay'd to please;
 The honey-suckle, sighing, shed
 Its odors on the breeze;
 But not a flowret would I deign
 To pluck, from trellice or from trees,
 In those romantic scenes;
 For there I met fair Mary Jane,
 Exulting in her 'teens.

The brightest, sweetest flowers were there,
 That grace this flowery world;
 The rose breath'd incense on the air,
 Its leaves the cowslip curl'd;

But there was one that was not vain,
 And it no gaudy leaves unfurl'd;
 The charm of those bright scenes;
 For there I met fair Mary Jane,
 Exulting in her 'teens.

Oh! wheresoe'er my feet may stray,
 Amid life's varied flowers;
 I never can forget the day,
 I wander'd thro' the bowers;
 And tho' they ne'er can come again,
 I never can forget the hours,
 In those romantic scenes;
 For there I met Miss Mary Jane,
 Yet lovely in her 'teens.

Evening on the First of June.

'Tis the first night of June, and the song of the bird
 No more in the glade or green woodland is heard;
 The herd in the field, and the lambs on the hill,
 Have sunk to their slumbers—all Nature is still.

The bee from his bower has gone to his hive,
 And the garden no more hums with insects alive;
 No more the gay butterfly's beauty we scan,
 For all are at rest, but the spirit of man.

The sun 'has gone down o'er the hills, and behold!
 The horizon is glowing with azure and gold;
 While above in its beauty the evening star beams,
 Like the light of young hope in love's rapturous dreams.

The moon now appears, where the clouds have been riven,
 Like a silver lamp hung in the high hall of Heaven;
 And she smiles in her brilliance on beautiful bowers;
 Adorn'd with the sweetest and fairest of flowers.

'Tis sweet at this moment to muse on the past,
 When the storm-king in terror rode by on the blast;
 When the birds flew away from the Winter in fear,
 And the flowers were gone to the grave of the year.

Oh! much do I love at this moment to dream,
 At moonlight alone by some murmuring stream,
 Of the spring-time of life, though its blisses are o'er,
 And alas! in this world, nothing now can restore!

The Buggaboo.

The mightiest minds, that ever shed their light
O'er the world's dark interminable night,
Have bowed at Superstition's gloomy shrine,
With all the zeal that marks the mind divine;
Have started at the phantom fancy made,
Nor saw the weakness that their fears betray'd.



A DISTINGUISHED philosopher has said, that early impressions seldom or never fade. The question may be asked, why are some persons so much more superstitious; so much more fearful in solitude and darkness than others? This question is easily answered. The tales of ghosts, goblins and buggaboos, which are told in the nursery and eagerly listened to in early life, are the prolific source of more than half the superstition which sits like an incubus on the human mind. The horrible stories related to children in the nursery by the ignorant nurse, and even at the fireside by parents, have caused many a child to be afraid of his own shadow, and made many a man a coward through life. Who has not sat in childhood by the winter evening fireside and listened to tales of ghosts, until he was afraid to go to bed, or even to look round? Remember, parents of this enlightened age, that these impressions never fade; but cling to the mind through after life, causing many an hour of anxiety and terror. Never suffer the nurse to frighten your children with the tales of ghosts and goblins, and they will never fear darkness more than light; the solitary grave-yard will have no terrors for them; neither will they start with affright at a vague object in the dark.

Knowing the evil effects of nursery tales myself, I once requested my mother not to suffer the nurse, or any other person, to poison the mind of a young brother, then an infant, with those supersti-

tious stories. The injunction was strictly observed, and the boy grew up entirely free from fear, and unshackled by superstition. The terrors which haunt the minds of other children, troubled him not. He felt no alarm when he entered the dark room alone, or traversed the lonely church-yard. As a proof that his mind was not imbued with that fearfulness so common to children, I will relate the following test to which I subjected him when he was but ten years of age.

On a table in the room where I wrote, sat a human skull; which I had brought from the University of Pennsylvania. One night, about eight o'clock, I said, "Tom, what will you ask to go up to my room, alone in the dark, and bring me the skull that sits on the table? Will you do it for a dollar?"

"Yes."

"Will you for half a dollar?" I enquired.

"Yes."

"Will you for a quarter?"

"Why, brother John," said he with a smile, "I am not afraid; I'll bring it down for nothing."

And away he went, though it was so dark that he had to grope his way; but in a few minutes he returned, bearing in his hand the identical human skull.

"Oh!" exclaimed his young sister, "I would not have done it for the world!"

And indeed how many children can now be found who would feel no terror in performing such a task? Yet that skull was nothing more than a piece of wood of the same size. There is no inherent cause of alarm in a dead body. That horror which pervades the mind, originates in those early impressions which are said never to fade.

Some of the greatest men that have ever adorned the pages of history or dignified the world, have been as superstitious as the most ignorant. It is a false idea to suppose that none but the ignorant are superstitious. Dr. Johnson, who has been aptly styled the great Leviathan of English literature, was a firm believer in ghosts, and excited great alarm in London at one time in consequence of the appearance of one in that city, great notoriety to which was given by the Doctor. It is well known that the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was no less a believer in these airy visitants and bugbears of the brain, than was Dr. Johnson; ample proof of which may be gathered from his "Journal."

How can we account for such minds being imbued with such unreasonable philosophy, but from the supposition that the seeds of superstition had been sown in early years, when the mind imbibes erroneous opinions with a greedy avidity? The education of childhood we cannot shake off, though the mind in after years may be illumined with all the learning of the Vatican. Mahomet could not propagate his doctrines save by the sword, when they were first promulgated to the grown up Turks; but when the next generation imbibed them in childhood, no sword was required—they were established by the force of education.

When we consider, then, the power and the importance of early impressions, how cautious should we be, that nothing should be imprinted on the youthful mind but that which is salutary—guarding every avenue against the entrance of false opinions; superstitious fallacy, and doubtful doctrines! The impressions made on the mind of the child, mark out the course of the man, and shape his future destiny in a great degree, whether for good or evil.

Were all parents qualified to judge of this matter, and were all parents to watch with solicitude the expansion of the infant intellect, guiding its powers and protecting it from the inroads of improper influences, what a glorious race were ours! No longer should we behold the human mind a waste overgrown with weeds, but a garden filled with gorgeous flowers, blooming in beauty and redolent with sweets.

Well do I remember the tales of the nursery. Full many a winter's eve have I sat in the family circle by the cheerful fire, and listened to "the oldest inhabitant" relate the story of some ghost or goblin, till my hat would rise on my head, and my blood run cold. The story *must* be true, because the grandmother of the narrator had seen the ghost, and *she* was never known to tell an untruth. Often while thus intently devouring every word, with glaring eyes, have I drawn my chair nearer and nearer to the person contiguous, afraid to turn my head, lest the sheeted phantom should meet my vision. My mind was haunted with the horrible idea, that in a short time the family would retire, and I should be under the dreadful necessity of going up stairs to bed—ay, and alone too. Terrible indeed were my sufferings, after listening on those occasions to the "old people's" stories of the wild and the wonderful. Never shall I forget the agonies I have endured, when retiring alone at bed-time.

It was on a dark and stormy night in December, when the spirits of the blast were abroad, and the tempest moaned pitifully round

the turrets of the building, that I sat listening to my aged grandmother, who related the story of a ghost seen in a grave-yard, and on the road that runs by it. She was returning from a visit to a neighbor, in company with one or two persons, when she beheld an object slowly emerge from the grave-yard, clothed in white. It approached and passed by her, when she discovered that it was a man with no head. Oh! horror; I started from my chair with affright, and trembled, for it was near the hour of bed-time.

So soon as the terrible tale was told, the company broke up and I went slowly creeping up stairs to bed. The storm had passed over, and the moon gave sufficient light to see objects dimly in my own room and in the adjoining one, there being a door just opposite my bed, which led from the one to the other. In a very few moments I was undressed and in bed, covering my head closely lest I should see the man with no head. I vainly endeavored to shut out from my mind the recollection of the narrative I had heard. I called up more pleasing memories, but they would not remain—the man with no head would rise before my excited imagination, in spite of all that my judgment could suggest. How strange is the notion of a child, that covering his head in bed will protect him from all evil influences! There I lay smothering beneath a mountain of bed-clothes, while the perspiration was pouring from me in streams, though the weather was cold. I fancied myself in that lonely grave-yard, and that I was gazing at the man with no head, which my grandmother had seen there; and cold chills ran over me.

At length I began to philosophize on the subject, and I resolved that I would no longer be a coward; that I would no longer yield to the influence of superstition. But my imagination had become too much excited to be calm. I threw back the bed-clothes, and oh! what was that which appeared before my startled vision? Was it a hobgoblin or a demon? I could not tell which. It was not the man with no head, for it had horns, and such a head—Oh! horror, it was *all* head. There it was on the opposite side of the adjoining room, staring at me. At first I could see but something like eyes, but at last I could plainly see its enormous eye-balls roll. Oh! how horribly it looked? Again, like a terrapin, I drew my head down close under the bed-clothes, while streams of perspiration continued to gush from every pore. But I could not remain covered. Though awfully terrified, my curiosity was irresistible. I was bound by a spell which I could not resist, and throwing off the covering I looked again at the demon. I screamed with

affright, when I beheld its horrible mouth, with teeth two inches long, grinning at me. Still I gazed, while a kind of stupor came over me; and while I gazed, the demon laughed and rolled its large red eyes. The two horns projecting from its monstrous head were a foot or more in length, and crooked. Oh! I exclaimed to myself, what can it be? I leaped out of the bed and ran towards the stair-way. There was no light below, for the family were all locked in the sweet forgetfulness of slumber. I alone could not sleep, and I thought of Dr. Young's beautiful apostrophe to sleep—

“He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.”

Though but a boy, I stood upon the stair-way and reasoned with myself. If I awaken the family, and find that I have been frightened by some trifling cause, I shall be laughed at and never hear the end of it. On the contrary, if I fly from the scene and never discover the cause, I shall never be able to sleep in that room again. But can I ever venture near enough to that horrid demon to examine it? I shuddered at the very idea of such an adventure.

But I again stole into my room, as if fearful that the ugly looking creature would hear me, and plunged into my bed, every moment expecting that the demon would seize me by the leg. Oh! what hours of agony did I pass! Though the night was cold, I felt it not. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, and my head swam in delirium. I looked again. There it was, in the same place; its eyes still glaring at me, and its terrible teeth grinning and gnashing. I scanned its face with a strange wild stare, and discovered that it had no nose. Merciful fathers! I mentally ejaculated, what a dreadful demon it must be to have no nose? Any thing but a hobgoblin without a nose. Its great broad chin projected out like that of an old person. As I gazed, I could see the enormous head move. A trembling seized me in every limb. My head swam round like a top, but still my eyes were immovably fixed upon the demon. A charm, like that which the serpent exerts over the bird, seemed to rivet my vision. I was spell-bound. I now perceived its body, as the moon shone in at the window. It was small where it was united with the enormous head, but grew larger as it descended. But it had no legs or feet. Oh! horror, a demon without legs or feet was too terrible to think

of, and again I shook like an aspen leaf, and cold chills ran down my back. Again I bolted out of the room, but I could not remain; and I resolved to beard the demon, if I perished in the attempt. I re-entered the room and approached the door, through which I had gazed at the goblin; but no sooner did I get a sight of its glaring eye-balls and long teeth, than I leaped back and screamed with affright. Oh! Lord, I cried, whither shall I fly? I cannot run the risk of being laughed at, and yet if I do not discover the reality I shall be frightened to death.

I now summoned up all my courage, and rushed with desperation upon the demon with a large cane in my hand. As I rushed upon it, I struck it a tremendous blow; a wild yell proceeded from it, and the next instant I saw something leap forth at my feet. I was near fainting with affright; my head swam round; I staggered backward; turned a complete summerset over a tub, and pitched with my head into an iron pot. The force was so great, that my head was plunged into it so far, that, with all my strength, I could not extricate myself. I screamed for help; I bellowed murder; but the sound, to me like thunder, died away in the pot. No one heard me, for it was now just before day, that period of the night when people sleep the soundest. I yelled; I bellowed again and again, till my head rung like a bell; but still no one heard me. What was I to do? I could not get the pot off, and I could not see my way down. Besides the room was full of pots, kettles and pans, the surplus hardware of the store below.

Necessity will cause us to perform many things of which we believed ourselves incapable, and I groped my way to the head of the stair-way. But alas! all my caution was unavailing, for I missed a step, fell, and went rolling down stairs, while the pot struck and rattled on every step as I went, till I reached the parlor carpet. During my rapid descent, I cried murder! murder! as loud as I could bawl. My mother happened to be lying awake, and hearing the rattling of the iron pot and the strange sound of my voice in it, she was much alarmed, for she knew not whether it was some one breaking into the house, or myself walking in my sleep, as I had been known to do.

There was a simultaneous rushing into the parlor when I picked myself up, and a universal laugh broke forth when they beheld me with an iron pot over my head. It required repeated trials to get the pot off, when I related the whole night's adventure. The day was just dawning, and we all repaired to the room to discover the cause of my terror; and, now, gentle reader, what do

you suppose the buggaboo was? It was nothing more or less than my mother's side-saddle, on which she had been accustomed to ride to church, when a girl in the country. Every lady's saddle has two horns. There were two red spots which had been embroidered in the seat, and these my imagination transformed into glaring eyes rolling in their sockets. Beneath these spots, a part of the saddle was worked or stitched with light silk as an ornament, and this my fancy made into an enormous mouth, filled with horrible teeth. The saddle was hung up against the wall, and under it stood a large wooden churn, which answered for a body to the awful buggaboo. When I struck the saddle, a cat leaped out from behind the churn; as I discovered that she had some beautiful kittens concealed there.

Never, while the pulse of life continues to beat, shall I forget that night of terror. An age of suffering was crowded together in the space of a few hours; and suffering the most intense, the most harrowing to the soul. True, the cause of my fear and of my agony was imaginary; but it was none the less acute on that account; and should I live a thousand years, I never wish again to see a buggaboo in my mother's side-saddle, nor to wear another iron pot over my head. Even now, the very sight of a side-saddle, or an iron pot, sets me to shuddering and gives me the horrors.

The Spirit of Niagara.

FAR in the wilderness of woods,
 Where dark Niagara's foaming floods,
 In tumbling torrents madly leap
 Adown the dark and dizzy steep,
 A wigwam stood in other days,
 Where oft the council fires blaze,
 The war-dance and the wilder yell,
 Told of the victim's last farewell.
 Twelve moons had mov'd in azure heav'n
 Since to the chief a bride was giv'n.
 Tamiroo, loveliest of the wild,
 Nature's untaught, tho' charming child.
 The chief admired her charms, and hung
 On wild lays of her tuneful tongue,

When evening, in the echoing grove,
Witnessed his vows of lasting love.
Oft would he seek the sounding shore
When young Tamiroo took the oar,
And gaze, as in her light canoe,
Across the lucid lake she flew,
A fairy gondolier afar,
Till in the west, the evening star
Went down, and the majestic moon
Had gain'd in heav'n her highest noon;
When back again appear'd to view
A sparkling speck, her swift canoe,
Till nearer, on his eager ear,
He heard the song of the gondolier,
Still stretching to the long light oar,
Till to her chief she flew once more.
Happy the tide of time roll'd by
Tears fell not from Tamiroo's eye,
Till in the wigwam at her side
The chief had placed his second bride:
Then swell'd the sea of sorrow high,
Then tears came trickling from her eye,
Turning to memory's light in vain,
With breaking heart and burning brain,
She saw, with jealousy's alarms,
Her rival in her husband's arms.
Stung to the heart with passion's pangs,
And the vile viper hatred's fangs,
She gaz'd upon her beauteous boy,
The pledge of former love and joy.
And seizing him, with rapid flight,
Fled from the cruel, killing sight.
Swift to the shore she onward flew,
And placed her boy in her canoe,
Push'd from the shore, the chief defy'd,
And down the rapid river's tide
The death-song sung of all her loves,
A farewell to her woodland groves,
To all the joys of earlier life,
Ere she became the injured wife.
The chief stroll'd weeping on the strand,
Beck'ning her back to love and land,
But swifter down the flood she flew
And only waved a last adieu;
He saw her o'er the high cliff hurl'd
And o'er her bark the billows curl'd,
Dash'd headlong down where cascades pour
And loud eternal torrents roar.
And now, 'tis said when Luna's light
Dispels the sombre shades of night,

Her light canoe is seen to glide,
 Adown the rapid river's tide,
 And her death-song is heard again
 In many a sad and sighing strain.
 The lonely traveller often sees
 Her spirit riding on the breeze,
 Or plunging in her madness wild
 Down the deep with her screaming child.
 Again, 'tis said, array'd in white,
 She walks upon that dizzy height,
 And wrings her hands and tears her hair,
 Mourning upon the midnight air.

The Great Battle.

FAME crowns the hero's dauntless deed,
 Who boldly braves the toils of war,
 Immortal glory, those that bleed,
 Receive from joyful Senates far;
 And monumental trophies stand,
 To tell posterity he died;
 Bright hist'ry's page o'er all the land,
 Records his name with boasted pride.

Rejoicing millions catch the sound,
 Of battles fought and battles won,
 While sparkling glasses circle round,
 And hail the deed so nobly done;
 And thund'ring cannons speak the praise
 Of heroes doomed to rise no more;
 Great kingdoms shout the honor'd lays,
 And spread the news from shore to shore.

Old Greece could tell how Philip's son,
 Laid Persia's warlike heroes low,
 And how brave Sparta's race was run,
 When kingly sires were sunk in woe;
 Yea, Rome can tell how Cæsar stood,
 The vengeance of a Pompey's might;
 And how he plung'd thro' waves of blood,
 To conquest in the glorious fight.

France, Spain and Russia could rehearse
 A tale of bloody deeds and fears;
 Yea, wilder than the muse's verse,
 They could unfold the scroll of years,

And tell of Bonaparte with rage,
 What time the dauntless warrior came,
 Sweeping resistless fortune's stage,
 To crown his never-dying fame.

And Britain could roll back with pride,
 The cloudy veil from valor's son,
 And point to bleeding freedom's side,
 Staunched by immortal Washington;
 And he could tell of heroes brave,
 Of Wellington's and Nelson's arms,
 Yea, point to Spain's inglorious grave,
 And triumph in her war's alarms.

But there are deeds more glorious still,
 That teach the bosom how to feel:
 'Tis when man curbs his head-strong will
 And stops ambition's fiery zeal;
 Yea, this is fame not bought with pelf,
 When man can govern unconfined,
 And rule that mighty man called *self*,
 By the great battle of the mind.

Poland.

YE sons of dire contention strong,
 Ye sons of sacrilege and wrong;
 Ye factious sons who wield the rod
 Where intrigue makes the demi-god,
 Go view in pity Poland's doom,
 And drop a tear upon her tomb,
 For she was powerful and great,
 But faction seal'd her hapless fate.

Ye sons of mock religion's pow'r,
 Remember well that luckless hour,
 And ye disbenching churches guard
 Against that cause which now has marr'd
 The peace of Poland's kingdom bright,
 And sunk her fame in endless night,
 For ah, she can arise no more,
 Oppression covers all her shore.

The Russian standard now doth wave,
 And Prussia's banner o'er her grave;

The Austrian monarch treads her plain,
Which shall with flow'rs ne'er bloom again,
And her fair genius flies afar
To shun the dreadful toils of war;
Alas! those sons who plough'd the waves
Are now degraded into slaves.

The sons of rapine fearless came
To cloud fair Poland's boasted fame;
The reeking dagger, bloody dart,
Drank deep the crimson of each heart,
Till o'er her fair and boasted shore
Were seen the streams of human gore;
Till o'er the ashes of the Pole
Was hung the drapery of the soul.

Too late, alas! the fell disease,
Was found to give distress its ease;
The plunge was deep and sad the sore
Which must exist for evermore.
Poor Stanislaus has mourn'd his doom,
And sighing sought the sable tomb,
Where he shall dream of joys no more,
Nor of the grief of Poland's shore.

And may not fair Columbia won,
By factious monsters be undone?
May not the wealth of *mighty few*,
Egregiously her fame undo?
Or may not anti-monarch's own
The legal right as Albion's throne?
Great God forbid Columbia's bloom
Should ever find a Poland's tomb.

Palsy of the Soul.

Whene'er I see a hypocrite,
Professing love to God and man,
And view him read the Holy Writ,
The truths of charity to scan;
Then view him shun the needy poor,
Nor with the sorrowful condole,
I set a black mark on his door,
And call it palsy of the soul.

Autumn.

THESE lines are inscribed to the two Misses SKINNER, of the Wilmington Cemetery,
who presented me some Autumn flowers.

Oh! melancholy season of the year,
How sad and solemn is thy tale of grief;
A lesson in thy mournful winds I hear,
A sermon read in every falling leaf.

The voice of buried years, I hear in thee
Time's footsteps, as he steals my hopes away;
The sighing of each blast but brings to me,
The recollection of my own decay.

Ah! when I look back on the tide of time,
And see the ruins of my earlier years;
The wrecks of happiness and hopes sublime,
I sigh, and sadly turn away in tears.

As fall the leaves around me, one by one,
So have the friends of youth dropp'd from my side;
Like wither'd leaves they to the grave have gone,
Like faded flow'rs they dwindled, droop'd and died.

But, Autumn, thou hast charms—in thy lone bowers,
Pale contemplation loves to muse alone;
On joys departed, and on by-gone hours,
When o'er the heart hope's radiant rainbow shone.

Oh! when upon these Autumn flow'rs I gaze,
I think of hopes that in oblivion sleep;
And from the joyous dream of other days
I wake, alas! to wander and to weep.

There is a gloomy grandeur in thy scene,
Oh! Autumn—in thy golden tinted woods;
Thy mournful voice, and withering leaves, I ween,
And sullen, solemn silence of thy floods.

But far, far more I love the voice of Spring,
Emblem of youth, and mother of fair flow'rs;
I love her brooks and bow'rs, and birds that sing
A welcome to sweet Summer's joyous hours.

LOVE A LA MODE,

OR

The Boatman's Daughter.

CHAPTER I.

“ Oh ! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant ;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.”



“ Oh ! mother, dear mother, do not, I conjure you, say anything more to me on that subject. I cannot bear it—indeed, indeed it will drive me to distraction.”

“ Why, Charles, Charles, what do you mean ? I cannot comprehend you of late.—You, who but a short time ago, were gay and happy, and the life of every circle, have now become gloomy, abstracted, and illy inclined to bear the least raillery. Come, come, Charles,” continued his mother, after a pause, “ cheer up, for you cannot but confess that Caroline Bently is the loveliest of her sex ; and then her splendid fortune—”

“ But, I do not want her fortune, mother.”

“ Do not want her fortune !” exclaimed his mother, with surprise, as she suddenly dropped his hand. “ Why ?”

“ Mother, it is useless to say why.”

[NOTE.—A few days ago, I received a letter from a charming and accomplished lady, at Pennington, New Jersey, in which she requested, for a friend, “ a definition of the word *love*, or the nature and effects of it.” She says—“ I did not feel adequate to the task myself, and knowing no person who could so well define the term, or write a disquisition on it, as yourself, I thought it would not be amiss to request you to do it. I fancy I can see you lay down

"But, Charles, my dear son, I insist on your answering why you do not want the fortune of the loveliest girl in America, and one, too, before whose beauty the proudest and the wealthiest of the land have bowed down. What objection can you have to so lovely a creature, who has rejected more than one advantageous match on your account?"

"I have no particular objection," returned Charles, with a confused and dejected look. "Miss Bently, I own, is beautiful, accomplished and wealthy, but—but—"

"But what, dear Charles?" enquired his mother, gently laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"I do not love her, mother."

"Do not love her! Do not love her!" exclaimed Madame De Beaumont, drawing back from Charles, as if a serpent had crossed her path. "You do not love the rich, the beautiful, the accomplished, the angelic Caroline Bently, on whom I have set my whole heart!—You do not love her! Upon my word, this is gratitude for all my care and kindness," and as she spoke the last words, she bent upon him a look of withering scorn, that pierced his very soul.

"Forgive me, dearest mother; I cannot help it."

"Away, you ungrateful wretch—you cannot help it!" repeated his mother, with bitter irony. "You cannot help it, but you can prate for hours about devotion of the heart, and the purity of love, and—and—"

"Nay, be calm, dear mother; sit down, and let us reason together. Love, courtship and marriage, are three steps in life which should be well considered before they are taken, for they lead to an earthly heaven, or an earthly hell."

"Oh! yes, you are beginning with your philosophy to prove that black is white, and I suppose you are going to prate about simple, disinterested, unaffected love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing; but you cannot love Caroline Bently, the loveliest, the richest, and most accomplished of high-born ladies.—Mark me,

your *pipe*, with all possible surprise, and in utter amazement, read such a request from me; but you must not think, though years have rolled by, 'and mingled with the dim ages of the past,' that I have forgotten the pleasant hours that we have spent in your own loved home. If you can conveniently comply with my request, and choose to publish a *Disquisition on Love*, you will oblige," &c.

Such was the lady's request, and believing that a tale would better elucidate the subject than an essay, I have, consequently, chosen that manner, under the title of *LOVE A LA MODE, OR THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.*]

Charles," and she shook her finger as she spoke, "I have seen you, of late, wasting your time with that poor, awkward, graceless thing, the boatman's daughter—if you ever dare to bestow one look of favor on her, you shall rue the day that you did it."

"It is useless to denounce vengeance on your son, my dear mother, for to tell you the unvarnished truth, I *cannot* love Caroline; and would you wish to see me wed a woman I do not love, and drag out a life of bickering, disgust and misery!"

Charles started at the threat of his mother, but she did not mark his emotion.

"My dear child," continued his mother, in a softer tone, and with a sunnier look, in the hope of winning him over, "I cannot see the reason that you reject so charming a girl, who loves you devotedly; who only awaits your wish to become your wedded wife, and for whose smiles many a heart aches."

"Dearest mother, I have ever looked up to you for guidance in all things but that of choosing a wife."

"And why not in that, Charles?"

"For the best reason in the world—it is impossible to love whom we please—love is altogether involuntary."

"Believe me, Charles, such doctrine is idle and foolish."

"Stop, my dear mother; did I not hear you say that to aggravate my father, when he was your lover, you endeavored with all your might to love his rival, or rather his opponent, and that the harder you tried, the less you loved him?"

"Pshaw! that was mere idle talk," answered Madam De Beaumont, endeavoring in vain to hide her confusion; "but what proof have you, Charles, that love is involuntary?"

"Ample proof, madame. If it be not involuntary, why is it that the heart is carried captive at the first glance, at the very first sight of the person, before we have had time to form any estimate of the character; before we have had even time to examine the form and features; before we have formed the wish to love, and in fact, before we have discovered that we are in love? How many persons fall in love, and go sighing in solitude, while they wonder what in the world can be the matter with them?—How could that be, if love be voluntary, the creature of our will?"

"Very good, Mr. Sophist," said his mother sneeringly, and with a perplexed look; "but can you prove that any man might not, almost without an effort, fall in love with Caroline?"

"It is true," returned Charles, forcing a smile, and using what the French call a double *entendre*; "any one might fall in love

with her without an effort; for, as I said, love is involuntary. The fact is, to esteem a person, we must in the first place examine qualities, and appreciate the person for the possession of those qualities; but we often love without this routine, and hence love is involuntary. We love without thinking or wishing to do so, therefore it is involuntary."

"But, my son, can you not look upon all the various charms of Caroline, both of person and property, and cultivate a love for her?"

"That," said Charles, musing, "would only be the esteem I mentioned, and there is the difference between esteem and love. Reason and love are ever at variance—there is no sympathy between them. I respect, I esteem Miss Caroline Bently, as much as any man, for my esteem is the consequence of reasoning upon her good qualities; but I do not love her, because love is not the offspring of either reason or esteem. We often love the object whose qualities and character we detest. In this way do we account for the many strange matches that take place in the world—love is involuntary, and the heart is fixed upon one who is detested by all the rest of the world."

"Well, sir, as you are so flippant at defining things, will you favor me with the proper meaning of the word, *Love*?"

"My dear mother, love is the electric fluid of the heart. It is a species of, mysterious Mesmerism, or sympathy of the soul. Though we cannot will our souls to love, yet when one heart is charged, it can by sympathy, communicate its power gradually to another negative heart, as is the case in courtship. Love is truly a mysterious power. We can no more will ourselves to love a human being, than we can will our hearts to feel, or be filled with the love of God. Friendship is founded on esteem, and is cultivated."

"Yes, Charles, and love is founded on esteem, and if you do not love the lovely Caroline, it is your own fault."

"Friendship," returned Charles, "is the cultivated flower of the garden, while love is the wild flower springing spontaneously in the forest or lonely wild. Love is a mysterious sympathy between two souls, which is felt, but cannot be described or understood."

At this moment some company entered the parlor, and interrupted the conversation, much to the relief of Charles.

CHAPTER II.

“ In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
 It wearies me—you say it wearies you,
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn.”—SHAKESPEARE.



HE personages spoken of in the former chapter, were part of a very wealthy and aristocratic family from England, who, during the period of which I write, resided in a very splendid mansion in the suburbs of Wilmington. Madame De Beaumont was the wife of a French gentleman, who, being of an easy, good nature, resigned nearly all his prerogatives to his *better half*, satisfied with petticoat government, provided he were suffered to jog on in his own pleasures, which consisted mainly in literary and scientific pursuits. When seated in his library, surrounded by his books, he cared not how other people amused themselves, so that they did not interfere with his philosophic experiments and literary researches. Madame De Beaumont had imbibed from English society all that spirit of exclusiveness, which is found among the nobility; for her great wealth and high connections had given her a passport to the ultra aristocratic circles, and there was no feeling of pride in her bosom, paramount to that of wealth, but that of birth. Her son Charles, a handsome, intellectual and intelligent young man, was the idol of her soul, and she had long cherished the idea of a union between him and his cousin Caroline, whose only parent, her father, had left her with large English possessions, to the care of Madame De Beaumont.

Caroline Bently was truly a beautiful young lady, if silks, satins, diamonds, and every adornment could render her such. She held a high head, and had long secretly entertained the hope that Madame De Beaumont would prove successful in winning over Charles to the desired union. She loved Charles deeply, which passion had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. Charles De Beaumont had imbibed very different notions from those of his mother; but knowing her imperious will, he had endeavored to cultivate an affection for Caroline, though he found, at last, that the more he strove to love her, the less was his heart inclined to bear the silken chain. Charles detested the hollow-hearted, conventional forms of society, and had no admiration for that artificial beauty which is so often found in high life.

He loved nature and despised art, when intended to disguise nature. He admired the chaste loveliness of the wild flower of the field or woodland, more than the forced and sickly, though more gorgeous rose of the hot-house. In short, he loved natural simplicity, and "beauty unadorned," as it is sometimes found in humble life, in preference to that gaudy, studied, and ornamental beauty, which is found in the sumptuous halls of grandeur. Never were mother and son more dissimilar. Madame De Beaumont loved wealth, pomp and grandeur, and prided herself on her birth. She could not bear the idea that her son should even cultivate a friendship for one who was beneath him in birth and fortune. Charles, on the contrary, was inclined to value persons according to their inherent sterling qualities, and not according to extraneous circumstances. He could prize beauty, though found in a cottage, and give virtue its value, though seen under an humble garb. The great fault with Charles was that he acted too much from the impulse of the moment, without stopping to consider the propriety of the movement, or giving the subject that due degree of attention that is often necessary.

Not far from the Delaware River, and about equi-distant from the Brandywine, there stood, at that time, a little cottage, embosomed in fruit trees and flowering vines, not a vestige of which now remains. The tooth and the tide of time have undermined it, and it has long since passed away, with all its joyous days, happy hearts, and moonlight scenes—passed away like the hopes of those hearts.

In that little shady cottage, surrounded with flowers, bloomed a rose as beautiful and as blissful as any that ever bloomed or was blasted. It was the happy home of Johnny, the Boatman, by which name he was universally known in Wilmington and the surrounding country. His family consisted of but himself, his wife, and daughter Jane, the last of whom was idolized by her old father and mother, and many a sportsman when passing, called for a drink of water, as an excuse for feasting his eyes on the purely natural charms of Jane, for she was not indebted to art for one line or lineament of her beauty. Jane was truly the child of nature. She was but sixteen, and often wondered why the gay and grand young gentlemen from town, as she called them, lingered so long to admire the flowers around the cottage, little knowing, poor girl, that she was the beautiful flower that attracted their gaze.

Never, perhaps, was there a happier family than that of old Johnny, the boatman. They were humble, and their wants were few, which were easily supplied by the little trade the old man carried on by means of his boat. All that he made, over and above his expenses, was carefully laid up as a marriage portion for Jane, should some worthy fellow claim her hand.

Jane Wordley was cast in the loveliest mould of nature. There was nothing artificial in her beauty; all was natural, whether in relation to her mind or person. In disposition, she was gentle as a fawn, and lively as the birds that sang their matin hymns around the cottage. Her large, melting and melancholy eye, that was as dark and dazzling as that of the gazelle, seemed to possess a magic, Mesmeric power, and to pierce the soul at every glance. There was a peculiar expression in her face, that few could behold without feeling its influence on the heart. Her form was of the middle stature, light and graceful, and her auburn hair hung in clustering curls round a neck so fair, that it looked semi-transparent, like wax.


It was on a beautiful morning in May, that Charles De Beaumont anxiously stole away from the splendid parlor, in which Madame De Beaumont and Caroline were seated, to lose amid the solitudes of nature, the recollection of the importunities of his mother, who seemed fixed irrevocably in her determination that Charles should marry Caroline. Charles had endeavored, with all his soul, to love his cousin Caroline, and finding efforts vain, was now ever studious to avoid a contact. He wandered, with his gun, over fields, meadows, and through woodlands, musing upon the unhappy situation in which he was placed.

Wearied at length with his pursuit, he stopped at the cottage of the boatman, little expecting to behold one who was destined to decide his fate; for he knew nothing of Johnny, the boatman, or any of his happy little family. Just as he approached the cottage, his eye fell upon the figure of Jane, as she stood twining the vines of an arbor. Their eyes met, and in an instant Charles felt that his fate was decided. Like an electric spark, that glance went to his heart, and he felt that she was the beau ideal of his mind; that she was the very realization of his dream of natural, simple, unaffected beauty. To sum up all, Charles loved Jane at the first glance. He loved her as all love who act from impulse—he loved her with that deep, devoted, enthusiastic madness, that those love who calculate not consequences.—Often did he steal away from his fair cousin, the gaudy and gorgeously attired Caroline, to feast

his eyes on the simple, natural graces of Jane, whose beauty was in no degree indebted to art. So secret were his visits, that his haughty mother never dreamed that he had given his heart to the humble Jane, whom she had seen once or twice, when passing the cottage in her carriage. How would her proud spirit have spurned him, could she have even supposed it possible that her son, the heir of her wealth, and the descendant of the high family of the Spencers, would stoop to woo a poor boatman's daughter! But such was indeed the fact, and every time Charles visited the beautiful Jane, every moonlight interview they had, added strength to the affection he cherished. Enthusiastic in his nature, he was not only charmed, but enchanted with the simplicity, the pure, natural grace, and unaffected gentleness of the fair Jane. With only one dread on his mind, the dread of discovery by his mother, he luxuriated in his love for the boatman's daughter, while he scorned the petty distinctions of society. From month to month he stole interviews with Jane, and time, with its golden hours, fled joyously away.

CHAPTER III.

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"—SHAKESPEARE.

 OR shame, Charles!" said Madam De Beaumont, one morning, as Charles came into his mother's room. "You are unworthy of the lofty blood of the Spencers that flows in your veins. There is your cousin Caroline, now in the parlor, who has been looking for your coming hour after hour."

Charles started and colored as he spoke. "My dear mother, why do you harp upon that subject so often? I beg of you to—"

"Harp upon that subject! Upon my word, that is a pretty speech to be addressed by a gallant young gentleman to his mother! Now, sir, I shall plead with you no longer, but use that authority that good fortune has delegated to me. Once for all, I wish to know whether you love Caroline?" As Madame De Beaumont spoke, she fixed her gaze upon him sternly, as if she would search his very soul.

“Mother,” replied Charles, with a downcast look, “I do not, I cannot love my cousin Caroline. I respect her, and feel a warm friendship for her, but I do not, I cannot love her; for, as I told you before, that passion is involuntary.—We are not masters of our own affections, and we cannot command the heart, to that matter, any more than we can command it in its throbbing.”

“Oh! yes, all very pretty—some more of your high college-bred reasoning—some more of your sophistry; but I tell you, sir, it won’t do. You must, you shall love your cousin, and you shall marry her, too, or you shall rue it the longest day you have to live.”

Madame De Beaumont exhibited temper and determination, in her countenance and compressed lips, as she spoke, while Charles appeared irresolute and perplexed.

“Dearest mother,” he at length said, seeming to be in a musing mood, as if something pressed heavily on his spirit, “it is my desire to do you honor, and to acquiesce in your wishes; but, in a case where a life of happiness or misery is concerned, I must strenuously insist on choosing the person whom I think most likely to conduce to my happiness.”

“But, pray, who is more likely—nay, who has greater means to conduce to your happiness, than your cousin Caroline? Is she not mistress of an ample fortune?”

“Yes, mother, I own she is.”

“Is she not accomplished?”

“She is.”

“And amiable?”

“Yes, she is.”

“And very beautiful?”

“Yes.”

“Well, what more in the name of heaven would you ask in any lady, to render you happy?”

“Much more, mother.”

“And, sir, pray what is it?”

“Why, mother, she lacks one thing, without the possession of which, I will marry no woman. If my cousin Caroline possessed that, I would consent to marry her this hour; but without it, as she is, I would not marry her though she were made of virgin gold, and every hair a diamond, of greater value than that of the Pitt diamond of England, or of that in the cabinet of Portugal.”

“In the name of all that is valuable,” exclaimed his mother, “what can that great thing be, that she does not possess?”

“My own heart, mother, and would you bid me marry a woman I do not love? Would you, for the sake of mere lucre, have me to drag out a life of misery and disgust?”

“Disgust indeed!” replied his mother, scornfully. “And is there any disgust in Caroline? To tell you the truth, sir, you should be proud that she stoops to an alliance with you, after such ungallant conduct.”

“Pardon me, my dear mother, for I am truly sorry that I cannot love my cousin Caroline, for if I could, her wealth would not influence me in the least. If I loved her, I would as soon marry her without it as with it.”

“I don’t understand you, sir. If you mean to say that you would marry a poor obscure girl, and bring a tag-rag into the family of the Spencers to disgrace it, I bid you beware! I would rather see your head under the fence—I would rather follow you to the grave, than see you wed beneath you.”

“But, mother, there is wealth enough in the family.”

Madame De Beaumont had heretofore been endeavoring to suppress her temper, but now it boiled over.

“Don’t presume, sir, to calculate on the wealth of the family, for you must know, sir, that there is none in the family but what is mine—my own maiden property—and now mark me, sir. If you presume to marry any poor, low-bred girl, as your romantic notions of simplicity seem to incline you”—she spoke the last words with the most scornful emphasis—“you shall never touch one penny. No, sir, if you marry any other than your cousin Caroline, of whom you are not now really worthy, you may, in the language of the play, ‘go, get brats, and starve.’”

This language, from his mother, roused the spirit of Charles, and, as he spoke, his eyes flashed fire.

“Your threats, Madame,” said he, “will never alter my determination, where a compliance with your wishes would doom me to a life of misery. Oh! that a mother, for the sake of mere lucre, should consent to blast the happiness of her child! Give me poverty with contentment, rather than splendor with an aching heart.”

“Ungrateful son!” exclaimed Madame De Beaumont, bursting into tears from mere vexation. “Is this the return you make for all my care—for all my anxiety?”

“Be calm, my mother, and let us reason together. A subject of so much importance, should not be lightly considered. Do you, can you wish to see your son pining in wretchedness?”

“No, my son,” said Madame De Beaumont, softening in her tone and temper, “it is my desire to see you happy, that prompts me to induce you to wed Caroline, who sincerely loves you, and whose feelings have been often wounded at your seeming coldness. She fancies that you avoid her, and has noticed the sigh, that swelled your bosom, at the moment that she was endeavoring to excite happy thoughts in your mind. Come, Charles, throw to the winds these foolish, romantic notions, you have, of love in a cottage; of natural beauty, simplicity and such nonsense, and be a man. Go into the parlor to your lovely cousin; fall gracefully on one knee before her, as your father once bowed before me; take her fair hand, and while you ask her forgiveness for your former neglect, tell her you love her, like a man.”

“Oh! mother, I cannot,” exclaimed Charles, with a deep sigh.

“You cannot! There it is again. Had ever mother such a son! But you must, you shall be happy, against your will—come along, I’ll lead you to the charmer.”

Madame De Beaumont took Charles playfully by the arm, and he followed her mechanically to the parlor. He had never been so stubborn and resolute before, and his mother could not account for his increased sadness of late. Fascinated by the native simplicity, the natural beauty, and unaffected manners of the boatman’s daughter, he loved her to madness; and as he admired her for these perfections, as he fancied them, the artificial beauty, the affected manners, and conventional notions of Caroline, disgusted him. Caroline saw that Charles, within a few months, had undergone a great change. He had always been distant to her, but now he had lost that gay and lively manner he once had in her presence, and seemed to be laboring with some thought that absorbed his whole soul.

“Cheer up, Charles,” said Caroline, whose brow was bound with dazzling diamonds, “why do you look so sad?” and she caught him playfully by the hand, as she spoke.

“Oh! yes, cheer up, Charles,” repeated his mother, “you ought to love your cousin in consideration of her kindness, for many a lady fair would discard you, as an uncourteous knight. Take her hand, and pledge her your heart.”

“Oh! mother,” gasped Charles, with great emotion, “don’t drive me to distraction. If you urge this suit, I am the veriest wretch that ever lived.”

“In the name of heaven, why do you act thus?” demanded Madame De Beaumont—“Will you ever continue to refuse the

cup of bliss, that is tendered to your lips by those who sincerely love you?"

"For God's sake taunt me no more," exclaimed Charles, as he rushed, like a madman, from the house, and left Madame De Beaumont and Caroline in amazement, unable to account for his strange conduct.

Charles, as was his wont, when any thing distressed him, fled to the wild and sublime solitudes of nature, to commune with himself. He knew the determined spirit of his mother, and that if he married any one against her consent, poverty would be his doom; and if he married a girl in humble life, his mother's curse would rest upon him. In the first case, he did not hesitate a moment; but the thought of thwarting his mother's ardent hopes, and of bringing down upon himself a mother's curse, however unreasonably it might be, was painful to his soul. So much did his contending thoughts prey upon his spirit, that he looked haggard, and often absented himself whole days from his sumptuous home, where, though surrounded with every comfort, he was still wretched.

Little did the gay and gaudy Caroline, and the proud and pompous Madame De Beaumont dream, that Charles had seen and loved the boatman's daughter. Neither of them would have deigned to have vouchsafed her a passing smile or word of recognition, and the thought of welcoming her as a daughter and a companion, would have been spurned with heart-scorning contempt. So aristocratic, so exclusive was Madame De Beaumont, that she would rather have seen her only darling son enveloped in his shroud, and laid in his coffin, than married to one in humble life, as she had often told him.

No wonder, then, that Charles was uneasy in mind, when thus placed upon the horns of a dilemma. He loved his mother devotedly, and it pained him to offend her; but, on the contrary, he loved the beautiful Jane with all the enthusiasm of a first and disinterested passion, and would sooner wed her without a penny, than his cousin Caroline with all her hoards of glittering wealth, and all her grandeur. To marry Jane, was an easy matter; he knew; but oh! how could he disclose the fact to his mother? The very thought drove him to distraction; he could not bear to dwell upon it.

CHAPTER IV.

“Speak, speak, love, I implore thee,
 Say, say, hope shall be thine,
 Thou, thou, know’st that I love thee,
 Say but that thou wilt be mine!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, say but that thou wilt be mine.”—SONG.



TIME moved on, like an irresistible tide that bears away every thing on its bosom. Spring came, decked and adorned with gay flowers, like a young bride in her beauty; and summer came on, with glorious manifestations of green woods, and fields of golden grain, and still Charles De Beaumont continued to be a sly visitor at the cottage of Johnny the boatman; honest, upright Johnny, as many persons called him. His daughter’s charms were the theme of every dashing fellow whose eye had feasted on the luxury of her beauty—that beauty for which she was indebted to nature alone. She had received few, if any, of the accomplishments which belong to high life, but her natural, simple graces amply atoned for the loss of them. Her voice—Oh! it was exquisite!—Her very tones, in speaking, were music that melted in melodious harmony on the ear, like the full chords of an organ; and when she sung, every ear was enchained and charmed, for there was a gushing pathos; a mournful, melting cadence; a melancholy, soul-touching expression, that opened the deepest fountains of feeling in the heart, and awoke memory from the dreams of other days.

It was on a charming moonlight night, in June, when all nature was arrayed in her richest robes, that Charles stole forth, once more, to escape the importunities of his mother; to avoid the smiles of his cousin Caroline, and to seek her, whose society he now felt was his only earthly happiness. He had loved the boatman’s beautiful daughter at first sight, and so deeply, so devotedly did he love her, that he did not, could not, would not conceive that he could ever love her less, though he knew that his passion was the impulse of the moment. But though he felt that he was beloved in return, he was far from being happy, for truly has Shakespeare said, that

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

His mother was resolved, as she said, to keep wealth in the family, and to do this, she had determined that he should marry his cousin Caroline, which he was equally determined to avoid.

From this dilemma he must extricate himself, by clandestinely marrying the boatman's daughter; which, he knew, would bring down poverty, ruin, estrangement, and the vengeance of his mother, on his own head; or he must submit to the imperious will of Madame De Beaumont; wed a woman he did not love, and be doomed to a life of indifference, if not of disgust. In vain he endeavored to shut out the disagreeable subject from his mind, and he sickened at the thought that, while every thing was brilliant and beautiful around; while every thing in nature was bursting into bloom and beauty; he was gloomy, sad, miserable.

While Charles was sauntering along beneath the bright moon, and musing on the fixed resolve of his mother to render him wretched, sweet, silvery notes broke upon his ear, more exquisite than those that are breathed from the Æolian harp. So intent had he been upon the thoughts that agitated his bosom, that he had not noticed his near approach to the boatman's cottage. He listened—It was the well known voice of Jane; she was singing a sentimental song. He approached nearer to the bower, in which she was sitting, and discovered, through the vines, that her lovely face was turned upwards towards the moon, on which her dark, dazzling eyes were fixed. He stood, and listened intently, as she sang the following stanza,

“Sweet moon, thou’st witness’d every vow ;
 I breath’d to Charles so dear;
 And thou shalt be a witness now,
 To fond affection’s tear;
 For oh! that tender tear is shed,
 At thought that we must part;
 That he a high-born maid may wed,
 And leave a broken heart.”

“Ha! what mean those lines?” he enquired, as he suddenly emerged from his concealment, and startled the fair Jane.

“Oh! Charles, how you frightened me!” she exclaimed.

“And how sad you made me, by that melancholy strain,” rejoined Charles, as he advanced, took her hand, and sat down beside her.

“Dearest Charles, I have been thinking seriously of what you proposed when we last met, and think that it would be better for us both that we should—should—”

“Should what, my pretty coquette?” he enquired, supposing she was indulging the coyness peculiar to her sex.

"Why, indeed Charles, I can hardly tell you, for the very thought pains me to the heart. But had we not better part, and endeavor to obliterate all the past feelings that we have too fondly indulged?"

"Then you have ceased to love?"

"No, Charles, no; I can never cease to love you, for it is natural to love those that love us; and though, as you say, we cannot love whom we please, yet when we are beloved, it becomes infectious like disease; we catch it from those who love us. Thus by a mysterious attraction my soul was drawn to yours, and by some magic, Mesmeric influence, my heart caught the infection of your own, and the more I have struggled against it, the more deeply I have loved you."

"How then, oh! Jane, how can you propose a separation?"

"Charles, listen to me seriously," said the fair girl, as she flung back her clustering curls with one hand, and laid the other gently on his, "listen to me seriously, for you know that I would not propose any thing that would in any way harm you. You belong to an aristocratic family—you move in the highest circles of society—"

"Oh! mention not the accursed conventional forms of society," interrupted Charles, "for I hate, I detest every thing artificial."

"But, Charles, let me tell you the truth. You belong to a high, proud, wealthy family—I am the daughter of a poor boatman; I have never been accustomed to the fashion, etiquette and grandeur that belong to aristocratic life; and, though I have read of them, I should but ill become the graces that are necessary to a member of such society. Unequal marriages are seldom happy. You are rich; I am poor—if you would be happy, you should marry one who is your equal in fortune, education and accomplishment."

"Dearest girl, you are my equal, and far superior, in my eyes, to the gilded butterflies that flutter in artificial life. Oh! Jane, it is because you are the child of nature—it is because you are not the artificial, ephemeral thing of aristocratic hollow-hearted life—it is because your pure feelings and affections are unpolluted by the interested motives that govern the society you mentioned, that I love you. Yes, your high, holy, heavenly charms, would grace any circle, however proud, polished or pure."

"Ah! Charles, think of your mother's wishes, and of the duty you owe her as your parent! Should you marry a poor plebeian—a dowerless, unpolished, uneducated girl in low life, like myself, you will incur the vengeance of your mother—you will be disowned, disinherited, and—"

“Then, my sweet Jane, one great objection to our union will be removed—if I am disinherited, I shall be placed upon a level with you—we shall both be poor. And believe, dearest, poverty with you, will be far preferable to opulence and splendor with one of the artificial beauties of high life. Yes, Jane, a hollow tree for a home, and bread and water for food, with one like you, would be far more agreeable than a palace, and the loaded tables of luxury, with my cousin Caroline. Think of it! the same blood that circulates in her veins, runs in my own; yet my mother, cursed with the inordinate love of lucre, and to keep fortune in our family, would bind me to a relative; to a cousin, whom I love not. Oh! think what a doom! Save me from it, lovely Jane, by taking the heart and hand that never, willingly, can be Caroline’s.”

“Ah! my dear Charles, heaven is witness that I pity your situation, but I fear the consequences, should I consent to a union.”

“What consequences can you fear, Jane?” enquired Charles.

“The resentment of your own family, Charles,” returned the sweet girl, as she gazed tenderly and sadly in his face. “And then you have not calculated the result of your hasty passion, that has sprung from the impulse of a moment. I fear you have not coolly considered how evanescent such impulsive passion may prove. Think how cruel a circumstance it would be—how it would rend both our hearts with agony, should either of us repent—when repentance would be too late—that we had acted so precipitately, so rashly, in uniting our destinies.”

“No, never will I repent,” he resolutely exclaimed. “Perish the thought that I should ever repent of having taken her to my arms, who is dearer to me than all the world beside.”

“Ah! Charles you do not know how soon the romance of love would give way to solemn reality, and how quickly she, who before marriage was more than an angel, would dwindle into less than a woman. Such is often the case with the imaginative mind.”

The fact was now, the more he conversed with the lovely being before him, the more ardently he loved her; for she was a girl of good natural talents, and had, by reading, stored her mind with much useful knowledge, though she would have been considered awkward in the *beau monde*, as she had never mingled in the gay circles of fashionable life. She was not deficient in solid, sterling sense, though the ways of the gay, aristocratic, and senseless circle of society were as a sealed book to her.

“Your objections can all be removed,” said Charles, after a pause.

“But there are others,” she observed; “there are other equally weighty reasons that we should, at least, refrain from the rash, irrevocable step of marriage, if not to forget the unfortunate affection we have but too fondly cherished in our hearts.”

“And what are they, my beloved Jane?” he enquired, with a sigh.

“They are these. First, I cannot, at present, acquiesce in your wishes, without the consent of your parents; and, in the second place, without the consent of my own. In the third place, I do not believe that the consent of either could be obtained; and in the fourth place, neither they nor I would wish to sacrifice your happiness, your fortune, perhaps your life, by such an unequal, unjust, and unpromising marriage. You are rich; you have been reared tenderly in high life; and if you were to attempt to introduce me, a poor, half-educated, awkward plebeian, into the proud, polished circles, in which all your family move, do you not see that it could be productive of nothing but mortification and disgust on the part of your friends, and of misery to you and myself. Oh! Charles, think not that I care for myself! No, to render you happy, I could follow you through the world as your servant; I could devote my whole energies, both of mind and body, to ensure and increase your bliss, but I cannot, I will not commit an act which would not only render you and your friends wretched in the end, but might blast me with the consciousness that I had been the sole cause of all your misery.”

“Cursed, cruel fortune!” exclaimed the unhappy lover.

“On either side I see nothing but wretchedness in store for me! Ah! Jane, lovely, idolized Jane, how can you thus blast all of happiness that remains to me? Never could I be unhappy in your arms. No, I swear by yonder silver moon, that has so long listened to our vows of love, that my affection can never cease or diminish, till my heart shall cease to pulsate forever, and even in death my last sigh shall be breathed to her who now so coldly consigns me to a far greater degree of misery than our united hearts could ever know. I have been told that when woman loves, she loves forever; but my Jane cannot love, or she would not thus doom me to a fate that I dread far more than death; she would not throw me from her bosom like a worthless weed, content to see me forced by fate to wed the woman I cannot love, when she could so easily stretch her hand and save.”

Charles saw that Jane's arguments were too powerful for his own, and he appealed to pathetic language to touch her heart. He saw that he had touched the proper cord—she was weeping,


and he knew that when a woman once suffers herself to argue the propriety of a measure, she is already half won. Clasp- ing his hand in both of hers, she imploringly exclaimed, "Oh! Charles, do not urge me further! Do not, I beseech you, induce me to consent to what I feel will be the ruin of us both. Spare me the fatal act, at least for a little season."

"Well, then, be it so, beloved Jane. When we meet again, I hope these imaginary fears will have passed away, and that you will, with a smile, consent to make me the happiest of men."

He arose, pressed the sylph-like form of the fair Jane to his bosom; and, for a moment, their eyes discoursed eloquently of that passion, which has been a puzzle alike to philosophers and fools. In that moment they enjoyed an age of the luxury of love, for their pure, young hearts had not yet learned the sordid arts and calculating meanness which characterize the human heart in after age. Their souls enjoyed that high and holy romance, which opens to the view a living landscape of loveliness; a brilliant ideal world of light, and love, and beauty.

CHAPTER V.

"Yes, I have set my heart upon this match,
And thou shalt wed her, whether thou wilt or not.
But soft!—I'll coax thee with a winning tongue,
And woo thee to my purpose. The maid is fair,
Yea! very fair, and comely."—OLD PLAY.

HEN Charles had breathed adieu to the guileless, artless, innocent creature, in whose heart his image was eternally enshrined, and who had become the angel of his idolatry, he wandered slowly along the meadows, musing on the events of that night, and blessing the generous nature of that fair girl, who, he felt, would not hesitate to sacrifice her own happiness to secure his. As he approached the splendid mansion, in the gorgeous parlor of which sat the glittering goddess whom his mother had chosen to preside over his fate, his thoughts turned to the destiny that eventually awaited him, if he did not avoid it by marrying another.

"Oh! Love! Love!" mused he, "what a powerful deity thou art? No wonder that the ancients represented thee blind and naked, for blindly dost thou lead thy votaries, and destitute I fear will be

the destiny thou wilt decree to me. If I marry Caroline, whom I do not love, I shall be able to clothe myself in purple and fine linen; but if I wed Jane Wordley, I shall be stripped of fortune, and sent naked, of wealth at least, into the world. Well be it so. Oh! love, poverty even will be sweet where thou art, while without thee, grandeur, affluence, all that luxury can bestow, will be but glittering misery, and gaudy mockery. It is strange how sweetly, how swiftly the golden hours fly by, when love leads me to Jane's bower; and how lingeringly they move, when chained at the side of Caroline, where love is not. Love is the sweetener of human toil. For the smile of love, the weary laborer returns to his cottage, far happier than he, who for wealth has wedded the woman he did not love. For the one, there is peace and joy; a solace for all his cares; a balm for every woe, while for the other there is naught but bickering and disgust."

Thus did he continue to muse, until he approached the window, through which he saw Caroline seated, in company with a gentleman who had but recently become her suitor. He watched her, as with consummate art she levelled at him, one after another, all the artillery of her charms. The same artful manœuvres, that she had used to captivate him, were now used to storm the castle of another's heart. He watched every heartless gaze of the practiced fair one, and compared her studied graces, and artificial charms, with the artless innocence, the simple winning manners, and natural beauty of the beloved Jane, and he felt that the one was as much transcended by the other, as the painted butterfly is by the beautiful bird of Paradise.

Charles thanked Heaven that for that night he would be spared the martyrdom of a meeting; or at least the agony of a mock courtship. But he did not escape the terrible infliction of his mother's tongue; for, though he endeavored to creep up to his bed, she caught him on the stairway, and, in winning tones, desired or requested an interview, in her boudoir. Charles knew the nature of the infliction he was to undergo, for it had been frequent of late, and he followed her with a downcast wo-begone look, as the condemned criminal follows the headsman to the block. He shrunk from the scene, which he was certain would follow; but he made up his mind that he would make no exhibition of his temper, but endeavor to prevail on her to concede to his prayers and tears, what she had so often denied to the powers of argument, and the demands of reason. He was, however, doomed to be disappointed in his most sanguine hopes, for she proved to be more determined than ever.

"If you are determined to thwart my wishes, and deny what I have condescended to beg and plead for as a favor," said she, with a determined air, "I am resolved that you shall suffer for your shameful disobedience, as well as myself. If you dare to marry another, not only will you be disowned as a son, and driven from the happy home of your childhood; but I solemnly swear that you shall never possess one dollar of the estate, which shall otherwise be yours. Now, sir, take your choice; you have the irrevocable decree, and you shall certainly go into the world a beggar, if I have to will my estate to charitable institutions."

"Well, my dear mother," returned Charles, in a mournful tone, "my mind is made up, and your decree has gone forth, and it is useless to persecute your poor unhappy son any further."

"You might be the happiest of men, Charles," said Madame De Beaumont, a little softened, "were it not for your stubborn disposition. An earthly Paradise is before you, but you obstinately refuse to enter it. You follow a phantom of fancy, while you pass by the reality unnoticed."

"Ah! mother, you did not suffer your youthful affections to be crushed, by suffering your hand to go where your heart was not. Think, think of a life spent in the society of one to whom you are indifferent—think of the torture of lavishing the mere signs of counterfeited affection on one whom you do not, you cannot love—think of the loathing and disgust that must follow! In matrimony the absence of love is equivalent to hatred and disgust. You married for love, with your own free will, and you would have rebelled against that power which should have dared to dictate otherwise."

This appeal rather staggered Madame De Beaumont, and in a subdued manner she again addressed him.

"Well, well, my son, had I been placed in a similar situation—had a handsome, intelligent man, with a fortune equal to Caroline's, been placed before me, and my mother had said, 'marry him,' I would have jumped at the chance. My dear son, no doubt I have irritated you by my endeavors for your happiness; calm yourself; you will think better of it after a while. You must look over my frequent importunities, for they are intended for your good. I would not willingly give one pang to your susceptible heart, for I know that, like myself, you cannot bear to be driven."

Our hero was delighted with this mild language, and changed manner of his mother; he seemed to hear, in her gentle tones, the harbinger of a happier fate. With a smile on his woe-worn

countenance, he said—"Dear mother, do not urge me any more to wed my cousin Caroline. If I marry her, I never shall know one hour of happiness while I live."

"Very well, my son, I will not attempt to force you, and I think I know you too well to suppose that you would disgrace yourself and family by an ignoble alliance. Why, Charles, what made you start?"


"Nothing but an idle thought!" and with this explanation, they parted for the night.

Charles, with a lighter heart, went to his bed; but scarcely had he fallen asleep, ere a horrible dream haunted the visionary chambers of his brain. He dreamed that he had married fair Jane; that he was attacked in some lonely spot, and that she was murdered in his arms. A change then came over the spirit of his dream—he seemed to have grown weary of her, whom he had loved—that he had employed an assassin—that his guilt was discovered, and he was thrown into a gloomy dungeon. Trembling with affright, he awoke, and passed away the night in gloomy reflections.

The next morning, at the table, he told all the particulars of his dream, to his cousin Caroline and his mother, stating only that he was married to some strange lady, and they appeared to have been the cause of the murder. They laughed heartily at what filled his mind with gloomy forebodings. He remembered the countenance of the assassin—it seemed to be that of his own servant, whom he had brought from England. The more he attempted to shake off that gloomy vision, the more it haunted his recollection.

CHAPTER VI.

"Lovely woman, I adore thee,
Thou to me appear'st divine:
Grant my suit, I do implore thee,
Let me ever call thee mine."—SONG.

 HE appointed evening for his visit to the cottage of the boatman rolled round, and as usual, he went in disguise to meet his beloved. He had been absent some days in Philadelphia, and that absence made him the more anxious to see his soul's idol. The moon had not risen, and he glided along, through the little skirt of woodland, unseen

by any eye. He gave the signal, but no response was given. What could be the reason, he could not tell. Had her father discovered their amour, and put a stop to it? He trembled with conflicting thoughts, doubts and fears. He gave another low whistle—still it was not answered. He had just began to despair, when he saw her fairy form stealing through the embowering vines, near the cottage. The next moment she was locked in his arms.

“Charles!” she exclaimed in a whisper, “you came a little before the time.”

“Love is always impatient,” said he; “and now, dear Jane, every thing is in our favor. We will be married, and when it is gradually made known to my mother, all will be well.”

“Has she consented to the marriage, Charles?”

“All is well,” returned Charles, evasively. “Both your friends and mine will make no objection, when they discover that we are happy in each other’s arms. Now, dearest Jane, fix, fix the happy day, when you will be mine.”

“I cannot, Charles, unless you will assure me that you have the full and free consent of your parents, and even then I ought to hesitate. I tremble for the result—indeed I do, Charles.”

“Oh! you are resolved to dash my brightest cup of bliss,” said Charles, pettishly. “You seem never at a loss for frivolous excuses.”

“Pardon me, dear Charles. Indeed it is not my wish or will to give you a moment of pain, but think, oh! think of the step you would urge me to take! It is a serious one, and may bode evil to us both. Charles, do not be rash, I implore you.”

“Are you resolved to drive me to distraction. If you will not consent to render me happy, take this instrument of death and put a period to my misery at once,” and as he spoke he presented a loaded pistol to her. She started and turned pale.

“Oh! Charles,” she exclaimed, “this incident brings to mind my dream last night, in which I saw you kill yourself.”

“And that will be ere long realized,” he replied, “unless you consent to be mine. I will not live to wed the woman I do not, I cannot love. Take your choice, either to see me happy in your arms, or a corpse at your feet, ere yonder moon shall wane.”

“Dear Charles, you frighten me. I am trembling violently.”

“Oh! I will consent to any thing, rather than see you commit so rash an act. Do not, for heaven’s sake, say so again.”

“Then you consent to be mine?”

“Will you not, dear Charles, assure me of the consent of your mother?” enquired the fair girl, with an imploring look.

"Oh! yes, I will assure you of that. And now my gentle fair one, when shall that ceremony be performed, which will ensure me a life of happiness?"

"Ah! you selfish man," returned Jane, playfully, "you do not then consult my happiness?"

"Heaven is witness that I do, dearest, for it shall be the happiness of my life to render you happy."

"But should you become weary of the boatman's daughter?"

"My sweet angel, let not such foolish fancies haunt you. While life shall last, you will ever be as dear to me as now."

Jane now wiped away her tears. Her mind had passed the great struggle, and she now resigned herself to the fate, that seemed irrevocable, with a cheerful spirit.

"My birth-day," said she, taking Charles' hand, "is next Thursday, and on that day let the marriage rites be performed. But how can we manage to avoid detection? If my father should detect us in the act of escaping, your life would be the forfeit, before the matter could be explained. Oh! I tremble at the very thought of what I have promised in my love for you. For heaven's sake, Charles, do not forsake me when I have given up all claim to my father's protection."

"Doubting again," said Charles. "Will you never have faith in one who would sooner perish than desert or deceive you. Be of good heart; all will be well. My servant, on that happy night, shall have my carriage ready at yonder skirt of woodland, where you will meet me, and then no power shall prevail against us. Before one hour shall have elapsed, from the moment we meet, you shall be forever mine, dearest. Put on the blue mantle that you wore when I first saw and loved you, and which I admire so much."

"Yes, Charles, I will wear any thing that will make me lovely in your eyes. And now, dearest, you assure me of your mother's consent, without reservation or equivocation?"

"Oh! certainly, certainly—will you never have done doubting? When my love or sincerity shall fail, the stars themselves shall cease to shine. Oh! Jane, this is the happiest moment of my life—the brightest epoch of my care-worn existence! How blissful to me is the prospect that lies before me, a long, long life of love and joy!"

Charles was very sanguine, and, in the prospect of avoiding the marriage set apart for him by his mother, he was now as happy as he had been miserable. He was always on extremes. Partak-

ing of the French character, he was extremely happy or extremely wretched; and acting from the impulse of the moment, he laid himself liable to these extremes.

“Be ready at this hour, on the night you have appointed,” continued Charles, “and we will fly, on the wind, to a spot in my mind’s eye, where the indissoluble knot shall be tied, which no man shall be able to put asunder.”

As he spoke, he clasped her to his bosom, in a long fond embrace, and taking her hand, said—“Till we meet again, will be an age; but keep up your spirits, and do not let the thought frighten you, that you are about to throw yourself on the protection of one who is eternally devoted to you, and who would perish rather than betray.”

“I tremble when I think of it,” returned Jane, “but I have given you my word, and nothing but actual force shall prevent me from fulfilling it.”

Again he pressed her to his bosom, and whispering a good night, left her standing like a statue on the spot, until distance hid her from his view. It would be vain to attempt to describe the feelings of that innocent, artless girl; no language could portray the emotions that rent her bosom that night. Hope and fear alternately struggled for the mastery, and in vain she sought her pillow; the god, Morpheus, refused to visit her eye-lids with refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

“He has told his tale
 And found that, when he lost his heart, he play’d
 No losing game; but won a richer one!
 There may you read in him, how love would seem
 Most humble when most bold;
 In her you read how wholly lost is she
 Who trusts her heart to love.”—KNOWLES.



CHARLES De Beaumont was harassed in mind, as well as the innocent and thoughtless Jane. But the day dawned on which he was to consummate his wishes, and he looked forward to the hour with an intense pleasure, mingled with an indescribable fear, which he endeavored to throw off. The spell of love is powerful, and over the mind of Charles, at the present moment, it held undivided sway. The picture, which his

vivid imagination presented, captivated his soul, and he could see nothing before him but bliss; for he imagined that when he was married to Jane, and all was over, his mother would relent, and all would be well. Alas! how short-sighted is human nature! Though coming events are said to cast their shadows before, yet if we could see the consequences of the step we often take, how would we start, and tremble ere we take it.

Werner, the servant whom Charles had brought from England with him, was the only person entrusted with the secret of the intended flight. He was a dark, mysterious man, who seemed fitted for any deed, and appeared to be delighted with any intrigue or stratagem that had mystery connected with it.

Near the time appointed, he put the horses to the carriage, and with the greatest secrecy proceeded to the spot which had been designated. Charles proceeded alone, by a by-path, to meet Jane; who with tearful eyes and a throbbing heart, had been sitting at the cottage window, watching for the approach of him whom her soul loved to idolatry. The moon was just rising, when the signal agreed on faintly fell upon her ear. Her heart beat audibly—she trembled violently—she seemed bewildered; but knowing that hesitation might betray her, and to be betrayed at that moment would be ruin, she summoned all her resolution, and stole softly down the stairway. As she passed the sleeping apartment of her poor old parents, she hesitated; her heart almost failed her, and she was on the point of returning to her room.

“Can I thus desert them?” she mentally exclaimed; “can I thus wound the hearts of those who have ever devotedly loved me? What will they think of me—”

At this moment the signal again fell upon her ear, and, from a window, she saw Charles near the cottage.

“Oh! God,” she again thought, “it is too late, now, to retrace my steps. It will never do to be discovered in the act of escaping, for the worst construction would be put upon it.”

The next moment the cottage door opened, and Charles clasped her in his arms, and bore her to the bower in which they had so often met. So great was her trepidation, at this moment, that she was ready to faint.

“Be calm, my gentle Jane,” said he, “you are in the protection of one who will ever love, and never desert you.”

“Oh! Charles,” she exclaimed, gasping for breath, “how can I endure the separation? How can I pain the hearts of my poor old parents? Charles, dear Charles, if I fly with you I am lost,—

undone. Think, oh! think, what will be said of me, by a cruel world that has no mercy?—do not urge me to this.”

“Nay, dearest Jane,” returned Charles, “do not suffer your fancy thus to alarm you; believe me, it is only your fancy. Take courage, my beloved, and when we are married all will be well.”

“But, my dear Charles, something tells me that we are doing what is wrong, and that we shall both repent the step.”

“Pshaw, my little dreamer,” cried Charles, “have you no courage; no mind of your own? Come, let’s fly to him, who has the power to unite us forever in the holy bonds of wedlock.”

As he spoke he pressed her to his bosom; kissed her, and gently drew her along towards the carriage. So great was the trepidation of the affrighted girl, to whose mind imagination conjured up a thousand terrific images, that she could scarcely walk with a steady step. Still greater were her emotions as he lifted her into the carriage, and scarcely had he ordered the postillion to drive on, ere she fainted in his arms. Having had an eye to this probable event, he had provided himself with the means, and by the application of them, soon restored her to consciousness, without permitting his servant to know anything of the matter. Jane now appeared more composed, the crisis of her emotion was passed, and she resigned herself to what was to follow.

As the distance to the place where the parson lived was but a few miles, and the horses moved rapidly over the road, not much time elapsed ere they drew up at the door of him, who was destined to unite, and thus doom two beings to hours of bliss, and days of anguish, that they little dreamed of. Could that reverend gentleman have looked into the future, and read all that was to be brought about by the deed which was to be consummated that night, he would have hesitated at least, if he had not refused, to tie the irrevocable knot.

“Why so serious, dear Jane?” enquired Charles, while they were waiting at the door for the parson to dress and make his appearance.

“Oh! Charles, I cannot tell you my feelings and my fears. My father, though poor and obscure, is a man of high spirit and violent temper, and when he misses me, he will at once believe that I have been betrayed; and oh! should he, in his rage, pursue and find us, I know not what will be the consequence. I tremble at the thought of his vengeance.”

Even now it required the utmost persuasion to sustain the mind of Jane. She had little time, however, to demur: for the parson,

who had given a signal from the window, now made his appearance at the door; and it was with great difficulty Jane tottered from the carriage to the house, assisted by her lover. Pale and trembling, she stood with Charles before the reverend man, who naturally supposed that her emotions originated in the seriousness of the occasion.

When they were married, she seemed more calm, and whispered in his ear—"Oh! Charles, what have I done for your sake!"

Then, as they proceeded to the carriage, she enquired, "Charles, would you have sacrificed so much for me?"

"Have I not made a sacrifice, dearest Jane, for love of thee?" asked Charles, in turn. "Have I not braved——" here he recollected himself, for he was about to say that he had braved the will of his mother, and thereby sacrificed the fortune he might have enjoyed with Caroline, had he not taken the present step. Knowing that he had told Jane that he had obtained the consent of his mother to the marriage, he was thus debarred from meeting her sacrifice with a similar one.

"What a lost, undone creature I am," said Jane, "if you now forget the vow which has been sealed in heaven this night."

"Dearest Jane," said Charles, as he clasped her in his arms in the carriage, "let not your fancy any longer affright you. We are now one, in the sight of heaven. We have loved from pure disinterested motives—from choice—from inclination, and nothing but death can ever dissolve the charm. We may be separated—we may be torn apart, by force—we may, by stern fate, be held asunder; but nothing but death can ever tear my heart—my affections, from thee—nothing but death can ever cause me to forget my Jane, one moment. No, I am thine, and thine alone forever. You are the only woman I ever loved, and that love shall perish only with my life."

This enthusiastic declaration soothed the mind of Jane, and they rode onward in perfect silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

“For if there be a human tear,
 From passion’s dross refined and clear ;
 A tear so limpid and so meek ;
 It would not stain an angel’s cheek ;
 ’Tis that which pious parents shed
 Upon a duteous daughter’s head.”—SCOTT.



REAT was the excitement at the cottage of the boatman, when it was discovered that the idol of their hearts had fled. Jane did not, at the usual time in the morning, make her appearance, and when her mother went to her room, she discovered that she had fled, as, on searching, she found that she had taken her fine clothes with her. The old lady recollected having seen a young man suspiciously gazing at Jane, and from other remembered incidents, she concluded that she had been enticed away.

Old Johnny, the boatman, was enraged, and would listen to nothing from his wife. He was in the habit of sporting; he kept a gun for ducks, and no sooner did he hear of the flight of Jane, than he seized his gun and swore he would go gunning. He was one of those fearless old men who care for nobody when wronged; and he started off with the intention of discovering the young man who had carried off his daughter, and if he had betrayed her, to shoot him, or to make him marry her.

He enquired of every one he met, but no one had seen the runaway fair one; he searched in every place where he thought she would have gone; but he sought in vain, and when he returned home at night, weary and dejected, and his passion subsided, he joined his poor old wife in vain regret and tears.

“Oh! my poor, dear, lost child;” she exclaimed, “she has been deceived—I know she has, or she never would have forsaken her poor old mother in this way.”

“She’s an ungrateful wretch,” returned the old man, “and if she’s deserted us for a good for nothing fellow, she may go; for she shall never darken my door again.”

“Don’t say so, my dear,” exclaimed the mother; “she’s our child, and though she may have been cheated by some good for nothing fellow, I can never consent to forsake her. No, no; if she comes back penitent to these old arms, her mother can never find it in her heart to forsake her.”

“So you’d encourage a dozen such wretches to run away?” replied Johnny, as he placed his gun in the corner. “I say, as she makes her bed, so let her lie in it.”

The tears were stealing down the good old lady’s cheeks, and she heaved a deep sigh, as she continued—“Ah! Johnny, we are all mortal; all liable to do wrong; and if we don’t forgive one another, how can we ask and expect mercy from our Father, who is in heaven? I hope and pray that Jane is innocent; but if so be that she has disgraced herself, her old mother’s arms will receive her, though all the world turn against her, and cry out shame. If she comes back sorry and crying, I couldn’t shut the door against her, and—”

Here the old lady’s heart became too full to speak, and she burst into tears, which so affected the old man, that though he was all unused to the melting mood, it required all the philosophy he was master of, to keep from weeping.

“Well, well,” said he, “this beats all that ever did come across me. Old Johnny, the honest boatman, as they call me, never expected to have an ungrateful child. I never thought my daughter would disgrace me, and send my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. She’s an ungrateful girl, and, by George, I’ve a great mind to curse her.”

“Oh! don’t, for mercy’s sake,” exclaimed the old lady, in a mournful, pathetic tone, that would have touched a heart of adamant; “don’t curse your poor, weak child, for she never, till this day, did anything to make us unhappy. Poor thing, I know she’ll be sorry for it, when she comes to her senses! There never was a better girl, till she got the gold rings and other fine things, that she said a lady in town gave her; and then she began to sigh, and walk alone; and talk of high life.”

“Yes,” returned Johnny, “the devil must have got her senses; and as to the rings and fine things, I always had a sneaking notion that a lady, with pantaloons on, gave them to her. You needn’t tell me such trumpery, and I told you, long ago, that some of these dashing fellows were turning her brain. But you said, ‘Oh! no; she’s a girl of too good sense, to be caught with chaff.’ I said it would be so, but you wouldn’t hear to it; and now where’s your girl with such good sense?”

This was more than the good old dame could bear, for she had the heart of a mother; and she fell into a fit of convulsive sobbing and weeping. Oh! how sacred is a mother’s love!—Though covered with shame, and forsaken by all the world, a mother’s love

still clings to a lost and erring child. No distance can subdue it; no time obliterate it; no ingratitude estrange it—it lives on, amid the wreck of all else that is held holy; still green when all else has perished. A mother's love, stripped of all the gross selfishness of the human heart, knows but one object; the object of its idolatry, and to that object it clings, free from all the cold, interested motives of the world.

She heeds not the causes that led to its fall,
But she knows that she loves it, in spite of them all.

Great was the curiosity among those who were acquainted in the household of Johnny, the boatman, to know what had become of his fair daughter; and many wondered; a great many more guessed; yet all missed the mark. As Charles De Beaumont was often gone from home weeks at a time, and as his aristocratic family did not deign to spend a thought on such plebeian personages and their concerns, a knowledge of the absence of Jane was not likely to reach their ears, and if it did, was not likely to be noticed. Hence they did not dream that Charles had gone off with Jane Wordley, much less that he had married in low life, as they called it.

CHAPTER IX.

"Thy look alone awakens fear,
I will not of the future hear;
You will not? Maiden you shall know
Your onward path is track'd in woe."

UNTIL Charles had left the parson's house, he had never thought of the place to which Jane was to be carried, after marriage; for he dared not carry her to his home, without breaking the matter to his mother; neither could he take her to her own home, for a similar reason. Here was the short-sightedness of love. He was not long, however, in arranging that matter. In his rambles over the country, he had become acquainted with a woman, who lived on the border of Pennsylvania, and in a very romantic spot. This woman had, on one occasion, shown him kindness, when sick from fa-

tigue in sporting; and to that retired and beautiful spot, he could repair without the possibility of being discovered. This woman was called Wild Sal, on account of her living alone, and not being often seen; for the place on the Brandywine where she resided was then wild, and seldom trod, save by the foot of the fearless hunter, or the still more undaunted Indian.

To this spot, as soon as he had made an agreement with Jane, Charles turned his horses' heads. The glorious sun was just heralding his approach—Aurora, the fair goddess of the morn, had just unbarred the golden gates of day, and was scattering her rosy light over the battle-field of the Brandywine. How beautiful, how lovely, does every thing in the country appear at such a time, on a summer's morn? and now that the deed was done, and the die was cast, they both enjoyed it; for Jane had pass'd the climax of her fears, and made up her mind to be happy. She was married, and why need she fear the scoffs and the scorn of the world? People might talk about her for a time, and people will talk about the best; but, as soon as matters were understood—as soon as it was known that she was honorably married, and to such a man as Charles De Beaumont, one of the tip-top aristocracy; many of those who had talked about her, as the poor ruined plebeian girl, would, as Mrs. Aristocratic Jane De Beaumont, be ready to bow down at her feet.

Such were her thoughts, as she looked from the carriage window, on the lovely living landscape before her. From the cottage chimney of Wild Sal, the smoke was curling gayly up into the heavens; the bleating lambs were abroad on the hills; the birds, of beautiful plumage, were singing gaily in the green groves and glades around; all was harmony—all was peace. Is it strange, then, that a gentle heart, like that of Jane, should enjoy it?

“Good morning, Mother Sarah,—I hope you're well,” said Charles, as he assisted Jane to alight from her carriage.

“The top o' the mornin till ye,” returned Sal, “an I hope ye'll tarry the day with me, for ivery inch iv ye's a gintleman. Och! noo, an ye've got a fine leddy with ye.”

“She's my wife, Mother, and I desire you to take care of her a while, as she has been sick, and needs the country air.”

“Och! an is it sick ye'll be saying—an I niver see a heartier sick one afore, I did'nt. Come in till the house, dear, an make yerself at home the day. Sit doon by the windy, dear, an take the air, and divil the bit ye need mind the dirt on the flure. Wisha, an 'tis I that can keep as clane a house as any body,

though I say it myself sure. Sit ye doon, Masther Charles—sit ye doon and take aff yer bonnet leddy, and sure but ye'll stay the day wid ould Sally, for its not all the goold in the universe could be more temptin than yer company."

"Well, Mother, I want you to keep my lovely Jane awhile, and let no one know she is here, if you can help it. We are a run-away married couple."

"Och! murther, murther, I'm kilt intirely. But ye're a bad by, ye're a bad by, and ye'll niver be the betther iv it in all ye're born days," and Sal laughed heartily at her own wit. "But I tell ye, mon, ye've got a tight little leddy as ever trod shoes. Och! but she'll plase ye wid her killen looks,—an it was meself that was good looken till I got the pain in the small o' me back."

"Well, mother, if you'll take care of my darling Jane, you shall not want for money."

"An it's take care iv her ye say! an if I don't, may the powers above niver take care o' me."

This personage, who, as was observed before, was called Wild Sal, had some excellent traits of the heart; but there was one that was paramount to all—the love of money. Strange as it may seem, she had an inordinate love of money; and like many, she loved it for its own sake. She lived alone; she mingled with the world but little; she indulged in but little traffic, yet she had an inordinate love for money. But human nature is ever on the extreme, and extremes are said to meet—hence Sarah had many opposite qualities. She had been crossed in love, in early life; she had loved, and been beloved, by an officer in Ireland, who wished to marry her, but she had been opposed by her friends, and it had colored her after life; it had rendered her reckless of every thing, and, though she still boasted that the blood of a Wolf Tone ran in her veins, she cared not for any thing in this world. How little do parents think of the consequences, when they oppose, foolishly, the marriage of their children? Alas! how many instances have there been, in which early affections have been blasted, where perfect shipwreck has been the consequence? I have known a young man, with brilliant promise, who had garnered up his affections, from childhood, in the bosom of a young creature, whom he intended to marry, and whose life became a perfect blank; a monotony—whose ambition was blasted, and who lost all love for every thing in the world, by having had his young affections blasted in the morning of his existence. As marriage is

one of the most important concerns in this life, so the disappointment of it becomes the most severe. The hollow-hearted world looks on, and laughs at the young man, or young lady, whose hopes have been blighted, while his or her heart is writhing in hopeless woe, and is clad in the darkest gloom of despair.

But enough of Sarah's misfortunes. Charles and Jane were happy in each other's love. He idolized her, for her natural simplicity; for her freedom from the artificial, heartless conventional notions that govern aristocratic life; and Jane loved him because he loved her. The bonds between them, were like those between Othello and Desdemona—they were mutual. Ah! there lies the luxury of love! Not where two hearts meet on equal grounds, but where they are divided by great and almost impassable barriers. But like stolen fruit, the sweetest of all love is that which is forbidden. With what a longing eye does the fox survey grapes, which he knows it will be danger to approach? and with what contempt does he eat those which are scattered on the road? So it is in love. That which can be obtained easily, is rejected; while that which is hard to come at, is sought with avidity. He who sees the net carefully set to entrap him, will avoid it; while he will walk blindfolded into danger, to obtain the fair one, whose friends are resolved he shall not have her. The vagaries of the human heart, in love, are curious.

The object it cannot obtain, it seeks, in spite of pistols and powder; while that which solicits, and is solicited by friends to be wooed, is passed by in cold neglect.

So it was with Charles. He loved natural beauty; he loved the simplicity of nature; but the opposition of his mother, to thwart his wishes, gave a zest to his passion, and made him more determined to have her at all hazards.

Blissful indeed was the honey-moon to Charles, and ten times more blissful, if possible, to that young, inexperienced creature, at his side. She was one of those, whom nature had made for love; so gentle, so confiding, so innocent! She seemed made alone for love; her imagination was a world of love, and in it Charles was the object of her idolatry. And she did adore him with all the devotion; with all the single-minded purpose of a pure and unpolluted heart. She was one of those whom Moore has described—

“Who would blush when you praise her, and weep when you blame.”

Jane found a very pleasant home in this wild and romantic spot, blessed, as she was, with the attentions of the man whom she loved with all her heart. Wild Sal was sometimes uncouth, but always kind in her rough way, and as Charles did not leave her for several days, Jane was perfectly happy and contented, though the thought of home occasionally brought with it a pang.

When Charles did leave her, he promised to see her in a day or two, at furthest, and the very separation made their meeting more sweet. He supplied Sarah with every thing needed for the comfort of Jane, and the money-loving hostess thought he was the finest *gentleman* she *ever did see at all, at all*.

Time passed on; the luxury of love continued. Charles visited Jane frequently, and spent two or three days with her, in her wild retreat, and delicious were the golden moments as they fled on angel wings. Still old Johnny, the Boatman, had no knowledge of the fate of his now happy daughter. The good old dame Wordley had begun to think that she was gone off to parts unknown, and every night offered up a prayer for the poor erring daughter.

But the mind of the impulsive Charles was beginning to be sated with the luxuries of love. The delirious voluptuousness of that romantic passion, which had held his soul in subjection, was now passing away, like the fantastic visions of a dream, and he was awaking to the reality—he was awaking to find himself undone.

As autumn, with her melancholy scenes, approached, his visits became less frequent, though the gentle Jane was all the time reminding him that it was time to make a revelation of matters, and restore her once more to the world. Charles put her off, from time to time, with frivolous excuses; while he began heartily to repent that he had acted so rashly. And though the charms of Jane, in the hey-day of his passion, had appeared angelic, the truth was, he began now to see her faults, and that which he had once so ardently admired, now appeared uncouth in his eyes.

Many a tear did poor Jane shed secretly, when Charles was absent; and yet she was afraid to confess to her own heart the cause of those tears. When he came, her joy was so great that she hastily wiped them away, and met him in smiles. She dared not mention to him her fears, though the cause of them was apparent; least, in doing so, she should dispel the illusion that she fondly cherished.

“My dear Charles,” she said to him one day, when he had been longer absent than usual, “you look changed—you are no longer the happy being you have been—are you sick?”

"No, no; I am not sick," returned Charles, with a sigh, and at the same time exhibiting ill feeling. "It does not become you to ask such questions."

These were the first unkind words he had given her, and Jane, with wounded feelings, turned away to hide her grief, while he walked the floor in a musing mood.

"Oh! Charles," she exclaimed, as she burst into tears, "I did not intend to offend you. I beg, I implore you not to be angry, for if you, for whom I have forsaken all else, now turn against me, what will become of me!"

"Come, come," said Charles, in a gruff voice, "no more of this. I hate such exhibitions of weakness."

"Dearest Charles, I did not intend to offend you," returned the unhappy girl, as she attempted to smile through her tears.

"Then let us have no more of it," he replied, and turning hastily on his heel, went out, mounted his horse, and rode off.


Charles, from the happiest, had, in a few months, become the most miserable of men; and he wondered how it was, that what he had once considered graces in Jane, now appeared, in his eyes, as defects. He had once been enraptured at hearing her sing, but now her tone and manner seemed awkward and ridiculous. He noticed her walk—it was awkward; and even her smile disgusted him. He became less and less attentive to her, and his purse was not so often opened to the rapacious fingers of Sarah. She, too, on that account, became less attentive and subservient to the unhappy Jane.

"Well, young woman," she exclaimed one day, "an, be the powers, but I think its high time that sich likes as yerself would be afther findin another home, for I don't mane till wait on ye any longer, at all at all. Ye'd better be afther bundlin up, an lookin afther the young gintleman, for I don't think he cares for sich likes as you."

Jane, poor girl, could only answer with her tears, as she sat watching at the window for the return of Charles, and revolving in her mind whether she had not better go home at once, and, in penitence and tears, throw herself at the feet of her poor old father and mother. Every time Charles came, he was more and more reserved in his manner, and, at times, cold and cruel to her who had forsaken all else that she loved, for him. Ah! how could the love he had once felt, and which had led him to worship her, change so soon?

CHAPTER X.

“Oh! love grows cold—thou art not what I thought,
I dreamt thou wert an angel, and I find
Thou art but woman—Oh! 'tis strange indeed!
That I could thus have loved, and been deceived!”—ANON.

ANE sat eve after eve at her window, in that lone spot, watching for Charles; but he came not. She wept to think that he could so soon forget his vow; that he could so soon forget all that he had so solemnly pledged; but she wept in vain. She then made up her mind to go home to her poor old parents; to fall upon her knees, and beg forgiveness for what she had done, for the love of faithless man.

“Oh! Charles,” she exclaimed, as she wiped away the tears from her eyes, “you little know what anguish you have given to a heart that loves you sincerely—loves you dearly!”

She then put on her bonnet, and, passing by her former friend and keeper, she pretended she was disposed for a walk, and took her way towards home. Ah! who can tell the feelings of that sad, forlorn girl, as she trod her way to that home which she had deserted? Who can imagine the wretchedness of soul in that pure unpolluted woman? How miserable were her feelings when her thoughts came in that her parents would think that she had betrayed the admonitions they had given her! Ever and anon she stopped, and thought of Charles. Again her tears poured down her cheeks.

“Can it be possible,” she exclaimed mentally, “that such is man’s love? Never again will I put faith in protestations of man!”

Thus she mused until she came in sight of her father’s cottage. The old man was standing in the yard—she rushed forward and fell at his feet, exclaiming, “Oh! father, forgive your poor repentant daughter, who trusted in the love of man, and has been deceived. Where, oh! where is my mother?”

“Away, vile creature!” replied the old man. “You are never again to enter my door. Your mother is gone and what care you for a mother, who will thus disgrace her.”

“Oh! my dear father, I am no vile creature,” exclaimed the girl in piteous tones, still clinging to his knees.

“Away, I say—out of my sight—you have disgraced your poor old parents, and are no longer worthy to be called their daughter. Never let me see you again.”

As he spoke he thrust her from him, as if she had been a rattlesnake. Poor Jane gave one piercing scream, and fell swooning to the ground. When she recovered her consciousness her father was gone, she knew not whither. She arose and, adjusting the blue mantle which Charles thought her so graceful in, she turned her face back to the place from whence she came. She resolved to throw herself on the mercy of Sal, until she could hear some tidings of Charles, but it required all the eloquence that she was mistress of, to prevail upon her to give her a home until she wrote to Charles her last appeal. But she did prevail, and seating herself on an old stool, she indited to him the following epistle:

“Dear Charles, this is the last you will ever hear from your poor, forsaken Jane. Oh! how could you thus prove recreant to the holy vows you made? How can you desert her, to whom you breathed eternal fidelity? To my father’s cottage I can never return. If you forsake me, there is no alternative but the grave. Can you, oh! Charles, will you desert her, whose whole heart is yours? Come to me, I implore you, and only say that you still love me. Even that will console a heart ready to break. Come, Charles, oh! come, and see your poor Jane once more.”

Such was the purport of the letter written by that simple girl. It is astonishing how the mind becomes quickened by the passion of love. Jane had never attempted letter-writing before, but now that her heart was breaking, an impulse was given to her intellect. Language seemed to come to her intuitively, and without an effort.

CHAPTER XI.

“Oh! that I had not loved—for thus to be
The husband of a woman now I loathe,
Is worse than death—but stay, a moment hold!
There’s one way left.”—OLD PLAY.



CHARLES was now the most wretched being in existence. What to do he did not know. He dreaded the disclosure of the marriage, and he had become weary of her he had so much loved. Could he take her home? No.

He was riding one morning with his servant, and the thought struck him that he might bribe him to carry her off to parts unknown.

“Would you,” said he to his servant, “like that pretty girl for a partner.”

"I don't understand you, sir," replied the servant.

"I am weary of her, and fearful that my marriage will be discovered by my mother. If you will dispose of her, you shall be well rewarded."

"I understand you, sir, and I can do that in short order if you pay me well for it. How would you like to have her disposed of? I mean, what mode of stopping her breath?"

"Villain," cried Charles, as he grasped him by the collar, "dare to hint at such a thing as harming one hair of her head, and this instant your life shall pay the forfeit."

"I beg pardon, sir, I did not understand you."

"I meant," said Charles, soothingly, "that you should take her away, south or west, I care not which, so that she will never be seen here; and for doing so I have a considerable sum of money, which shall be yours."

"Oh! if that's all, sir," replied the hard-hearted wretch, "I can accommodate you. I'll carry her where you will never see her again, I'll warrant you, sir, and all that I ask of you is that liberality you promised."

"You shall have it," said Charles, delighted with the opportunity to hide what he had done, and to gratify his mother by wedding Caroline. "You shall have it. And now for the manner of accomplishing the act. You must go to her, and tell her that I sent for her. Call upon her in the night and bid her be hasty; that I am impatient to see her. She does not know the road, and you can arrive with her at Philadelphia ere she will be aware of the trick. Then tell her that she is to be carried, by steamboat, down the Delaware, to where we reside."

A bargain was struck, and that night was fixed on for the perpetration of the act. The servant received the money, and, in the afternoon, took his way to the residence of Sal. About midnight he arrived; knocked at the door; and in an instant Jane was up, for she suspected Charles had come. Her disappointment was great, but at the announcement that she was to be carried to the residence of Charles, her fears subsided, and she hastily put on her bonnet and the blue mantle, and made preparation to depart.

Sal was truly glad to see her go, as there was no more money forthcoming, and that was the idol of her heart. Indeed she was quite impudent in her remarks, which Jane, however, did not stop to hear. Werner, her attendant, assured her so solemnly that she was to be received with open arms, that her mind became exhilarated, and she enquired, particularly, of what manner of woman Madame


De Beaumont was. Werner, with the wily tongue of a villain, gave her a glowing description of the kindness in store for her, and how anxious the whole family were to press her to their arms, and acknowledge her as a daughter. Poor Jane believed every word, and wiped away every tear. A new prospect opened before her, and she believed as implicitly in the truth, of what she heard from Werner, as she had done in the protestations of Charles. How credulous is the pure and open heart, when it once gives way to the blandishments of love. It is ready to receive aught that has a tendency to cherish its predilections.

Thus did Werner lead on the unsuspecting girl. With almost superhuman fortitude, she bore the weary walk; no fatigue was too great for her delicate limbs, if she might once more feel the throbbing of his heart, who had wooed her to love. She even felt that she could expire in his arms, if upon her dying ear could fall such sentiments as he had once breathed to her.

In a small vessel at Philadelphia, the captain of which Werner knew, he took passage, for Jane and himself, to the West Indies, bidding the captain to inform her, that he was bound for the Brandywine. Oh! how her heart glowed as the sails of the craft bent in beauty to the breeze; and her eye was kept strained for a glimpse of that land, where all that she loved now dwelt. But she was unacquainted with the navigation of the river, and she could not know when she came to the Brandywine. Nevertheless she was liappy in what Werner had told her, and so confident was she that he would not deceive her, that she rested perfectly satisfied. A pure heart that is conscious in itself that it would not deceive, is slow to suspect deception in another.

CHAPTER XII.

“Alas! ’tis she—that poor unfortunate—
And he’s the man who did the horrid deed,
Abhorrent to our nature.”

HARLES had been so particular as to watch the steps of Werner to Philadelphia, and had satisfied himself that he was gone with Jane. He now breathed more freely, but he was far from being happy, for the conscience with a scorpion tongue lashed his guilty soul. He felt that he had betrayed a gentle, generous heart that sincerely loved him, and the con-

sciousness that he had promised his mother to wed his cousin Caroline, wrung his soul with agony. He was about to impose himself upon one who knew not that he was the husband of another, and he writhed under the anguish of conscious guilt.

Madame De Beaumont was in an ecstasy of pleasure, that what she had so long and so devoutly wished, was about to be consummated; nor was Caroline less happy. Charles had solemnly pledged himself, and the day was rapidly rolling on. Preparations were being made on a grand scale, that the nuptials might be celebrated with great pomp and circumstance. Madame De Beaumont was active in the matter, and was determined that no expense should be spared, and no effort that would have a tendency to give eclat to the occasion.

The nearer the day came, the more wretched was Charles. He was in constant dread, lest by some accident Jane should return, and expose his perfidy. How could he meet her, whose young, pure heart he had wooed and won, and then betrayed? The thought was madness.

It was on the day before that on which his marriage was to be solemnized, that Charles wandered down the Brandywine to its mouth, where he saw a boat, and three or four men anxiously surveying something in the water. As he approached nearer he heard one of the men say—"This is the body of the boatman's daughter, I believe; though it has been in the river so long that I can't recognize the face. Here's the blue mantle that she always wore."

Had a thunderbolt struck Charles, he could not have been more startled.

"Gracious heaven," he mentally exclaimed, "then the villain has murdered the poor, dear Jane! I am a blasted man. I shall be charged with hiring the villain to do the deed."

"Why, Mr. De Beaumont, what makes you look so ghastly?" enquired one of the men, who saw him shaking as with an ague. "God forbid, sir, that you had any hand in it!"

"I—I—I never told him to do such a damnable deed," stammered Charles, not knowing what he said.

"There's something strange about that man's actions," said another of the men. "If he has not had some hand in the matter, he must be beside himself. Look at him—I'll wager a shilling that he knows something about it."

"Well, I think so too," said a third, looking steadfastly at Charles.

In the meantime several men came to the spot, among whom was Johnny, the boatman. The moment he saw the mutilated body in the water, he cried out—"That is my daughter. Yes, yes; it is her dress."

Notwithstanding his former cruelty, he gazed upon the body for a moment, and falling upon his knees, with his hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, burst into tears.

Charles, in the meantime, had fled he knew not whither. The body of the unfortunate girl, was conveyed to the cottage of the boatman, and after the usual jury was held, was buried. Though so much mutilated every one agreed from the dress and other particulars that it was no other than the unfortunate Jane.

The story of the absence of Jane from home had not excited much curiosity, but now that it was discovered that she was drowned, every one was running to know about it. The absence of Charles De Beaumont now, too, roused public curiosity, and rumor on rumor went abroad. Werner, the servant of Charles, had told some of his secrets to his particular friends, and thus a cry was raised which led on the search of Wild Sal, who at once told the whole story of how Charles carried off Jane; was married; and how he deserted her.

By degrees the whole history of the matter was brought to light, and great was the consternation of Madame De Beaumont and Caroline, who were constrained to believe, that if Charles did not murder the poor girl, he was equally guilty in the eye of the law, in having paid his servant to do so. Weeping and wailing alone were heard in those aristocratic halls for some time. Wretched was that mother, for having thwarted the wishes of her son, and in having compelled him to pledge himself to Caroline.

Every means were used to discover the retreat of Charles, for some time, but without effect. No one could give any tidings of him. Time passed on, and the excitement in a measure passed away, though the circumstance was not forgotten. A rumor was circulated that he was in New York, and a requisition was sent on for him, and, what was singular, he was arrested at the very moment that he had met Werner, and in his phrenzy was abusing him. Both were thrown into prison, to await the demand for them which was not long in coming. They were both brought back, and thrown into a dungeon to await their trial.

CHAPTER XIII.

“A change came o'er the spirit of the scene,
And all was new.”



WHO can imagine the wretchedness of that young man, as he lay incarcerated in a dreary dungeon? What could he expect? Circumstances were strongly against him, as, in unguarded moments, language had escaped him, which was sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that he was guilty of having caused her death, if he did not perform the act with his own hand. Worse than all, Werner, finding that Charles had breathed language calculated to convict him, resolved to turn State's evidence, as he had become incensed, and sacrifice the life of Charles to save his own.

Charles was stretched on the floor of his dungeon, when he heard the rattling of bars; the massive iron door swung open, and with screams, his mother and Caroline rushed in.

“Oh! Charles, my son, my unfortunate son, your miserable mother has murdered you! Oh! how madly I have acted! Would to heaven, my child, that I had never crossed your path in love, then might I have escaped the agonies I feel.”

“Ah! my mother, it is my destiny. I loved Jane to madness, and strange it was that love should so soon grow cold. I loved her with all the devotion that is known to the human heart, but in one dark hour it was gone. But I did not murder her.”

“No, Charles,” cried Caroline, “you could not be guilty of such an act. Ah! would that you had loved Jane still; and were she here now, I would place her in your arms, but to restore you to what you were.”

“Fain would I take her to my arms as my daughter,” exclaimed Madame De Beaumont, “and love her for your sake, could I only recall the dreadful fate that I fear hangs over you.”

Charles in the anguish of his soul arose with his clanking chain, and throwing himself into the arms of his mother, burst into a passionate fit of weeping. He looked haggard and miserable, for his heart was now preying upon itself in vain regrets. From that gloomy home, in which unfortunate love had entombed Charles, his mother and cousin departed; but not without a promise to be with him to the last extremity of his peril. When they were gone, the learned legal gentleman whom he had employed entered, and conferred with him in regard to the evidence of him who had re-

solved to sacrifice his life. Werner had declared that Charles bribed him to make way with the unhappy Jane, and his evidence, if not upset by other testimony, must devote him to ignominious death.

This information threw the wretched man into still greater wretchedness. He knew of no witness who could rebut the testimony of Werner, and the powers of his mind were so prostrated that he could not summon energy to reflect on the matter. Like other men who had trod the stage of life, he had placed himself in difficulty without being conscious of crime, save that which had been the result of love, and even that he could now hardly consider a crime, as he had acted entirely without malice in the case. His soul had been swayed by that passion, and he felt that he had acted from the influence of impulses that he could no more control than he could the throbbing of the heart that had been the seat of the passion that gave rise to those impulses. He felt that love had made a fool of him, as it does of all men; and he thought that it was hard he should suffer for that which he could not control, and for that which he did not commit.

Every day his mother visited him, and poured out her vain regrets that she had endeavored to sway him in that passion which she felt in her own case was uncontrollable. Every day did she weep upon his bosom, and deplore the sad situation in which he was placed. Ah! what would not that mother have given could she now have recalled what she had done! But it was too late—Oh! yes, it was too late—her child, her idolized child, would be sacrificed—the pride of her family blasted—her own happiness destroyed—all, all in consequence of her own folly! If possible, her soul writhed with greater agony than that which rent the bosom of Charles, and it would have touched any heart to have marked that mother as she wended her way into the prison at New Castle, and to have seen her in the gloom of the dungeon on her knees before her Charles—her hands uplifted, and her eyes streaming with tears, while she implored God to save him. She could not now upbraid him—Oh! no, she had come to her reason—she had forgotten that accursed love of money—she felt that he had wished to love as she had loved herself—she felt that he had wished to love with that idolatry that knows but the one worshiped image, regardless of all the extraneous idols to which the human heart often bows down.

But the day on which Charles was to be tried for his life rolled on. It was a beautiful morn to those in whose souls there was no

shadow of grief; but ah! to Charles it was anything but lovely, though he had so long pondered on the gloomy prospect, that he had become in a measure careless. It is strange how the soul will become reconciled, by deliberation, to what at first it started from with the utmost horror! The prospect of death to Charles was in the beginning terrific, but he had contemplated it so long, that he had gradually made up his mind that the *grim king* was not so appalling as he had been represented. It has been said that persons will sleep soundly on the night before their execution, as was the case with the son of General Castine, in France, and so did Charles, after his great grief for the loss of Jane. In his dreams that night he saw her, as he had seen her when he first loved her; and, strange as it may seem, he loved her when he awoke with the same devotion that he had felt before. How willingly would he have welcomed her to his arms, could he have recalled her from the sombre silence and solitude of the grave! Again was the smile of that sweet girl lovely to his gaze, and he wondered how he could have repudiated so much of woman's witchery and loveliness.

But to proceed. While Charles was thinking of her he had so fondly loved and so basely betrayed, the summons came for him to appear before that awful bar which was to dispense to him life or death. He had become careless of the result, as his love for Jane had now returned, and if his life were spared, he could not be happy without her.

I shall describe to the reader, in few words, the scene that followed, and the fate of the miserable young man. Dressed in deep mourning, Madame De Beaumont took her seat in the box with her son, and listened attentively to the proceedings of the court. She had vainly supposed that she had managed to kill the testimony of Werner, but when he appeared, and swore positively that Charles had given him a sum of money to murder Jane, and she saw the effect of his evidence on the jury, her heart failed—she saw that he was doomed.

Werner declared that Charles hired him to murder Jane, but that he at first relented on account of her sweet, gentle disposition—that he resolved in his own mind to take her to the West Indies—that while going down the river, he took her in a boat, under pretence that she was to be landed and carried to the residence of her husband.

“But why, sir, did you take her in the boat?” demanded the lawyer of Charles.

“Because, sir, she spied the cottage of her father, and declared that if she were carried any further, she would throw herself into the river. I then took the boat, told the captain that I would return ere his anchor was raised, and departed.”

“And you threw her overboard?”

“I did.”

“What followed?”

“I returned to the vessel—was cast away, outside the Capes—clung to a plank—reached the shore after much suffering, and came to testify against him who induced me to do the deed.”

The jury, after hearing all the evidence, retired for a few minutes, and returned into court.

“Well, sir, Mr. Foreman, what say you, is this man guilty or not guilty?”

“GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!”

A wild and piercing shriek broke from the lips of Madame De Beaumont, and she fell prostrate at the feet of Charles, who sat with his eyes fixed on vacancy, as if unconscious of all that was passing around him. The sympathising spectators bore the unhappy mother from the scene of her sorrow, while Charles was conducted by an officer back to that dungeon from whence he should never again proceed but as a corpse.

Let us now drop a veil over the miseries of that mother, whose love of lucre was the cause of this scene of wretchedness. It would be vain to attempt to picture the scenes which afterwards passed between Charles and his mother, when she came to tell him the time that was fixed for him to die, and of the efforts she incessantly made to save him from the doom.

It touched the soul of the Governor to sensibility when she appeared before him, in her weeds, to plead for the life of her only child. Tears gushed from his eyes, as she knelt humbly before him.

“Save, oh! save, sir,” cried the weeping mother, “the first-born of my heart.”

“Madam,” said the Governor, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, “it would give me joy to gratify a parent, but justice, stern justice bids me refuse.”

After many mournful appeals to his sympathy, she turned and left him with the conviction that her son was doomed, by the irrevocable decrees of fate, to die. Sad, sad were her thoughts, as she day after day entered the gloomy prison to look again on her unhappy son. There he lay, night after night, thinking of that

sweet girl whose life he had unintentionally destroyed, and for which he was to die.

It was a gloomy night in December, that Charles stood at the window of the prison, and anxiously gazed for the coming of his mother. A presentiment had seized him that she would bring him happy tidings, for the next was the day on which he was to die. But she came not, and he stretched himself on the floor in perfect resignation to his fate. With the consciousness that the next sun would cast its last lingering rays on his grave, he gave himself to sleep, and in that sleep, what an elysium appeared before him! The sweet, the darling Jane, was again locked in his arms, and he was happy in the smiles of his mother, who recognized Jane as her daughter with rapture. Oh! how hard was it that the cold reality should break in upon him!

Charles was roused from his dream by the thunder of the iron bar at the door, and the entrance of the very representatives of the phantoms of his dream.

“Dear Charles,” screamed his mother, in an ecstasy, “here is Jane, your wife—oh! take her to your arms, and we will be happy again!”

At the name of Jane, Charles leaped to his feet, and clasped her. It was indeed Jane—but how did she appear again in life? Was she not drowned? No. The blue mantle, which Charles had so much loved, saved her from a watery grave, and soon did the joyful tidings fly, and soon was Charles liberated to be a happier man than he had ever been; for when he found that Jane had determined to save his life, though she too must have thought him guilty, he adored her for her devotion.

When Werner threw her in the water, he hastily put back his boat to the vessel, and never turned his guilty eye to look upon his drowning victim. Buoyed by her clothes, the lovely Jane clung to a piece of floating wreck, and was thrown on the shore of New Jersey. Exhausted, pale, and apparently lifeless, the dear little Jane was discovered by a fisherman's son, who was struck with her charms. She had nobly struggled to save herself, and the young man saw her just as she had crawled upon the shore. With that feeling which lives in the breast of boy or man, he gazed upon her, nor long did he gaze ere he raised her to her feet, and generously supporting her, bore her to the humble home of his mother, a widow. Here a fever seized her, consequent on the anxiety and fatigue she had undergone, and for a long time she was delirious. The young man hung around her during her long

illness, and in the act of ministering to a suffering fellow-being, loved her. Apropos! how often have the souls of man and woman been blended in a sick room! How often have those delicate attentions which are rendered to one in sickness, been rewarded by the adoration of the heart!

But when reason dawned on Jane, she heard of what had transpired, and fled from the spot to save him whom she loved above all else.—Oh! how great are our joys after great griefs, and thus it now was with those whose history I have given.

Madame De Beaumont had cause to thank God that Charles had followed the dictates of his own heart. Never, perhaps, was there a lovelier or more exemplary pair than they, for their hearts appeared to have become chastened by the anguish they had undergone. All were happy—all rejoiced. The love of Charles and Jane seemed to be cemented by the strongest of all ties—by affliction. All our joys are in proportion to our sorrows, and if one should say that he had enjoyed unmarred happiness, there would be no truth in the assertion.

Years passed away, and the children of Charles and Jane conversed of the happiness enjoyed by their parents. There is one descendant now, who blooms and blushes along the streets of Wilmington, in whose lovely face still lingers the lineaments of Jane—on whose cheek is still seen her sweet smile. Reader, if you often walk on Third Street, you cannot mistake her, for she is the very personification of love and beauty. You will know her by the blue mantle she wears in remembrance of her mother.

Woman's Worth.

DEAR Woman, wert thou from us hurl'd,
 No more our hearts to bless;
 Life were a curse, and all the world
 A waste, a wilderness;
 By thee we gain all earthly bliss,
 Thy hand doth wipe the tear,
 And from thy lips one heart-warm kiss
 Will be to memory dear.

Why don't he Come?

WHY don't he come?—no footstep falls
 Upon the lone, deserted street;
 His much loved form within these walls,
 I do not now so often greet.

There was a time when even a word,
 (Ah! would to heaven it were so now;)
 Would bid him fly like some swift bird
 To breathe, even at my feet, his vow.

There was a time when I could claim
 A father and a mother's care;
 I thought not then that I with shame
 Should ever thus my woes declare.

Neglected wife!—Oh, oft those words,
 A keen and killing pang impart;
 More thrilling than a thousand swords,—
 Than poison'd daggers to the heart.

There, in its cradle, sleeps my child,
 Unconscious of its mother's wrongs;
 It knows not know my brain runs wild,
 When breathing love's neglected songs.

Even on its face I see him smile,
 My husband's smile, that still endears;
 Oh! let me gaze on it awhile,
 It minds me of those happy years

When sorrow knew no resting place
 Within this heart, then used to joy;
 Oh! would that I could now retrace
 Those happy days, my slumbering boy!

Why don't he come?—'Tis midnight now,
 And still I weep o'er his delay;
 There was a time he kept his vow,
 And thought an age one hour away.

Has he forgot his Ellen?—Nay,
 Has some fair form his fondness won?
 That thought is madness; hence, away!
 If I but dream it I'm undone.

Ah! sooner in my breast I'd feel,
 The glittering dagger's keenest smart;
 Than to my soul that truth reveal,
 Than know another claim'd his heart.

For oh! to woman's love belongs
 Eternity—time cannot kill;
 I love him even with all my wrongs,
 With all his faults I love him still.

To the Charmer.

Oh! let me lean upon that bosom, where
 I've felt the raptures angels only feel;
 And while I feel thy fond heart beating there,
 Once more the feelings of my own reveal!

Then on that red, luxurious lip of love,
 Where I have sigh'd, oh! let me sigh once more!
 And while I dream, as angels dream above,
 Oh! let me linger still, and still adore!

And while on thy voluptuous lip I sigh,
 And my soul melts in pure ecstatic bliss;
 Oh! let me gaze upon thy bright blue eye,
 For if on earth there's heav'n, it must be this.

When I have sat, and silently have gazed
 Into that dark blue dazzling eye, there broke
 A language, in the light that from it blazed,
 More eloquent than Grecian sages spoke.

Oh! yes, it told how deeply thou did'st love,
 How thy heart beat in unison with mine;
 Then when I rush'd into thine arms, my dove,
 I felt a bliss as pure as 'twas divine.

For in that little heart, that oft I've felt
 Beating against my bosom, there's no guile;
 'Tis pure as aught to which man ever knelt,—
 The light of virtue lives e'en in thy smile.

Oh! I have heard thy gentle bosom sigh,
 When blasted by the bowl, I did thee seek;

I've seen the big tear, from thy beauteous eye,
Roll sorrowfully down thy charming cheek.

And when I chided thee, the lovely laugh,
From thy red lips, broke sweetly on mine ear;
Ne'er did the gods, on high Olympus, quaff
With such delight, as I that laugh did hear.

For never did the gods such nectar sip,
And ne'er did harp of heav'n such music make;
As I have found on thy ambrosial lip,
And in its liquid lapses heard to break.

Oh! shall we ever meet again on earth?
Shall I again enjoy that killing kiss?
One moment of such luxury is worth
A whole eternity of common bliss.

Thou Charmer, love is not the offspring base
Of wild desires, that o'er the bosom roll;
No, well thou know'st 'tis of a heavenly race,—
Angel of earth, and Syren of the soul.

Love's Changes.

THERE once was a time, in a beautiful bower,
When Cupid mourned over the fall of his art;
From a change in the fashions Love lost all his power,
For no lady would let him come into her heart.

The ladies all cried, what a pitiful creature
Dan Cupid must be, in his homespun attire;
No splendor about him in form or in feature,
Nay, nothing the hearts of the fair to inspire.

Dan Cupid was then a plain lad, without fashion,
He loved the fair sex when they neatly were clad;
The gay and the dashy, with jewels and cash on,
Would'nt look on the boy, tho' his smile was so sad.

Never mind, said young Cupid, one day in the bower,
As he pointed his arrow and fixed his bow-strings;
Like woman I'll change, to regain my lost power,
And ride to her heart on a butterfly's wings.

To a Friend.

You ask me if I've loved—Oh! yes,
 I've bow'd at woman's feet:
 And felt an ecstasy, a bliss,
 That was divinely sweet.

Oh! had I worship'd God, as I
 To her devout have been;
 I should not breathe a wretch's sigh,
 Or be a child of sin.

I've sighed on woman's lip of love,
 And gazed in her dark eye;
 Until I thought her from above,—
 An angel of the sky.

E'en now, upon my lip, I feel
 Her blissful burning kiss;
 And fancy that again I steal
 That harbinger of bliss.

Oh! could I feel the luxury
 Of love, that I have felt,
 When I at beauty's shrine, my knee,
 In deep devotion, knelt;

I fain would yield my lingering breath
 Up sweetly in her arms;
 Enraptured while I gazed, in death,
 On her bewitching charms.

But ne'er, oh! ne'er can I, again,
 Bow down at beauty's shrine;
 I ne'er can wear the silken chain,
 That once I thought divine.

My heart is now the lonely tomb,
 In which love lies inurn'd;
 I cannot bear again the doom—
 To love and to be spurn'd.

My soul is charmed with woman's worth,
 On her dark eye I gaze;
 But ne'er can know again on earth,
 The dream of other days.

HELEN MAC TREVER:

A TALE OF

The Battle of Brandywine.



HE red cloud of revolution had burst with all its fury on this devoted land, and the thunders of British vengeance were reverberating from shore to shore, at the period of which I write. General Howe, with the determination of entering Philadelphia, had privately put to sea, leaving New York in the command of Sir Henry Clinton. On the 20th of August, 1777, he entered the Chesapeake Bay, and soon after landed his army of eighteen thousand men at Elk Ferry, in Maryland.

The people of the Colonies, tired of delay, urged General Washington to hazard a general engagement to save Philadelphia; though his army, which had just been recruited, consisted of only between nine and ten thousand men, many of whom were raw militia. Yielding, however, to their wishes, he immediately crossed the Delaware, and taking his way through Philadelphia marched directly to meet the enemy. On the eastern bank of Brandywine creek, within sight of Chadd's Ford, he took up his position, and calmly awaited the enemy's approach.

It was in the pensive and plenteous month of September, when the husbandman was busy, and all nature had begun to put on the aspect of decay, when the sounds of the camp went echoing down the hill, which now lifts its only head over as lovely a landscape as the surrounding country can present. Who can imagine the reflections of those who had left their homes, their wives and

children, and were there waiting for the deadly conflict, which was destined to stretch twelve hundred of them stiff and stark on the gory field? It was an awful period, for that battle might prove the downfall of the temple of liberty, for the triumph of which so many noble hearts had already bled. It was indeed a dark period in our country's history. A handful of devoted and dauntless men were standing up before the legions of the most powerful nation on the globe, which not satisfied with her own power, bought Hessians at a dollar per head, and employed the Indians to aid their cause. Well may we hold in eternal, grateful remembrance the memory of those illustrious patriots who planned, and the brave band of heroes who fought and fell to secure those inestimable rights which we now enjoy.

There stood on the western bank of the Brandywine what was at that time considered a splendid and luxurious farm-house, of ancient date, said to have been erected by one of the early Scotch settlers, no trace of which now remains. The romantic park and pleasure-grounds have long since disappeared before the axe, and the beautiful garden of Helen Mac Trever, laid out by female taste in winding walks, and graced with groves and shrubbery, where she often sat at the evening hour to contemplate, or wandered at midnight to muse on the full round moon, has grown up in weeds and can no longer be distinguished from the surrounding fields.

In this old-fashioned though sumptuous mansion, with its projecting eaves and balcony, resided Colonel Mac Trever, the father of Helen, and formerly an officer in the French war. Left a fortune by his father, who fell during his childhood, in the famous battle of Culloden in 1746, he emigrated in early life to Philadelphia, where he married; this farm being part of the property which he received with his wife. Col. Mac Trever had but two children; a daughter, Helen; and a son, Donald, who was an officer in the American army. Both father and son had early imbibed the love of liberty, and espoused with heart and hand the cause of a suffering people, struggling for their rights.

Helen Mac Trever was a singular being, and seemed to have been destined for the period of darkness and danger in which she had been born, for her dauntless spirit nothing could intimidate. She was indeed a stranger to fear. She was rather above the middle stature, and graceful in her symmetry as the Venus de Medicis. Though her features were masculine, and her complexion brown, there was peculiar beauty in the brilliancy of her dark and dazzling eye; in the roses that ever bloomed on her

cheek and lip; and in the angelic smile which dimpled her cheek, when pleasure filled her young and susceptible heart. She had attained her eighteenth year, and never was there a woman more fascinating in mind or manners than Helen Mac Trever, for she had, unlike the flimsy accomplishments of ladies of modern times, acquired in Philadelphia a solid education, and from her earliest years had applied herself diligently to the acquisition of useful as well as ornamental knowledge. She was particularly versed in history; and in studying the characters of the brave Scottish heroes and heroines, she seemed to have imbibed their spirit, and to have become in turn heroic. She had accustomed herself to athletic exercises, and she was peculiarly picturesque when mounted on her gay and fiery charger, in her highland costume, which she occasionally wore to please her father, when flying in sport over the green fields, and dashing down the steep hills. No lady, of the most polished class of the present day is more bewitching or winning in conversation, than was Helen Mac Trever; and she never visited Wilmington or Philadelphia, that she did not leave some heart to ache after her departure. She was at heart a true republican, and often would she enthusiastically exclaim—“Oh! that I were a man, that by the side of my brave brother I might meet the bloody Briton on the field of battle, and pour out, if the sacrifice were demanded, my heart’s best blood in the sacred cause of freedom.”

Helen Mac Trever was formed by nature to be happy, and she was happy; though in musing moments, and sometimes in conversation, she often wept over the gloomy prospects of her country. She had every thing that could conduce to happiness, and above all, she was contented. Almost with her own hands she had bid an Eden to bloom around her, for a lovelier garden never graced even a palace, than the one under the shade of whose trees, and in the groves of which, she often spent the day in reading, and the moonlight evening in reflecting upon the heroic deeds of other days.

In this romantic and secluded abode were the days of Helen Mac Trever flowing on smoothly, one after another, like the gentle waves of a summer sea, when the British army made its appearance, and encamped in the neighborhood. How changed was now the scene! The silent solitude, scarcely disturbed before by any sound, save that of the woodman’s axe; the lonely tinkling of the cow-bell; or the song of the rustic returning home in the evening to rest; was now filled with the rattling bustle of the camp; the

rapid tread of sentries moving to and fro; the roll of the reveille, and the confused mingling of voices.

It was the custom of Helen Mac Trever to ride her fiery charger every day along the road that runs down the Brandywine, and from thence strike into the country many miles.

"Dear father," said Helen one morning, "I am almost afraid to venture my noble charger to-day."

"Why so, my child?" enquired the father, laying down his spectacles.

"I had an ugly dream last night, and imagined that I was lost in a woodland, from whence I was carried off by a stranger."

"Poh! poh! child, do you believe in foolish dreams? Do you not know that Scripture declares that fools build upon dreams?"

"But, father, Milton also tells us, that—

'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;'

and may they not be commissioned to tell us of our danger? May they not whisper to us of good or evil during our dreams?"

"Why, really you are becoming superstitious," returned her father. "I thought you had too much sense to entertain such nonsense."

"Ah! father, it is not only the ignorant who are superstitious, if you are pleased to call it so. Many of the wisest men that ever dignified and adorned the pages of history, entertained such nonsense, and believed in supernatural revelations."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, laughing, "go, take your ride, and if none of the red-coats carry you off, I am satisfied."

Helen rose, with a smile, and went forth to her steed that stood at the door. Scarcely had she gracefully sprung upon the saddle, for young ladies were not so delicately helpless then as now, ere she was out of sight. Revolutionary ladies were accustomed to ride on horseback, and it is for the want of the wholesome exercise that they indulged in, that the ladies of the present day are a puny, sickly race, often fading away with consumption in the bloom and beauty of life.

It was a beautiful morning. The sunlight rested on the circumambient hills as calmly as a smile on the face of infancy. Helen had enjoyed a long ride, and in a full gallop, was returning to her happy home, when suddenly turning an angle in the road, her horse espied a British officer in full uniform. With affright he leaped forward, and ran down the road with the speed of a rein-

deer. Though her horse became ungovernable, she heroically kept her seat in the saddle, until he stumbled and threw her with great violence on a green bank by the road-side. The officer, Major Sandford, of the British army, whose sudden appearance had frightened the horse, immediately pursued, and coming up, found Helen perfectly insensible. Running down to the Brandy-wine, he obtained some water in a leathern cup, such as huntsmen in England carry with them; and washing the blood from her brow, which was slightly cut, he bathed her face until he saw signs of returning life. In a short time consciousness was restored, and imagine her feelings, when opening her eyes, she beheld kneeling at her side the handsomest man upon whom her eyes had ever gazed. When their eyes met, a crimson blush suffused her cheek, and she started up with apparent fright; but he gently took her hand, and detaining her, said—"Be not alarmed, gentle lady, you have nothing to fear from a British officer. So far from being your enemy, I will protect you with my life, and I beg the favor to accompany you home."

The tones of his voice fell musically on the ears of Helen, and called up confused recollections from the depths of memory.

"Have I not seen you in New York?" she enquired, as she arose and walked onward. "I think it was last spring at a ball."

"Ah! yes," returned the Major, "and many an hour did I regret your departure. It gives me exquisite pleasure to meet you again."

They had indeed met in New York, and a mutual flame of regard had been kindled on the altar of each of their hearts. Major Sandford was a gay, dashing fellow, whose personal beauty was his whole stock in trade, for he was not remarkable for intellectual wealth, though he possessed the *cacoethes loquendi*; could skim the surface of matters, and by touching upon a hundred subjects in an hour, lead the less informed to suppose that he was a genius of the first water. It was singular that Helen, possessing such extraordinary mental endowments, should conceive a regard for a man of inferior mind; for women almost universally appreciate men for their sterling qualities, while, on the contrary, men, however refined, admire the other sex almost entirely for personal beauty. Women, however illiterate, have a much higher estimate of literature and intellectual endowments in men, than men have in women; hence we very often see an illiterate beautiful woman wedded to a man of talents and learning; but very seldom do we find an illiterate man united to a woman of great mind.

Talking of New York and its gayeties, Helen and the Major approached the shady avenue that led up to the mansion. Here they met Colonel Mac Trever, who surveyed the British officer with feelings of disgust, suspicion and repugnance. Helen, however, without noticing her father's countenance, gracefully introduced the Major, and invited him to enter the parlor. Here they were some hours alone together, for Col. Mac Trever, whose prejudices were very strong, would not enter; and that regard which had been kindled in New York, was fanned into a flame, for Helen was a creature of impulse. When the Major retired, the Colonel made his appearance, with a dark scowl upon his face. Helen began to relate the adventures of the day, but the angry father, without deigning to listen, cut her narrative short.

"Can it be possible," he exclaimed, directing on his astonished daughter a withering look, "that Helen Mac Trever will stoop to the society of an enemy of her country? Can you countenance a foe to freedom, who this very day may imbrue his hands in the blood of your brave brother, who is now battling for liberty in the ranks of the great and good George Washington? For shame! Let me never again see you bestow a smile upon an enemy, who would not hesitate to make midnight glitter with your burning home."

"But, father—"

"No buts, if you please," interrupted the agitated Colonel, rising from his seat and pacing the room. "That red-coat shall never again darken my door, if I can prevent it."

"Let me inform you, sir, without intending any disrespect," returned Helen, raising herself to her full height, and assuming an air of dignified importance, "that the cause of American freedom is as dear to my heart as to yours, or to that of any other patriot, but, at the same time, I hope I shall never forget that respect which is due to a flag of truce, and to the politeness of a well-bred gentleman, be that gentleman a friend or foe to my country. Though nationally at enmity, it is no reason that we should be individually so."

"Very pretty logic, 'pon my word!" retorted the exasperated father, who in his enmities was unrelentingly severe. "Well, well; if you prefer the society of your country's bitter enemy, encourage him; and when his hands are reeking with the gore of your slaughtered brother and countrymen, marry him, and go to England and starve. You cannot remain with me, or expect a penny from one who bears the name of Mac Trever."

This was severer language than Helen had ever received from her father, and she could not refrain from bursting into tears.

"Dearest father," she at length said, "he is nothing to me more than a friend; and as he has always acted the part of a gentleman, I cannot but respect him as such."

"I see," retorted the Colonel, "how strong your friendship is; and it is with you, as I have found it to be the case with every woman I ever knew, when she once fixes her mind upon a man, and she generally chooses the man that all the world beside would have rejected, not all the angels in heaven can persuade her to relinquish him. But be it so;—you can repent at your leisure."

"But, my dear father, what if we could win him over to the cause of American freedom? That would be a glorious achievement!"

"Ay, if you could do that," returned the father, his countenance relaxing and his eye brightening, "it would indeed be glorious, and willingly would I give him your hand; but these red-coats are true to old George, their master, and I'll have nothing to do with them."

Here the conversation was interrupted, and Helen left the room. She was in a quandary how to dispose of her lover, for she had conceived for him feelings warmer than friendship, and knowing her father's violent temper and prejudice, she feared that if Major Sandford should visit the house, some evil consequence might follow. She, therefore, met him by stealth by moonlight, in the Scotch mode of courtship. In an alcove in the garden, which was cultivated by Helen's own fair hands, they met; but it was not long before the prying eye of the father suspected the arrangement, and gave orders that if any man came on the premises, near the building at dead of night, to fire upon him. According to order, old Mike, the overseer, loaded his gun, and without communicating anything to Helen, prepared to take his stand in a summer-house, covered with vines, in the lower part of the garden, and very near the alcove where Helen and Sandford met. The hiding place Mike had chosen, was so completely covered with vines, that a person secreted in it could see everything in the avenue leading to the building, and yet be invisible to any one approaching. There he sat, with his well loaded musket, until the "witching time of night," when ghosts are said to walk.

Helen, unconscious of any danger, put on her brother's cloak and hat, and stealing down stairs, softly unbarred the door, and stole cautiously along the avenue. She had approached within

ten steps of the summer-house, ere the sound of her footstep fell on Mike's ear, and roused him from his dreamy state. Instantly he raised the deadly musket to his shoulder.

"Aha!" he mentally exclaimed, "the red-coat comes in disguise, but I'll reveal who he is."

At this eventful moment, big with fate, he had taken deliberate aim at Helen's heart, and would have given her to the grave, but she spoke; and her silvery accents were so familiar to his ear that he recognized her.

"Ha!" exclaimed Helen, "he comes!—I see his graceful form amid the tall trees of the park!"

The next minute Major Sandford appeared in the alcove, and would have clasped Helen in his arms, but she waved him back and said, with a dignified air—"Nay, nay, Major, we meet not here for a love dalliance to-night, but on business dear to my heart, and to my country."

She spoke in a low tone, and Mike could catch but a word occasionally. He resolved, however, not to fire, but to listen, as he might, perhaps, detect a treasonable plot.

"What are the terms you speak of?" said the Major.

"I can never consent to your proposition," returned Helen, "until you forsake the unjust cause you have espoused, and join the glorious little band now struggling for freedom. In other words, I will never consent to give you my hand, until you swear to betray General—"

"Treason, by the dads!" exclaimed old Mike, forgetting himself, who had only been able to hear part of the conversation.

"Hark!" cried the Major, starting, "did you not hear a voice?"

"No, it was but the wind sighing in the trees."

"Could you love a traitor?" enquired the Major scrutinizingly.

"Ay," returned Helen, "when the traitor betrays a tyrant, and succors the oppressed. Indeed he is no traitor, who betrays the vicious desires of a despot; and who, in espousing the cause of the injured, avenges their wrongs. No, Major Sandford, he can never merit the appellation of a traitor, who flies from vice to virtue—who forsakes a cause that is positively wrong."

"You are well skilled in moral philosophy, I see," said the Major, "but shall I turn against the land of my birth, and the home of my fathers?"

"Are we not all of the same country?" returned Helen. "And were one part of your household to oppress the other, would you not espouse the cause of the oppressed?"

"I certainly would," replied the Major, "but the oath of allegiance!—ay, the oath I have taken to—"

"An unrighteous oath," interrupted Helen, "is not binding. No, sir, an oath extorted by a tyrant to oppress the weak and enslave your fellow-man, is not binding—I say it is not binding in the sight of Heaven. God will never sanction an oath unholy in its object and in its end."

Old Mike had now fallen asleep, and Major Sandford was on the horns of a dilemma. At first he started with horror at the proposition of Helen, but the more he entertained the idea, and the more he listened to the philosophic reasoning of the fair patriot, the less hideous it appeared. And thus it ever is. The mind familiarizes itself with even the idea of the commission of the worst of crimes. Though it may shudder at first, if it suffer itself to entertain that idea, it is lost. The more Major Sandford thought of renouncing his allegiance, the less horrible it seemed; and he found his mind wavering.

"It is far nobler," continued Helen Mac Trever, perceiving the influence of her eloquence, "and far less heinous in the sight of God to break an unrighteous oath to a tyrant, than to fulfil that oath by crushing the oppressed, and carrying death and devastation to the homes of helpless wives and children. Your heart, Major, was never designed by Heaven to glut its vengeance on those who are struggling only for their rights, and have done no wrong."

"Almost," ejaculated the Major, "thou persuadest me to be a patriot; a rebel. But if I break my oath of allegiance, how could you place confidence in my oath to liberty?"

"I could place confidence in you," quickly returned Helen, "because you would act honestly to your conscience, and justly to the oppressed, by breaking an unholy oath to a tyrant. He who acts justly and honestly, can never betray."

The eye of Sandford glittered at the thought of obtaining the hand, and with it the fortune of Helen. He was one of those men, whose judgment, weak and vacillating, may be swayed by the suggestions of even inferior minds; and before the powerful appeals of Helen, his objections were scattered like the mists of the morning before the luminary of day.

"In what then can I serve you?" enquired the Major, pressing her hand between both of his, and gazing anxiously in her eyes.

"You can serve me, or rather my country, and the sacred cause of humanity, justice and the rights of man," returned Helen, while

her heart beat with unusual enthusiasm, "by assisting a handful of men to recover their birth-right."

"But in what manner?"

"By betraying General Howe, the jackall of the lion, George III, into the hands of the brave Washington, or those of any of his Generals. This will be the first step. You have solicited my hand in marriage, but never until—"

"But should I fail," interrupted Sandford, "death, ignominious death would be my portion."

"Should you triumph in the attempt," said Helen solemnly, "my hand and heart, and all that I possess of this world, shall joyously be given to you; but should you fail, and your life be the forfeit, then I swear to die with you."

"Then, by heavens!" exclaimed Sandford, "for such a prize it shall be done, or I will perish in the attempt."

Helen seized his hand with enthusiasm, and bade him good night, as she turned to retrace her steps to the mansion.

"Nay," returned the Major, "let us ramble over these romantic hills, and fix upon the plan you have suggested."

Helen agreed to his proposal and wandered with him through the lonely woodland; but she returned to her room long before the god of day made his appearance. Old Mike snored in the summer-house until the morning dawned, when he roused up, scratched his head, and flew to the mansion to unburthen himself.

"Aha!" he exclaimed mentally, "I always thought that girl had a sneaking notion to the tory side; and now, though I didn't hear all, I'm satisfied."

Scarcely had Colonel Mac Trever dressed himself and buckled his shoes, ere Mike made his appearance, with his hat in his hand, and a grinning smile on his ugly face, that had not been washed in a week.

"Well, Mike, what luck with the red-coat?"

"Your honor may well ask that, you may. While I was sitten and sitten and sitten last night, watching for a red-coat, who should come along with a cloak and hat on but a man, and he wasn't a man neither."

"Well what, in the name of Banquo's ghost, was it?" enquired the Colonel, laughing at the simplicity of Mike.

"Why, your honor, jest as I was agwine to shoot, I diskivered it was Miss Helen that I tuck to be a man. So I didn't shoot, but sot and sot and sot, and listened to her and some feller layin

a plot to betray General Washington, and to upset freedom and every thing."

"That scoundrel has bewitched my daughter," exclaimed the enraged Colonel, "and he shall be arrested."

"Aha! your honor, that's right; he's nothin' no how but a fortin hunter, that wants to turn matrimony into a matter-of-money. They'll betray our General this night."

"Well," said the Colonel, "let not another word fall from your lips on the subject, and the villain shall be caught in his own trap, and swing on the first tree."

"Not another word, your honor; no, no, no, not another word;" and Mike bowed himself out of the room.

It was late when Helen came down to the breakfast table, and her heart was full of the romantic adventure which she and Sandford had been planning. But she said not a word, for she wished to surprise her father by the consummation of the stratagem. She knew that if successful, it would at once win his heart in favor of her lover; and knowing how suspicious he was, she would not mention to him the incipient plan. Colonel Mac Trever was also silent, in regard to what old Mike had told him; because he very well knew that to speak of it would defeat his intention, by giving the alarm. Still he could not entirely conceal his emotions, nor could he treat Helen with his usual civility and affection; for he considered her a confirmed tory, manufactured by the hands of Sandford.

Night came, and the plan was to be put in operation. A note had been addressed to the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, to appoint two or three officers who should meet the writer at a certain hour of the night at a certain spot, and that then and there General Howe, commander of the British army, would be betrayed into their power. A note was also addressed to General Howe, stating that if he would make his appearance at the same time and place, that General Washington would be betrayed into his hands. Unluckily, the manuscript of the latter note had been dropped in the alcove, and found by Col. Mac Trever. This confirmed what he had been told by Mike, that General Washington was to be betrayed; for he did not comprehend the intention of the note to General Howe.

The place of meeting was a lonely one, not very far distant from the old Quaker meeting-house. General Washington, suspecting some treachery, sent two men in disguise, whom Sandford supposed to be the Marquis de la Fayette, and the Count Pulaski.

It was a singular circumstance, that the person of Colonel Mac Trever so much resembled that of General Howe, that in the dark he might easily be mistaken for that person. The Colonel dressed himself in the military dress he had worn in the French war, and followed by Mike and two or three stout men, started for the place of meeting. His attendants were secreted within the sound of his voice, while he approached the spot. His face was muffled, so that Sandford could not scan his features by the dim light; but so confident was he that it was Gen. Howe who approached, that he advanced, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "General, you are my prisoner."

"No, by heavens?" exclaimed the Colonel, "General Washington is not *your* prisoner; but, sir, I know you are *mine*."

And he gave a shrill whistle, which echoed through the sombre solitudes around; and to the utter astonishment of Major Sandford, several stalwart men rushed forth from the thicket. So unexpected was this, that the Major was paralyzed.

"Seize the villainous traitor," cried Colonel Mac Trever, and in an instant half a dozen Herculean hands held him as firmly as the jaws of a vice.

"What means this?" enquired Donald Mac Trever, for he was one of the men whom Washington had sent.

"Let me explain this matter," said the Major, recognizing the Colonel, "and you, sir, will not call me a traitor or a villain."

"Away with him, men; I have an explanation of the whole affair, in his own hand-writing, in my pocket—I'll hear no more."

Major Sandford found himself in an awkward dilemma, for he was on both horns; having committed himself on both sides. The note to General Howe, which the Colonel had found, was shown to Donald and his companion, who became enraged, and were ready to take instant vengeance. Sandford was, however, pinioned, and conveyed to a dungeon beneath the mansion of Colonel Mac Trever, which in other days had served for a wine cellar. In this gloomy abode, he sat down upon a fragment of granite, and began to reflect upon his situation. If he acknowledged his intention to betray Washington, he would incur the vengeance of the American army, and vice versa.

"Oh! woman," he exclaimed, "you are at the bottom of every thing. How many wars have you not incited? How many empires have flourished but to fall, by your intrigues? The proud palaces of Priam, and the lofty towers of Troy, by your charms were laid level with the dust! Yea! by your fascinating influence,

in the garden of Eden, mankind fell! But you have atoned—you have redeemed your character. By you was brought into the world that glorious character, who hung the rainbow of redemption round a dying world. By you, Christopher Columbus was enabled to discover a new continent. By you, Rome was saved; and by you, I shall yet be liberated from my perilous situation.”

But where, in the mean time, was the heroic Helen? She had been listening to the stormy wrath of her enraged father, and had retired to her room, to meditate on the means of liberating Sandford; or, in the event of failure, to perish with him. But how was she to effect his liberation? Every door leading to his subterraneous abode was locked, barred and bolted, and eagle eyes were vigilant in watching. The only internal avenue was through a trap-door in the kitchen, and that had been locked by Colonel Mac Trever, and the key secreted.

Sandford dreaded every hour that a court-martial would sit on his case, and condemn him to be hung or shot immediately, for every soldier dreads an ignominious death a thousand times more than to fall in battle. He knew that to asseverate his innocence, in regard to the betrayal of Washington, would be useless, so long as Colonel Mac Trever had the written note to General Howe in his possession, and if he could explain the matter to the satisfaction of the Americans, he would then become an object of vengeance in the eyes of the British. He, therefore, silently awaited the fiat of fate.

But he was safe for the present. The American army was busy in making preparation for a general engagement the next day, the long remembered eleventh of September. General Washington, with the forethought and discretion which distinguished him, was arranging every thing to the best advantage that regarded his position, and left nothing undone that he thought would have a tendency to secure victory to the American arms. Many a heart beat high that day, that on the next, ere the golden sun should sink behind the western hills, should pour out its reeking gore on the battle-field.

Helen was resolved to free Sandford from his perilous situation at all hazards, and in the absence of her father she ransacked the whole building in search of the key, which unlocked the door of the cellar in the kitchen. After a long search she discovered a bunch of old keys, and great was her joy in the confident belief that one of them would unlock the door. But she dared not try

the experiment until night should favor her, and sleep bury the senses of her watchful father in forgetfulness.

Helen saw with pleasure the sun go down, and the shadows of evening steal softly among the flowery groves and grottoes of her garden. She retired to her room and anxiously awaited the hour of midnight. Scarcely had the old Dutch clock tolled the hour of twelve, ere she stole softly down the stairway, and with trembling limbs approached the door of the cellar. Key after key she tried without effect, until they had all been tried but one. With a palpitating heart she applied it to the lock and found it would not answer. Hope fled from her, and she sunk overpowered by her feelings, on the floor. She had sworn to die with Sandford, in the event of his detection by the British, and she now saw no other alternative but to die. But at this critical moment, the recollection flashed upon her mind, that she had seen a key hanging in the room where her father slept. But could she venture there to obtain it? And if she should be so fortunate as not to awake her slumbering sire, it might not be the right key! Great was the distress of her mind, but she nevertheless resolved to hazard the attempt, and accordingly crept softly to the door, and gently opened it. She listened to ascertain whether her father slept, and discovered by the sound of his breathing that he did. Upon her knees, she then crawled, with a palpitating heart, across the room, to the wall where the key hung, but in clambering on a chair to reach it, she fell. Startled by the noise, the Colonel awoke and roused up. The frightened Helen, stretched upon the floor, did not move; and after rubbing his eyes, he fell back and was again soon lost in slumber. At the second attempt she obtained the key, and crept softly out of the room. To her inexpressible joy it unlocked the door, and she descended the stairway. All was silent as the city of the dead. Sandford, wearied by the intensity of his thoughts, had sunk into deep sleep,

“Tired nature’s sweet restorer;”

and lost to a consciousness of his situation, was indulging in delicious dreams of happy by-gone days. Startled by the voice of Helen, he suddenly awoke with the idea that he had been doomed to die, and that a summons had come to convey him to the place of execution. But great was his joy when he beheld his deliverer, in the person of her who had become the charm of his existence and the angel of his heart.

"Why, Helen, have you ventured here?" he enquired in a melancholy tone. "You will incur your father's vengeance if discovered."

"Fear not for me," replied the heroic girl; "woman will dare anything for the man she loves—yea! when all the world forsakes, she will follow him to the dungeon, and though covered with crime, will clasp the victim in his chains. But there is no time to be lost in the waste of words. You must fly this instant. I have come to save you, or perish in the attempt."

"But," returned Sandford, "by what means can I escape? There are watchful eyes about the building, and to elude their vigilance is impossible. I saw a man but a minute ago pass the grated window, and he would recognize and stop me."

Helen was for a moment lost in thought. She then bade Sandford be of good cheer, and flew up the stairway with the agility of a gazelle. In a short time she returned with one of her own dresses, a long cloak and bonnet.

"Haste, haste," she cried, "put on this dress over your own, and you may pass out and be mistaken for me. Nay, not another word; I will meet you to-morrow night at the old Quaker meeting-house—away, quick! quick!"

Major Sandford hastily put on the dress; followed Helen up the long, narrow flight of stairs, and emerged alone from the building, after having imprinted a kiss on the fair hand of Helen, and bade her adieu. As he passed out of the yard into the shady avenue which led to the outer gate, he was just beginning to congratulate himself on his security, when suddenly the form of a man started out from the umbrageous shrubbery on the side of the avenue. He was one of the guards employed by Colonel Mac Trever, who had never seen Helen but once, and did not remember her countenance. Advancing, he hailed Major Sandford, and approaching closely, looked into his face. His great beauty, smooth face, and the effect of a bonnet, led the guard to believe that Helen Mac Trever stood before him, and he merely muttered in a guttural tone—"You can pass, madam."

Sandford's heart beat at that moment with increased rapidity, for he stood ready, if discovered and the alarm were given, to draw a pistol, which he had concealed, shoot down the guard, and fly for his life. Fortunately nothing of the kind occurred; and in a short time he was beyond the reach of pursuit, and lost in the dim shadows of the forest.

The next morning the sun arose in all his brilliant glory, shedding his rays over the peaceful hills and valleys, where the cattle were grazing, and gilding the lofty tops of the woodlands with his golden light, which was destined in the evening to fall upon a field of blood and carnage. All was now activity in the camp of Washington, and many a heart beat high with hope and chivalrous feeling, that ere another sun should rise would be still in death. A deep solemnity pervaded every countenance, when the news came and the tidings spread from rank to rank, that the British army was approaching, though every man stood firm, and every arm was nerved for the contest. But the contradictory accounts of the movements of the British army which came in, embarrassed General Washington; and for a time he knew not what course to pursue, until it was ascertained that a division of the enemy's army, commanded by General Knyphausen, had made its appearance at Chadd's Ford, with the pretence of crossing the Brandywine. The left wing of the American army was posted near that spot, and like a whirlwind the brave sons of freedom rushed down from the hill. The arrows of death flew thick and fast; the thunder of battle reverberated along the romantic hills of the Brandywine, and dense clouds of smoke enveloped the combatants and rolled up into the heavens. There was heard the clash of arms, and the death shriek of the falling heroes.

At two o'clock, a single horseman came on the wings of the wind, to inform General Washington that the main body of the British army had crossed the Brandywine higher up, and was about to attack the right flank of his right wing, which he ordered to change its position. It had no sooner done so, than it was attacked with tremendous fury. For a time the carnage was dreadful, and every inch of ground was disputed; till at length, on account of the superior numbers of the British, the Americans had to give way, and retreat upon the centre, which was then coming up to support the right wing. Here the contest was desperate, but the centre also gave way, and retreated down to Chadd's Ford, where Knyphausen had just crossed over and attacked the left wing. Sandford had been an actor in the whole battle, and fought with the desperation of a tiger in the American cause.

The battle raged with increased fury, and many fought hand to hand. Sandford was dealing death around him. Suddenly he saw a powerful Hessian cleave an American to the earth; he saw him in the act of running a bayonet through him, when he sud-

denly wheeled, drew a pistol from his belt and fired. The ball entered an eye of the Hessian, and he fell dead on the spot. In another moment Sandford was hurried away to another station, and did not discover who it was whom he had rescued from death. Onward still rolled the dreadful tide of war, and for a time the result seemed doubtful; but at length the whole American army, overcome by superior numbers, gave way, and retreated to Chester. Though great valor was displayed by Washington's men, particularly by a brigade of Virginia troops, yet owing to the fact that the muskets had been obtained from different sources, and were of different sizes, the cartridges not being fitted to them all, may be attributed the defeat of the American army, to say nothing of the disparity of numbers.

From the balcony of Col. Mac Trever's house seated on a high hill which overlooked the whole country, Helen had witnessed the battle at Chadd's Ford, and now that it was over, she flew to the dreadful scene to learn the fate of her brother, for she was not aware that Sandford had taken part in the battle. What a sight was there? What a havoc had been made that day? Twelve hundred American hearts had ceased to beat, and about half that number of British heroes had bitten the dust. The British were conveying their wounded to the Quaker meeting-house, of which they made a hospital, and Helen recoiled with horror, as she gazed on the dead and listened to the groans of the dying, who were promiscuously heaped together. Here all animosity had subsided. Here was seen an American soldier, resting his dying head on the bosom of a Briton; and there was a fainting Hessian, supported by an American. The feelings, which had actuated their hearts in the heat of battle, had subsided in their helpless, mangled condition, and feelings of mutual dependence had taken their place. To every face and form, from which the spouting gore was ebbing, Helen directed her eye; and she turned to leave a scene which she found too horrible to endure. As she was retreating from the field, the sound of her own name faintly fell upon her ear. She turned, and saw a man reclining against a tree and bleeding.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "it is Sandford."

"Ay," returned the Major, "and unless I can immediately be concealed, or conveyed from this spot, I am lost—undone."

As he spoke, his face became ghastly pale; he relaxed his hold upon the tree, and fell his whole length on the green sward—he had fainted from loss of blood. Helen delayed not a moment, but fled with the speed of a reindeer. In a short time she returned

with her own noble steed, and assisted Sandford to mount; bidding him fly to Wilmington, as the American army had retreated to Chester, and she feared he would be arrested under the mistake which had occurred with her father.

Colonel Mac Trever, in the mean time, was raving in anger at the escape of Major Sandford, and as he had discovered in regard to the key that Helen had been concerned in the matter, he denounced her as a traitor to her country, and would not deign to listen a moment to her elucidation of the transaction.

"Never, never," he exclaimed, "shall she again be called my daughter, and not one farthing will I bestow upon or bequeath to her. Ah! here they come with my wounded son, who has shed his blood in the sacred cause of freedom, and far sooner would I see her stretched stark and stiff in death, than thus to behold her the accomplice of the deadly enemy of her country."

Helen, finding that it was useless to reason with her father, and satisfied that her brother was not mortally wounded, privately left her home in which she had spent so many happy days, and was in Wilmington the next day after Sandford had arrived. Great was his joy to find her so devoted. That night he led her to the altar of the old Presbyterian church of Wilmington, where they were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. But the excitement of the occasion, added to the irritation caused by the wound he had received, brought on a fever, which for a long time stretched him on his bed. They had both, like many other very sensible people, leaped into matrimony without due consideration—without bestowing one thought on the means by which they were to live. Helen had been accustomed to plenty all her life, without any exertion on her part, and it seemed so natural to have every thing she expressed a desire for, that it never entered her mind that matters could be otherwise. But a change was destined to come over the spirit of her dream. The constant outgoing without any income, soon exhausted the funds which the Major had been enabled to save, and Helen awoke to the reality of her situation. But she was not as one without hope. She could not, she would not believe that her father would turn a deaf ear to her cries, in case of necessity, seeing that her husband was unable to provide for her, on account of his wounds. But she would not mortify herself by the application for relief until necessity compelled her to do so.

"My dear," said Helen one day as she sat by the bedside, "you need some medicines, and if you will suffer me to go for them, I can buy them to better advantage, than the servant."

"Alas!" exclaimed Sandford, "I have but one dollar in the world remaining, and we shall be compelled to discharge the servant and wait upon ourselves."

At these ominous words, a cold chill ran through Helen's heart, and casting a retrospective glance, at the period when she never expressed a wish that was not gratified, she burst into tears; but ashamed of her weakness, she hastily wiped them away.

"Be of good cheer, my husband," she said, "in my younger years I was taught all manner of needle-work, and painting, and by the exercise of my hands I can provide for our necessity."

A tear stood in the eye of Sandford, when he thought of the home from which he had taken her, and a sigh escaped from his bosom, at the thought that he had brought her to poverty and want. Yet he admired her spirit; for there is no bravery like that which manfully buffets the storm of adversity. Many a man has braved death at the cannon's mouth, who has sunk overpowered by the privations of poverty and the horrors of want.

Helen now applied herself to her needle, and worked day and night by the bed-side of her sick husband; but with all her exertions, she could scarcely supply the cheapest necessaries of life. Finding her exertions futile, it was resolved that they should remove to Philadelphia; but, alas! where were they to obtain the necessary funds? After mature deliberation, Helen resolved that she would dispose of her jewels; but the very thought brought tears into her eyes, for they were the gift of her sainted mother. Thrice did she go to the jeweller, and as often did she return without disposing of them. When sold, they brought but a pittance, very little more than sufficient to defray their expenses to Philadelphia. Luckily she was acquainted with a very generous and pious woman, of the excellent society of Friends, whose name was Shipley, who had often shown disinterested acts of friendship towards her and many others, and who now pressed upon her the acceptance of a sum of money. It was this lady, Elizabeth Shipley, who in her dying moments uttered the prophecy, which was published and generally circulated at that time, when the British had been victorious at Brandywine; were in possession of Philadelphia, and the American people were desponding; "that the invader, though then successful, should be driven out, and the cause of American freedom should be triumphant."

On board of a small craft, for very few vessels then sailed from the port of Wilmington, Helen conveyed her wounded husband; and sad were her thoughts when she landed on the wharf at

Philadelphia. The last time she had visited that city, she was happy, and in possession of every thing that her heart could desire, without any fear for the future; but now she had fled from her father, with his frown resting upon her, and had a wounded husband to minister to and support; with but precarious means to do so, and the constant fear of coming to abject want. Those who have struggled with adversity from the earliest period of life, know not the pangs of poverty; it is those who have long enjoyed the sweets of plenty and have suddenly fallen from affluence, who feel the stings of penury and want. It was thus with Helen. But Sandford was still more wretched at the recollection of having been the cause of the sorrow, which pressed upon the heart of Helen. Helen, however, was too noble, too generous, to confess that she was suffering the pangs of poverty, and it was only by an unguarded sigh or tear that he could detect the emotions of her soul. Diligently through the day, and often till the clock tolled twelve at night, did she apply herself to her needle, and was yet barely able to supply the necessaries of life. She had disposed of all her small stock of jewelry, except a splendid diamond ring, which her mother had given her as a keepsake, and to part with this was a struggle indeed. But necessity is imperious; and to obtain clothing, she was compelled to dispose of it at half the value. When she returned to her cheerless dwelling with the proceeds, she retired to a secret place, and indulged long in tears.

Every day the prospects of this ill-fated pair became more gloomy; and the wound of Sandford having proved obstinate in healing, he was unable to walk or exert himself in any manner.

"I shall be compelled to write to my father for assistance," said Helen one day, as she came in from a fruitless attempt to sell her needle-work. "He certainly will not turn a deaf ear to the cry of distress, in the hour of penitence, when that appeal is made by his own child."

Sandford was silent—his heart was too full to speak; for he felt that he had been the cause of all their suffering.

"I have sold all my jewelry, and every thing that I can spare," continued Helen, as a tear stole down her cheek, "and as a last resort, I will write to him for assistance; he can but refuse me, though I cannot think he can have the heart to do so."

Helen sat down to write, full of hope, for he had never refused in other days to grant any thing she asked, and she really believed that if she humbled herself penitentially, and portrayed her forlorn and suffering condition, he would yield to her entreaties.

Colonel Mac Trever was sitting alone in his sumptuous parlor when the letter was brought in; the letter penned by his unhappy and suffering daughter. He read it with deep emotion—

“MY DEAR FATHER—Conscious that I have infringed the dictates of filial affection, and sorry that I have done aught to displease so good a father, I now in the depth of humility appeal to you for assistance in my distress. My husband, wounded in the cause of American freedom, is unable to leave his bed; and with the exertion of my hands day and night, I am unable to command even the necessaries of life. I implore you in the name of my sainted mother, not to turn a deaf ear to my appeal, and not to let prejudice excite you against my husband; for you have been deceived in his character. He is the firm friend of freedom, and joins me in asking you for the means of support, until his wound will permit him to exercise himself for our own benefit. Should you turn from us, I see no alternative but the most abject poverty and want.”

The excited father threw down the letter, and walked the floor. In the mean time, Helen and her suffering husband were brooding over their gloomy fate. Inflammation had increased in the wound, which Major Sandford had received, and fears were entertained that amputation would be necessary, the bare idea of which, plunged Helen into the greatest despondency, though her good sense taught her to conceal her emotions, and cherish hope in the mind of her suffering husband. The illusions of hope are powerful in a sick chamber, in supporting the mind; and the mind being supported, the body sympathizes. Many a life has been sacrificed by an injudicious expression uttered by a thoughtless person, crushing hope; depressing the mind; and thus, by sympathy, prostrating the whole body.

From day to day, Helen anxiously expected a letter from her father, in answer to her own humble epistle. Every morning she looked from the window to see the postman coming, and often she turned away with a cold foreboding that her angry father would not deign to answer. Half her time was occupied in attending to her disabled husband, and when, by her weary labors during the day and night, she had obtained a sufficiency of the coarsest food for one day, she knew not from whence that for the next was to come. Still in the presence of her husband she held out a prospect of better times, though in secret she often indulged in the bitterest grief; not for her own sufferings, but for those of her poor wounded husband. Helen was exemplifying those noble self-sacrificing traits of her sex, which have truly rendered woman the angel of the earth, and made her the great moral teacher of mankind.

It was on a dark stormy night, when the spirits of the tempest were abroad, and the north wind howled piteously round the turrets of the building, that Helen was watching by the couch of Sandford in great distress. She could no longer conceal the fact that, with all her exertions, the most pinching want was staring them in the face, from which she could see no hope of relief. So unremitting had been her devotion to her husband, and her attention to the means of procuring a subsistence, that she had made but few acquaintances; and her pride revolted from calling on them for assistance. She had discovered, too, what many others have done, that in adversity friendship is like our philosophy; when we need it the most, we have the least of it. The story of her misfortunes had gone abroad among the gay and the grand, who had in her days of prosperity welcomed her to their dwelling, and were proud to do her honor, and they now turned from her with a cold reserve; and in consideration of her homely attire, scarcely deigned to salute her on the street. But Helen, whose mind was imbued with a knowledge of human nature, did not regard the slights of the frivolous, who were unable to judge of the diamond's value unless it glittered.

While the suffering wife was thus consulting with her husband on the distressing life of want and misery that lay before them, a thundering knock was heard at the door, and Helen flew to open it, with anxious expectation. A letter was handed to her, and so great was the pleasure that pervaded her heart, that she slammed the door in the face of the astonished postman, and returned with the speed of lightning, to communicate the happy tidings.

"Oh! my dear husband," she exclaimed exultingly, "here is a letter from my dear father, and hope whispers that it contains relief, or, at least the promise of it. Something seemed to whisper that, in all our distress, a better fortune awaited us."

With smiles on her face, and with an excitement that made her hands tremble, she opened the letter and read as follows:

"MY ONCE BELOVED DAUGHTER—You have fled from my roof with a mean British spy, and have, therefore, forfeited my protection. You must bring stronger proof than you have yet brought, to induce me to believe that a British spy was wounded in the cause of freedom. But if you will leave your paramour and return to me, I will in mercy guarantee to you a sufficiency to keep you from want; but otherwise, not a penny of mine shall ever bless a red-coat."

As Helen read the word *paramour*, her eyes grew dim; her head swam with a dizzy sensation; and, ere she finished the letter, she fainted and fell upon the floor.

"Oh! God," she exclaimed, as she recovered, "what is to become of us? Universal distress pervades the country, and poverty stalks abroad. Cruel, cruel father; thus to reflect upon the character of a daughter, by calling her husband a paramour! I could have borne any thing else; but this is too severe."

"Well," returned Sandford with a sigh, "it is useless to repine. We have one consolation; we are as low in the scale of poverty as we can sink, and if a change takes place it must be for the better."

The next day Helen went forth, with a heavy heart, to dispose of some embroidery, which had cost her many weary hours of labor. While she was standing at the counter of a fancy store, pleading with the proprietor to buy her work, and portraying the situation of her wounded husband, a man came in, who, after listening some time to her eloquent language, interrogated her to know whether she would remove to New York and work for him, promising constant employment and good wages. After disposing of her work for a pittance, she returned home to consult her husband.

In the present times of prosperity and plenty, few have any idea of the state of the country during that period of privation and distress, when war and carnage were scattering ruin over the land. Not only was the country bankrupt and business stagnant, but great was the burthen under which all classes of society struggled; and dreadful were the crimes which sprung from the universal poverty and privation that prevailed.

Helen soon obtained the consent of her husband, and in a few days they were domiciled in one of the obscure streets of New York, where she diligently set herself down to her needle, though she soon found that with constant application, she could gain but a very meagre support. But she was cheered by the assurance of a physician that Sandford's wound had assumed a healthy aspect, and that there was a prospect that it would soon heal; which assurance, in a measure, caused her to disregard the severity of her incessant toil. The labor of women then, as at the present day, was poorly compensated; affording but a bare subsistence, and often falling far short of that.

Two months after their removal to New York, Sandford had so far recovered as to be able to go out; though, from the combined effects of privation and suffering, he was reduced almost to a skeleton, for often did Helen shed bitter tears when she informed him that she had nothing to offer him to eat. There is nothing that humiliates the mind so much as penury, and no misfortune so hard

to bear as the sudden fall from affluence to poverty; notwithstanding the fact, that the sudden acquisition of wealth has a greater influence over the mind, for good or evil, than any other circumstance. Much had poverty humiliated Helen, for she had seen the time when it would have been impossible for her to stoop to the needle as the means of subsistence, and her pride would have revolted at the idea of wrangling in the shop of a *marchand des modes* for the sale of embroidery. Her acquaintances in New York, as well as those in Philadelphia, had forgotten her in adversity, and passed by her with eyes askance, as she trudged her way through rain and snow, dressed in a thin, faded calico dress, to obtain food for herself and half-starving husband. They knew her not in poverty, though they had once been proud of her acquaintance. Such is the power of the mighty dollar.

One day when Sandford had gone forth in search of employment, he met a man who stared at him with a steadfast gaze, and followed his footsteps to a short distance from the door of his dwelling. The face of the curious individual he thought he had seen, but so much did his mind dwell upon the subject of employment, and the means of acquiring a subsistence, and of lessening the burden of his devoted wife, that the man and his face were soon forgotten. But not many hours had passed, ere a loud knock was heard at the street door of their humble dwelling, and the startled Helen, dropping her work, and running to the window, beheld four or five soldiers waiting for admittance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door, "on what errand do you come to this house of suffering? Our sorrows are great enough already, without the addition of any more."

"We come, madam, to arrest a vile spy," replied a hoarse voice, "who basely attempted, at Chadd's Ford, to betray the guardian spirit of America. Seize him instantly; he shall not escape again."

In a moment the weak, attenuated form of Sandford, was in the grasp of a powerful gigantic man, who dragged him towards the door, while Helen clung to her husband and screamed—"Oh! for Heaven's sake have mercy on my poor husband; he is innocent—he is not guilty of the charge."

"Away with the villain," roared the same hoarse voice, "and let not a woman's tears, or a woman's prayers unman you!"

As the unrelenting soldiers hurried Sandford out on the street, where a great crowd had collected, Helen swooned and fell on the floor—I say on the floor, for necessity had compelled her to sell the only carpet she possessed to obtain food. Long did she

lie there in a state of utter insensibility, and awoke only to a consciousness of her forlorn condition. When she looked into the future, she saw nothing but a continuation of her miseries; for hope, the last lingering tenant of Pandora's Box, and the last friend of the wretched, had departed. She had often written to her father, but her appeals were all in vain. He had deigned to answer her but twice.

Sandford was now incarcerated; and for his especial comfort, to speak ironically, he was informed, that it was at the instigation of Colonel Mac Trever that he was arrested, and that he might expect no favor. Death, ignominious death, was his portion. At the same time they shook in his face the manuscript of the letter to Gen. Howe, which Col. Mac Trever found in the garden.

Despair sat upon the brow of Helen, as she wandered, shivering through the cold sleety street to the place of her husband's confinement; but no sooner did he assure her that he had nothing to expect but death, than all the heroic spirit of the woman rose up in her soul.

"Then I will die with you," she exclaimed, "and one grave shall forever hide our wrongs and our wretchedness. I despair of ever disabusing my father of the error under which he labors, with regard to your guilt; but, perhaps, when he has murdered his own daughter, and she sleeps in the grave, some circumstance may unravel the mystery, and bring home to his heart the wrongs she has endured."

Every day did the devoted wife seek the gloomy prison of her husband, with the view of instilling comfort into his mind. Sandford feared not death so much as to meet a punishment he did not deserve. The court-martial assembled for his trial, and all the witnesses were present, save Colonel Mac Trever and his son Donald. The Judge-Advocate summoned the witnesses, one by one, and the trial proceeded; but not a sympathetic tear fell for the unfortunate Sandford. Every heart was embittered against him. Helen, who had summoned up all the fortitude she possessed, stood up by her husband: but her heart often quailed, as the evidence of those who had guarded him at Chadd's Ford, went to convict him. At length all the evidence had been given, save that of Colonel Mac Trever and his son, and as the Court were confident that already sufficient had been given to convict the prisoner, it was concluded not to wait for them, but to close.

That night no sleep fell upon the eyelids of Helen Sandford. The next day after hastily despatching her scanty morning meal,

she trod with a heavy heart, the street that led to the prison of her doomed husband. The prisoner was already arraigned, and, as the dreadful word **GUILTY** fell upon her ear, she uttered a scream; staggered and would have fallen, had not a bystander caught her in his arms.

"He is innocent! he is innocent!" she at length exclaimed, "Heaven is witness he is innocent."

"Conduct the prisoner away," said the Judge-Advocate.

"Nay, one moment," cried a voice aloud, and Donald Mac Trever, followed by the Colonel, his father, who had just arrived, rushed to the spot just after the verdict had been pronounced.

"It is he, indeed!" exclaimed Donald, after scrutinizing the features of Sandford; "it is the man who, at the risk of his own, saved my life during the battle at the Brandywine, when a powerful Hessian had cloven me to the earth. There must be some mysterious mistake in this matter, for I saw this man fighting like a tiger in the cause of freedom, during the whole battle."

Sandford, emboldened by this, handed a paper, which he had just written, to Colonel Mac Trever, explaining the whole matter, and particularly how the Colonel had been deceived in regard to the manuscript letter, which he found in the garden, all of which was corroborated by Helen. The matter now wore entirely a new face; Sandford was immediately liberated, and Colonel Mac Trever advanced; took him by the hand, and expressed his sorrow that he had been so much deceived. Joy now lit up the faces of Helen and her husband; the anxieties and privations they had suffered, were forgotten; and their young hearts were bound by still stronger ties.

At the earnest solicitation of both the father and son, the happy pair, after so much suffering, returned to Chadd's Ford, and in the old mansion, freed from all care, and surrounded by every thing their hearts could wish, spent many happy days. Sandford, with Donald, afterward joined the American army, in which they distinguished themselves by their valor; and after Cornwallis was taken and the war ended in the triumph of liberty, returned home to spend the balance of their lives in honorable ease. From the marriage of Helen Mac Trever and Major Sandford, sprung some of the most talented and wealthy citizens, who by their virtues have dignified and adorned this community; one of whom has been honored with a diplomatic commission to Europe, and is now a distinguished member of Congress from a neighboring State.

The Poor Man's Death-Bed and Burial.

I SAW him stretched upon his bed,
 With languid lip and eye:
 No tears for him had yet been shed,
 Tho' he was doomed to die.
 No friends had he, alas! no wife,
 To weep around him now;
 Almost he was alone in life—
 Despair was on his brow.

One morn I sought his bed, and oh!
 A touching scene was there;
 A scene that filled my heart with woe,
 A scene of dark despair;
 A little girl, his only-child,
 Stood gazing in his eye,
 Oft crying out, in accents wild,
 "Dear father, will you die?"

The dying father turned his head
 To gaze upon her charms,
 A tear upon her cheek he shed,
 And clasped her in his arms.
 He strove to speak in tender tone,
 And while in grief she cried,
 "Dear father leave me not alone,"
 He groaned—and wept—and died.

To Potter's Field I saw him borne,
 To lie beneath the sod;
 There was but one for him to mourn,
 And three to break the clod;
 No funeral pomp, no funeral prayer,
 No funeral emblems wave;
 One little girl alone stood there,
 And wept upon his grave.

Had he possess'd of gold a store,
 He might have been a knave;
 Yet hundreds would have found his door,
 And followed to his grave.
 And thus it is, and was of old—
 Disguise it as you can—
 The man has made a god of gold,
 And money makes the man.

Thoughts,

Excited in my mind, while standing on the battle-ground at Chadd's Ford; where, on the 11th of September, 1777, was fought the famous Battle of Brandywine.

I HAVE visited many battle and duelling grounds, but never have I witnessed so romantic a scene or so lovely a landscape, as when I ascended the lofty hill on which General Washington took his stand, and poured down a deadly fire on the enemy in the valley. In company with a party of literary gentlemen, I enjoyed the splendid prospect, while imagination pictured to my view the grand drama that had been enacted there in other days. It is a beautiful rolling country, and from the summit of the hill the variegated landscape extends as far as the eye can reach in all directions. But no mementoes are left of the battle. A calm sunshine and solitary silence now rest on those fields, those hills and valleys, which have been drenched with American and British blood.

Oh! can it be that on this lovely land,
 Where I in musing meditation stand,
 War woke these woodlands to the sound of woe,
 Sent back by echoes from the vales below?
 Did here the clarion's blast, in wild alarms,
 Call forth the sons of chivalry to arms?
 Say, did the car of carnage roll along
 These peaceful valleys, sacred now to song?
 Ah! yes, methinks I hear the cannon's roar,
 Reverberate down Brandywine's dark shore;
 Dying in distance, while its thunder fills
 A hundred flowery fields and cloud-capt hills;
 Methinks I see, ev'n at this silent hour,
 Proud England's army clothed in pomp and power;
 Hark! to the piercing fife, the doubling drum!
 Ha! now they cross the stream—they come! they come!
 I see the glittering gun, the waving plume,
 And blood-red garment—'tis a day of doom!
 Behold the lofty Hessians! like a flood
 Of giant monsters, now they come for blood;
 In Britain's ranks, bought up by British gold,
 They by Hesse Cassel's tyrant have been sold;
 They come to scatter death and misery,
 To butcher men determined to be free.

Oh! Liberty, how lovely are thy charms,
 Thus to call forth embattling bands to arms!
 T' avenge his country's wrongs, her rights to save,
 To win a glorious garland, or a grave;
 To rend the chains of cheerless slavery,
 To give to unborn millions liberty;
 To dash the sceptre from the despot's hand,
 Heroes have nobly bled, and patriots plann'd.

All Nature sighs for freedom—from the cage
 The bird, though crush'd by indolence and age,
 Pines for the green old woods and flowery grove,
 To pour, at morning light, its lay of love:
 The lion walks his dungeon, not his cave,
 And feels, with wounded pride, he is a slave;
 Strikes with disdain the iron bars, and sighs
 To roam on Afric's desert, 'neath her skies;
 Or longs to lie beneath some shady tree,
 Stretching his noble limbs in liberty.
 Oh! Liberty, before thy sacred shrine,
 Nations have knelt to catch thy smile divine;
 From heroes' hearts, upon Columbia's shore,
 Hath reek'd full many a tide of gushing gore!

Upon this hill did Freedom's Father stand,
 Design'd the saviour of a sinking land;
 Battling with Britain's host for liberty—
 Approaching armies now I seem to see;
 Like pent up tides let loose, they rush in might,
 With clashing steel, and waving banners bright;
 Like wheat before the farmer's scythe, they fall,
 And scenes are here which stoutest hearts appal:
 Methinks a freeman's dying groan I hear,
 And now a Britain's death shriek fills mine ear;
 The expiring Hessian turns his eye in shame,
 To Europe's shores, and sighs to think he came
 To fight a people, who no wrong had given,
 Whose cause was sanction'd in the sight of Heaven;
 Methinks I see proud Freedom's band retire,
 Before the daring Britain's deadly fire;
 But dear the triumph and the trophies here,
 Which cost the hero's blood, the widow's tear;
 And taught old England that the CHIEF who flies,
 Will, like Antæus, from the earth arise,
 Renew'd in vigor, nor shall England's ire,
 Strangle, like Hercules, fair Freedom's Sire;
 Her mourning mothers oft shall rue, in fine,
 The day they met on bloody Brandywine.

Oh! War, what horrors follow in thy train,
 What scenes of grief, of dark despair and pain?
 Methinks I see the dying and the dead,
 Adown this hill, upon their grassy bed;
 I hear the cry of wounded men, in vain,
 Calling on wives and children, o'er the main;
 Calling on wives and children, they no more
 Shall see on life's now fast receding shore:
 I see the forms of those who died, that we
 Might live and long enjoy the liberty,

For which they fought, for which they nobly fell,
And to whose memory we the anthem swell.
Alas! 'tis strange a brother's hand should seek,
And in a brother's blood so oft should reek!
Oh! War, along thy blood-stain'd path we see
But wrecks and ruins; pain and misery;
To dignify one despot, thou hast hurl'd
Thy bolts; in blood baptizing half a world;
Thy crimson car, to fill a conqueror's store,
Hath roll'd o'er ruin'd empires drench'd in gore;
Not so the glorious Washington appeal'd
Unto his sword, on Freedom's sacred field:
Unlike Great Alexander, he unfurl'd
His banner not to conquer all the world;
Unlike proud Cæsar, he no power sought,
But for the welfare of a world he fought;
He drew his sword with reason, not with rage,
That unborn millions, in a future age,
Might reap the harvest and, in luxury,
Enjoy the fruits of blessed liberty:
Unlike Napoleon, fill'd with dark deceit,
The scourge of nations kneeling at his feet;
He sought no triumph in ambition's hour,
Nor prostituted principle to power;
Not England's King, with all his gold or wrath,
Could move his mighty soul from duty's path;
He stood alone, the wonder of the world,
And to the nations Freedom's flag unfurl'd;
He was by God a grand example sent
To mourning millions, who their claims have rent.
The time shall come when, at his name alone,
The trembling tyrant, from his tottering throne,
Shall fall, and feel no RIGHT DIVINE to knaves
Is giv'n, by GRACE OF GOD, to govern slaves;
And crumbling crowns be crush'd on Europe's fields,
Touch'd by the sacred sceptre Freedom wields:
The name of him, who here once took his stand,
The glorious liberator of our land—
In future time, on Freedom's flag unfurl'd,
Shall be the mighty watchword of the world.

The Banks of the Brandywine.

WRITTEN at midnight, by moonlight, while seated on a high rock with a literary friend, who was watching the moon's rays as they danced on the surface of the tumbling waters, and dreaming of the wild legends of other days.

TWAS at the witching hour of night,
 When Heav'n and earth were laved in light;
 My friend and I together sate,
 High on a rock, to contemplate
 Sweet Nature's solitudes sublime,
 Tho' changed, yet still untouched by time,
 And watch the waters as they fell,
 Echoing thro' woodland, dale and dell.

The moon was high in Heav'n, and beam'd
 Upon the waters, while she seem'd
 To contemplate her image there,
 So bright in beauty and so fair;
 And as she kiss'd each billow's breast,
 That rose and soon was rock'd to rest;
 It seemed as if all Heav'n did shine
 Beneath romantic Brandywine,
 That like a mirror lit with light,
 Reflected all the forms of night.

Silence and solitude abound,
 And not a sight, and not a sound
 Now greets mine eye or listening ear,
 Save the loud waters tumbling near,
 And green old woods, whose monarchs stand
 The glory of Columbia's land.
 But in these solitudes I find
 A solace for a sorrowing mind,
 And here full many hour of late,
 I've sat to muse and meditate
 On Nature's charms, in ancient days,
 Ere Art display'd her wondrous ways;
 And for the sake of glittering gold,
 Turned streams from beds they wash'd of old.
 Upon this rock I love to soar,
 In fancy, back to days of yore;
 When thro' these wild romantic woods,
 And o'er the Brandywine's bright floods,
 The Indian hunter's loud halloo
 Rung out, and glided his canoe:
 Methinks I see the wigwam near,
 Methinks the war-whoop now I hear;

And horrid yell of victory,
 While up the distant stream, I see
 The dusky forms of warriors red
 With blood from many a foeman shed;
 Here on this spot, in ancient days,
 Methinks the council-fire's blaze
 Went up; while, here, beneath this shade,
 The savage war-dance was displayed;
 Perhaps upon this rock, at night,
 The Indian lover, by moonlight,
 Once wooed his dusky paramour,
 Before her father's wigwam door!
 But ah! where are they now?—no more
 The war-whoop rings along this shore;
 No more along this silver tide,
 The light canoe is seen to glide;
 No trace of wigwam here is seen,
 Upon these beauteous banks of green;
 The council-fire has long gone out,
 And hushed is now the war-dance shout;
 The Indian warrior's feet have fled,—
 They rest with all the mighty dead;
 A remnant of that powerful race,
 Alone in distant wilds we trace;
 Fading away, they soon will pass
 From earth, like shadows o'er a glass;
 Till the last Indian meets his doom,
 And sinks into the silent tomb.
 I mourn their fate, I mourn their fall,
 I weep their ruin, wrongs and all;
 But was it the design of God,
 The white man should usurp their sod?
 Is this the heathen that is given,
 As an inheritance by Heaven?
 Is this the desert land of woes,
 Destined to blossom as the rose?

Alas! the last lone Indian here,
 Has dropp'd his unavailing tear;
 And turned his footsteps to the West,
 His hopeless heart with grief oppress'd;
 Leaving the land he loved to trace,
 That holds the relics of his race;
 The tombs of his once gallant sires,
 That on these hills lit battle's fires.
 The forests, that around arose,
 Have fallen before the woodman's blows;
 And industry, with tireless hand,
 Has bid to bloom a happy land;
 Where plenty now forever showers
 Her golden grain, her fruits and flowers.

And see where yonder city rears
 Her happy homes, and, smiling, cheers
 Her sons to honest toil, that won
 The wealth that now crowns Wilmington!
 Upon that stream, so fair to view,
 Where erst the Indian's bark canoe
 Was seen at morn in grace to glide,
 Like lightning o'er Christina's tide,
 The sails of commerce are unfurl'd,
 For wealth to wander o'er the world;
 Bending in beauty to the breeze,
 And bearing back, o'er sunny seas,
 The luxuries of every shore,
 Till happy man can wish no more.
 Oh! land of plenty!—teeming sod!
 How changed since here the Indian trod.
 And was it strange that he should stand,
 Battling for this all-lovely land?
 That he should bathe his hands in gore,
 The white man's blood, upon this shore?
 Rise, soldiers, from your gory graves!
 Rise Revolutionary braves!
 And say for what ye fought and fell,
 When England loosed her hounds of hell.

The children of the forests here,
 Pass'd many a bright and blissful year;
 Amid these scenes, this stream beside,
 The hunter lived and loved and died;
 But ah! the march of mind roll'd on,
 Roll'd o'er him, and the Indian's gone;
 These lovely shades and scenes sublime,
 Are silent as the step of time;
 No trace is left, save o'er the ground,
 By curious eyes, their darts are found;*
 The sons of science sought his bower,
 Strong in their intellectual power;
 The savage fled in deep disgrace,
 And now a remnant of his race,
 Alone in distant wilds we find,
 Sad victims to the might of mind.

Is it then strange, in its control,
 Vengeance should fire the Indian's soul?
 Or is it strange revenge should fire
 His heart with hatred's hottest ire?
 Oh! no; when in that awful hour,
 Old England, in the pride of power,

* A gentleman of this city shewed me more than a hundred darts which he picked up in a field. They are of different sizes.

Dared to our shores to send her tea,
 The white men struck for liberty;
 Though not from his possessions driven,
 He for his rights appeal'd to Heaven;
 The sword leap'd to his daring hand,—
 He fought and fell for freedom's land.

And what remains of all that race,
 That once upon these shores we trace?
 Fading away—a mournful doom—
 Soon the last Indian in the tomb
 Will pillow his unhappy head,
 Slumb'ring with all the mighty dead.
 In future times, when long at rest,
 Upon some river of the West,
 An Athens or a Rome shall rise,
 The youth shall ask, with deep surprise,
 What manner of men they were, who trod,
 (Their charter giv'n alone by God,)
 The mighty masters in command,
 Of this now great and glorious land.

Oh! Brandywine, how changed art thou,
 By Art's proud triumph and the plough!

Skepticism.

WHENE'ER I view a man of sense,
 Peruse the Scriptures to deny
 The truths of blest Omnipotence,
 And call the Holy Book a lie;
 I call him fool, or heedless youth,
 Such noble doctrines to unroll,
 And not believe the sacred truth,
 It must be dropsy of the soul.

Whene'er I view or young or old,
 A man devoted to himself,
 And make a god of paltry gold,
 And boast his greatness in his pelf,
 I say that man's corrupt in heart,
 His principles cannot be whole,
 And he is sickly in that part,
 Where dwells the plethora of soul.

To Dr. John W. Dorsey,

OF LIBERTY-TOWN, MARYLAND,



HO recently sent me, as a present, a money-purse made of the skin of a mole; and a spectacle case, both manufactured by his own hands. My venerable friend, no doubt, enjoyed more pleasure in making them, than during the battle of Tripoli, when the brave Decatur was battling with the Turks. The Doctor must have had his hands full, after the bloody taking of the ship Philadelphia. Accounts state that Decatur and his men, after boarding, fought hand to hand with the enemy, and that, at one time, the Commodore was down with a stalwart Turk, on the deck, who was in the act, with uplifted arm, of stabbing him to the heart, when one of his (Decatur's) men, a Frenchman, presented a pistol and shot the Turk through the uplifted arm, thus saving the life of the noble Commodore, who was, alas! destined, in the mysterious course of Providence, to fall by the hand of his own countryman. How strange, that he should have escaped so many imminent dangers, in battling with the enemies of his country, only to die by the hand of an American, his own countryman. If my friend, Dr. John W. Dorsey, would write out a short history of the engagement at Tripoli, and re-taking of the ship Philadelphia, as he witnessed the bloody scene, it would be very interesting to many readers. He was with Decatur, and must remember the events.

As it is my custom to muse on, and draw a moral from, every thing I see, I have taken the liberty to do so in regard to the mole-skin purse and spectacle case, which my friend has been so kind as to send me. There are many little things in every day life, which may serve as subjects of the deepest reflection, both morally and philosophically. The most profound train of moral reflections into which I have been led for a long time, sprung, some time ago, from observing a dog with a muzzle on his mouth. I saw

him, on the street, looking with anxious eye at a piece of meat, which had been thrown from the market.—I saw him approach it, and with a most affectionate smile, smell the delicious aroma that proceeded from it.—I saw him open his mouth to receive the tempting *morceau*, and watched him as the consciousness flashed upon his mind that he was muzzled. Oh! my friend, you cannot imagine my feelings, when I witnessed the expression of despair, that spread over that poor dog's countenance! I burst into tears, and resolved that my next story should be called the Muzzled Dog.—You will wonder my dear Doctor, why I wept—I will tell you. The scene reminded me strongly of many events among men, and particularly as it regarded the sad fate of a young female friend.

DEAR DOCTOR, when I gaze upon this purse,
 It speaks of money and its mighty curse;
 And of its blessing, too, for both, I ween,
 Have from it sprung, as you and I have seen.
 Ah! what for money will not man forego?
 For it he dares e'en danger, death and woe;
 For it he wanders dreary waste or wave,
 And but to win it, woos an early grave:
 Behold him toiling many a weary day,
 To die and leave his wealth to waste away;
 Or to be squander'd by a worthless son,
 Whose worthlessness from wealth alone begun!
 Behold th' assassin, at the midnight hour,
 Seeking the miser's secret source of power!
 For gold he grasps the glittering dagger—gold
 Banishes fear, and makes the coward bold;
 For gold he dips his hands in human gore,
 For that he spurns all danger, death, yea, more,
 The red arm of the wrath of God, and all
 That in a future world may him befall.

Dear Doctor, when upon this purse I gaze,
 It speaks of deeds full worthy of all praise;
 It tells of pining poverty and woe,
 Relieved by gold, which generous hands bestow;
 Of many a heart made happy by its power,
 Hearts that were breaking in despair's dark hour;
 It tells of many an orphan snatch'd from crime,
 And want; yea, more—of many a deed sublime,
 Which shed a glory on the human heart,
 And did a grandeur to the soul impart;
 Oh! Money, source of every good and evil,
 Thou art indeed an angel and a devil;
 We see thee, like an angel, doing good,
 And, like a devil, stain'd with human blood;

One day we see thee, with a joy, impart
 Relief to sorrow's suff'ring, breaking heart;
 The next behold thee with a reeking blade,
 Plunged in the heart of harmless man or maid.

This purse reminds me of the groveling mole
 Digging in earth, as men for money stroll;
 And, ah! how blind that money too makes man!
 Blind as the mole, whose skin mine eyes now scan;
 Oh! not more blind the mole, nor slick his skin,
 Than money now makes man, in every sin;
 Mark him in trade, in argument, a lie;
 Ay, catch him in the latter, and you'll sigh,
 To see how slick and slippery he'll grow,
 Not ev'n the eel more somersets can throw.

But, Doctor, you, like many in our day,
 Have made one grand mistake, as Frenchmen say:
 You've sent the purse without the money; I
 Account for that, however, by and by;
 As poets have no money, you thought, hence,
 The purse was all in all, without the pence.
 But there's another grand mistake—I'll pin it,
 You've sent a case with no spectacles in it;
 Alas! without the eyes to see, I must
 Remain as blind as any mole in dust:
 Ah! could we give but eyes to every friend,
 How soon would manners, mind, and morals mend!
 Could we but give them eyes to see themselves,
 How many present angels would be elves!
 And were those eyes but magnifying glasses,
 How many *great men* would sink into asses!
 Could we but give men eyes to see their actions,
 Virtues would change to vices, feuds and factions;
 And could we place a window in men's hearts,
 The Devil's workshop, where are taught all arts;
 What wondrous things should we not there behold!
 "'Tis false," cries one, "man worships God, I'm told—"
 'Tis true my friend, but then that god is gold;
 His day-book is his Bible, and his main,
 His mightiest hope and faith, is earthly gain.
 That this is true, dear Doctor, you and I
 Can both, from long experience, testify;
 The saddest case and spectacles I've seen,
 Are men who love their god of gold, I ween.

Dear Doctor, for these presents I return
 My heart, in which the warmest friendships burn;
 Never before did it love gold, but now
 It has grown *purse-proud*, as you will allow;
 And of all spectacles that you may trace,
 You'll find none higher valued than my case;
 I'll keep the purse in mem'ry of the rich,
 Invaluable, and cherished friendship, which

I've known from thee; and hard my case must be,
 When I shall cease to prize the case from thee.
 I wish you all the pleasure life can give,
 With length of days—in short, that you may live
 Till children, born in your old age, shall be
 Fourscore and ten—may wealth and luxury,
 A full purse and a loaded board, be thine,
 With every good thing, human and divine;
 May every joy, to mortals known, by you
 Be long enjoyed—farewell, my friend.—Adieu!

Lines,

WRITTEN ON A TOMBSTONE OVER A YOUNG LADY.

BENEATH this tomb in silent sleep,
 The years of youth devoted dwell,
 Pale pity's eyes here widow'd weep,
 And anxious hearts of sorrow swell.

The tearful Muse unknown must mourn,
 A fairer flow'r is seldom seen,
 Than this enclosed in beauty's bourne,
 Bit by the blast of cold winds keen.

Fair faded flow'r of richness rare,
 Thy youthful years of fame are flown;
 Yet you shall 'scape and flourish fair,
 Where frosts ne'er come and winters are unknown.

The stings of strife, the pangs of pain
 No more shall mantle in thy mind;
 The boiling blood, the burning brain,
 Have left all human hopes behind.

To heav'n's high house not made by man,
 Thy soul serenely wing'd its way,
 The glorious gifts of God to scan,
 And angels lit thy darksome day.

Sleep, sweet Selinda sleep secure,
 We watch and weep thee o'er thy tomb,
 Sleep still sweet one, soon sorrow sure
 Shall shine in joy and beauty bloom.

The Muzzled Dog.

SHE was as fair as yonder silver moon,
That waiks the sky in cloudless majesty,
Without a spot to stain her.



STATED in my address to my friend, Dr. Dorsey, that while walking the street with a friend, I observed a muzzled dog eying a bone, which he approached and endeavored in vain to taste. I stated also, that, in contemplating the scene, I could not refrain from bursting into tears. Now, I presume that the reader understood me in a ludicrous sense, and laughed at the idea, under the supposition that it was my intention to make him laugh. Alas! I must confess that it was laughable, I mean the mere idea of my bursting into tears, at seeing a muzzled dog eying and longing for a bone, which he could not enjoy; but the scene reminded me strongly of an unhappy page in the history of human life—of events which can never be erased from memory, of the fate of one of the loveliest creatures on whom God, in his infinite goodness, ever bestowed the charms of beauty. Listen gentle reader, to a tale of retrospection; for it is an "ower true tale,"—it is a plain, unvarnished tale; but it is one of tenderness and tears. The subject of it now sleeps in the silent grave, which was covered with the wild flowers of summer the last time I trod the hallowed precincts of the home of my heart, that word so dear to the heart of every Delawarian.

I love every thing that belongs to Delaware. When I wander away for years, memory continually dwells upon the happy homes and faces of Delaware, and in my dreams I invariably fancy that I am musing in the woodlands; roaming the flowery fields or wandering on the banks of the Brandywine, or some other romantic stream of my own dear little Delaware. Even in my dreams

do I revisit the land of my birth, and my spirit mingles with the bright-eyed beauties of Delaware, while I drink poetic inspiration from their love-mantled lips. Yes, when long exiled from my native State, I have loved even a dog, though a stranger to me, when I discovered he was from Delaware. This feeling, I believe, is implanted in the heart of every Delawarian. It is not peculiar to me, for in all my wanderings I have never heard a Delawarian breathe a word derogatory to his native State. Proud of it, they have clung to each other, cherished each other, and defended each other. I mention this because the subject of this story was a Delawarian; and, as I said before, a lovelier piece of mortality never bloomed or was blasted. But to the story.

Emily, for I shall call her by no other name, was an orphan girl, both of her parents having been swept off during the prevalence of the typhus fever, in a southern section of Delaware. Her father had been considered very wealthy, for he was engaged in very extensive business, and of course Emily was left an heiress. She was sent to Wilmington to be educated, or rather to finish her education; for she was almost at that charming, and to me, most fascinating age, when young ladies in this State enter society.

Poor Emily! I knew her well from her cradle to her coffin; from her birth to her burial; and truly can I say, that she possessed the greatest precocity of genius that I ever observed in any child of her sex, and what is not always the case, that precocious genius followed her to womanhood. She was a woman, as well as a child, of talent; but like all persons of genius; of superior mind; she was erratic, eccentric, strange and peculiar in manner. She had her own notions of every thing; and, like all persons of superior mind, she did not possess that very useful requisite, *common sense*, that sense which teaches us the value of the ordinary things of life, and how to use those things to the best advantage.

Emily lived in a world of her own—a world of imagination, for she was devoted to the “tuneful Nine.” Common sense had never taught her how to conduct herself in this lower world. She had no judgment of mankind and every day concerns—she knew not the hollow-heartedness of the world, and the deceitfulness of man. With all the wealth and glory of her intellect, she had never learned that useful lesson, that man, when unrestrained by the stern law of virtue, is, or may be, a villain. She knew him only by his ostentatious exterior, without being aware how desperately deceitful he is.

At the close of Emily's first term at school, she left Wilmington, in the mail-stage, to return home, in company with a young lad, who had been sent to accompany her. There were no other passengers, save a young man, who sat silent and absorbed, with an occasional glance at Emily, whose transcendent beauty was an object as far removed from him, as was the bone from the dog. Not more did the dog long to enjoy the luxury of the bone, than did he, whose name was Henry Freeland, to become acquainted with the beautiful being before him. But, ah! he was muzzled. He revolved in his mind every possible expedient by which he could scrape an acquaintance, but all in vain. He dared not speak to her without some form of introduction, but how to obtain that introduction he could not imagine. He endeavored to draw the young lad into conversation, but there again he was muzzled—the dog longing for the bone.

Again and again the stage stopped, but no opportunity occurred by which Henry could obtain an introduction to Emily. Still more anxiously did he gaze upon her beauty, every hour, for he saw the marks of intellectual superiority engraven on every lineament of her lovely face.

At length he made a desperate resolve to speak to her, remembering the old saying, that "a faint heart never won a fair lady." He turned upon his seat, rubbed his hands, looked out of the stage window, and then looked in again at the lady; but still the words stuck in his throat, but all to no purpose; his lips refused to utter them.

It was not till the stage arrived at Smyrna, that I entered the vehicle, and recognized the beautiful, the accomplished Emily. I observed something peculiar in the manner of the young man in the stage, for no sooner did he discover that I was familiar with Emily, than he seemed perfectly restless, and I saw that he longed for my acquaintance. The truth was, he was a perfect picture of the dog longing for the bone.

More than an hour elapsed, ere Henry managed to scrape an acquaintance with me, and through me, with Emily. She treated him with politeness, but with reserve, as she did not yet know who or what he was, save only his name. We both discovered that he was a man of education, and that his manners were refined, with a certain peculiarity, a *je ne sais quoi*, as the French call it, which in our language cannot be described, but which is calculated to charm and enchain the heart of woman. There are few men who possess, in an eminent degree, the peculiarity, I speak

of; but I have invariably observed that he who is the happy possessor of that peculiar manner, carries with him, wherever he goes, a key to the female heart. No difference how aristocratic; no difference how elevated the lady may be in society; no difference how wealthy, how talented, how diffident or reserved; if he is ever permitted to enter the sanctuary of her society; if he is ever permitted to bow before her beauty, and breathe into her ear the hallowed language of love, she will yield up her heart without a struggle, and sigh upon his bosom the vow of undying affection.

There is another class of men, who have no power over the heart of woman. They may have been the favorites of nature in regard to her gifts both of beauty and talents; they may possess every external accomplishment, but not having the peculiar art or manner spoken of, they are powerless in the dominions of love; they cannot win the intoxicating smiles of woman. They may, with the wand of genius, become the grand high-priests of Nature; they may, on the sublime wings of thought, traverse the regions of space; measure worlds; and survey suns and systems; but they cannot measure, fathom, or fascinate that mighty and mysterious little world which beats in the bosom of woman; and yet, how strange! that little world rules and regulates the world at large that worships it. Sir Isaac Newton was an example of what I mean; though he was, perhaps, the greatest philosopher England ever produced, he was utterly powerless in the presence of woman.

But to resume. Henry used all his powers to win from Emily that freedom of manner which he wished, and having that peculiar power, of which I spoke, in an eminent degree, every glance of his full, dark melting eye spoke volumes to the heart of Emily, and before we arrived at the place of our destination, that heart was almost his, without her being aware of the fact. Often, during our ride, did I detect the eyes of Henry in deep conversation with those of Emily. Though not a word was spoken; though not a whisper stole upon the solitude of the evening, when the fiery chariot of the sun had descended behind the far off woodlands of western Delaware, and the beautiful moon came forth like a bride in her beauty; yet those eyes conversed in a language as intelligible to the heart, as any that ever fell in thunder on the ear.

Alas! how well did I read the gradually growing interest which was springing up in the heart of poor Emily! Plainer and plainer could I read the fact, that she had met a man whose fascinating tongue and winning manners were destined to sway her soul for good or for evil. Oh! could we but look through the

telescope of time, and see the developments of the destiny that awaits us, how often would we start in terror? Could Emily have looked into the future, she would have fled from the bewitching influence of that man, as the bewildered bird flies when released from the fascinating eye of the serpent. How often, since that hour, have I wandered to the church-yard where she slumbers; and, while bending over her tomb and musing upon the happy days gone by, when I beheld her in the bloom of her beauty, have I shed the tears of unfeigned sorrow and regret that one so lovely,—that one constituted by nature to be happy,—that one who possessed all the requisites to render others happy, should have been doomed to taste the bitter cup; aye, that bitterest of all cups, the cup of unhappy wedded life.

But I must not anticipate, for I am writing no fiction; I am recording the real history of one of the most charming, and at the same time one of the most unhappy of her sex. Henry Freeland was at heart a heartless man. Money was the god of his idolatry, and truly was his day-book his Bible. He admired a beautiful lady, as he admired a splendid piece of painting or sculpture by one of the old masters. He had just returned from Italy, whither he had been to lounge and enjoy himself in the galleries of art. He worshiped a lady, too, who possessed superior mind; but in that worship there was none of that deep devoted feeling which springs from the heart, and which, in common parlance, we call love. He bowed down before Emily the knee of adoration; but it was of that heartless character which is felt by the Hindoo, when he bends before his senseless image.

The truth was, Emily's money was the bone for which Henry longed; for he was scattering the last remnant of the estate which his father, formerly a merchant of New York, had left him. He had spent three thousand dollars in taking the tour of Europe; five thousand in fashionable dissipation, and had been living extremely fast on the remaining two, of the ten thousand he had inherited. Of course, he could not but be near the last sixpence, and looked with an eager eye on the bank stock, as well as the beauty of Emily. Poor girl, her heart was full of gentleness and love, and, by his winning ways, had been taught, ere six months of acquaintanceship expired, to love him with all her heart—yea, with all that singleness of devotion which truly belongs to the pure soul of holy, heavenly, virtuous woman.

It has ever seemed to me, without subscribing to the doctrine of predestination, that some persons are destined to an unhappy

lot. Though a beautiful and brilliant prospect may be before them, and the sun may shine upon them, and their paths may be adorned with flowers, yet it is all deceitful; the dark storm of adversity is just ready to burst upon and overwhelm them in one long night of despair.

So it was with Emily. Every thing was bright before her, and she looked forward to long years of happiness. She had met and loved a handsome, and, what she prized more, a very talented man, whom she expected to marry; for he was a suitor for her hand; and, knowing that her own fortune was sufficient, she asked and wished no more to make her happy. The prospect, indeed, was a bright one. But, alas! she knew not the grovelling motive of Henry—she knew not the story of the muzzled dog and the bone; but she was destined to know them.

It is a fact, that woman more generally appreciates the sterling, inherent qualities of man, than man does those of woman. She more frequently loves a man for his sterling, inherent qualities, than man does woman; for he is more attracted by extraneous qualities. Beauty, money, aristocratic birth, and so forth, are the means to catch him.

Emily's regard for Henry was founded mostly on his superior mind. His manners, as I said before, were particularly captivating. His conversational powers were great, and for hours they would sit in close debate on the deep abstractions of science. Indeed I may say with truth, that Henry was the most fluent and brilliant in conversation of any young man I ever met with, with the single exception of James Clayton, brother of John M. Clayton, of Delaware. Henry was not artificial; he did not skim the surface of things; but "drank deep of the Pierian spring."

But I must hasten on the conclusion of this tragic and true story. Henry had wooed and won the fair Emily. His basilisk eye was on the bone before him; he was longing to finger the bank stock and cash, and had asked the hand of Emily. She pondered on the important matter long, and appealed to her bosom friend, Sarah A——, who advised her not to be in haste, but to study the character, the disposition of Henry, before she gave herself to a comparative stranger. She had, with the single-heartedness of woman, devoid of interested money-loving selfishness, never enquired into the finances of Henry; for she cared not whether he possessed a penny or not; but for her, as well as his happiness, she was anxious, and told him that it was her romantic notion to delay her answer until the expiration of three months.

This to Henry was severe; for he was thereby muzzled, and knew that he would cast many an anxious eye on the bone, ere that period should elapse. But there was no alternative; for Emily was resolute, by the advice of Sarah, a young lady whom her father had rescued from a burning house when both father and mother perished, leaving her an orphan alone in the world. Emily loved her as dearly as if she had been her sister, and Sarah, being older than herself, acted as a female Mentor. Her advice was always sound and judicious, and Emily followed or practised it, with that confidence a child feels in the advice of a parent. They were both orphans, alone in the world, and they leaned upon and loved each other, with a devotion that can never be known to those who are placed in different circumstances, and are surrounded by numerous relatives. Sarah felt that she owed a debt of gratitude; for she had not only been reared in orphanage on the bounty of Emily's father, but she was indebted for subsistence to the bounty of the daughter. She was a small girl, when her father's house was burnt; but she remembered the terrific scene, and it had given a melancholy cast to her countenance, and a gravity to her manner, which impressed every one who approached her.

The three months, which muzzled Henry and kept him from the bone which he so much desired, were slowly rolling away. Henry's funds were getting in the wane. If he should miss the bone, he saw no alternative but to apply for a clerkship in a store, or the place of a teacher in the Academy.

Henry felt, in his heart, that if Emily had been a poor girl, or that if she had been but moderately favored with fortune, he would never have been a suitor for her hand. He knew that she was beautiful; that she was lovely; that she was amiable, gentle, and affectionate, beyond measure; but he also felt, at the same time, that he was heartless and sordid. Like the muzzled dog, he longed for the meat on the bone, without having any regard for the bone itself. He knew that he was a man of talent, and he was proud to show his power in winning the affection of lovely woman; but it was a mean, a heartless triumph. He knew not that noble love, which springs from sympathy, from communion of soul—that love which Shakspeare makes Othello so beautifully allude to, as the offspring of the communion of two hearts—

“She loved me for the dangers I had passed.
And I loved her that she did pity them.”

Henry, like many other gay Lotharios, knew nothing of that high and holy love which so elevates man above the brute, and allies him to his Maker—no, his was only the ambition of love. He knew nothing of the anguish of a heart whose affections have been trampled upon. The idea of a broken heart, and blighted love, was something he could not realize.

Often did Emily consult her friend on the subject of the proposed union. Sarah was alone solicitous for the happiness of her friend and benefactor; she waived every selfish consideration, and gave her such advice as she would have dictated to herself under similar circumstances.

The three months had nearly elapsed, and Henry, having (designedly) conducted himself in a very upright and amiable manner, his society having been courted by the most refined and respectable people in the town, Sarah advised Emily to give her consent in marriage, as she, as well as all the citizens, desired to see her happily married.

In small towns the people all know one another, and are joined together by one common tie of affection. They are like one family; if one is happy, or in distress, all feel it, more or less, in sympathy. Every one, large and small, rich and poor, loved Emily, and ardently desired her happiness.

But I must hasten on. Emily and Henry were married with great pomp, during the absence of her guardian, whom she dreaded; for she had had a proposal of marriage from him, though he was old enough to be her father. Henry was delighted, for he imagined that the bone was almost within his reach. Emily was in a constant state of ecstasy. The silvery sound of her voice and her merry laugh could be heard through the halls of her happy home, from morning till night; but a change was soon to come.

Mr. Melville, the guardian of Emily, returned in a few weeks from a travel to the north, and, at the moment when Henry was eager to clutch the golden bone, a damper was thrown upon him, by the astounding intelligence that he could never touch a penny of Emily's fortune. Her father was a very eccentric man, and left it in such a way, that if she ever married, she was to lose a great portion, and to have the interest only of the other.

The tone of Henry instantly changed, when he found that the fortune had dwindled to a bare support; and Emily was thunderstruck, though she did not believe for a moment the affection of Henry could be so easily riven from her. Alas! she knew not the deceitfulness of man, particularly when the god he worships is

made of gold. A coolness was instantly observable, in his manners, and she, unluckily, overheard him say, that he "had married a beggar at last." Restraining her feelings, she fled to her room, and, throwing herself on a bed, she burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly. Like Calypso, when she lost Ulysses, she could not be consoled, but gave herself up to the silent, but most extravagant expressions of despair. Still she hoped, after the first burst of grief was over, that he would change; nor could she believe that a life of wretchedness was before her.

The human muzzled dog now showed his madness, by diving into the very depths of dissipation, to which he had been accustomed, and the community was surprised; for he had even joined the church, while addressing Emily.

Oh! ye fair damsels of Delaware, ye dark-eyed beauties, beware of the dissipated man. There is a hell in the bowl, for all those who taste it, and no marriage can be happy where its influence is known.

Henry grew worse daily, and seemed to vend his spite at poor Emily alone, because he had been disappointed in obtaining the fortune for which he had longed. No more wretched was Emily than the faithful and grateful Sarah. Her eyes were ever red with weeping. The treatment Emily received grew worse and worse, until it became most cruel. But still, for a long time, she bore it without complaining, with more than woman's fortitude; till at length, by one act, he reached her very heart, and inflicted the severest wound that woman is ever called or to bear. A wife can bear all but that. When she beholds her husband rudely trampling on her affections, she yields herself to despair; for it is beyond her endurance to behold another, and an unworthy one, occupying the throne in her husband's heart, from which she has been rudely driven into exile.

Suddenly he seemed somewhat changed, though still a brute. So great was the contrast that Emily was comparatively happy; her pale cheek seemed to revive, but the calm was deceitful; her sorrows were just beginning, and were destined to be blended with misfortune.

Emily and Sarah had retired to the closet to rejoice over the change, and the prospect of happier days. The closet was full of rubbish, among which was an old rusty pistol, which had long been observed lying in one corner, and which had often been kicked from side to side. So exhilarated was Emily, at the prospect of the return of her husband's love, that she picked up the

old pistol and presented it at Sarah, saying, at the same time, with a smile—"Take care, my dear, or I shall shoot you."

"Shoot away," returned the affectionate Sarah, "for I would be willing to be shot to see you happy, and—"

Ere the sentence was finished, the pistol exploded, and poor Sarah fell dead at the feet of her friend. Scarcely did Sarah fall, ere a wild scream broke from the lips of Emily, and she swooned. No one came.

When she recovered, she rushed below in a state bordering on mental derangement. Henry was in a profound sleep on the sofa, and, being awakened by her cries, commenced abusing her, as was his custom. It was soon discovered what had happened, and it was piteous to hear the lamentations of the unhappy Emily. The pistol, it was supposed, had been loaded for years, and, though often handled and thrown about, had never exploded until that unfortunate moment.

Henry now seemed or feigned to look upon her with horror; and that night she was seized with fever on the brain, and, ere the sun went down on the morrow, her once bright and beautiful eyes were closed for ever in death. There together lay the two friends, and together they were conveyed to the same grave. When standing beside the last resting place of the once lovely Emily, and, hearing the earth falling upon her coffin, and the words pronounced by the minister, "dust to dust," my tears flowed freely; for I had passed many a happy hour in the society of Emily, in the bright days of her existence, ere the blighting influence of sorrow fell upon her amiable and generous heart. I had known her from childhood, in the southern part of Delaware, and I knew her while at the Female Institute of this city. A lovelier creature never breathed, or bloomed, or was blasted. And now I never visit my mother without lingering, in the morning and evening hours, around the grave of the unfortunate Emily. The last time I visited her grave, I found that a very sweet, pretty little girl, a relative of the unfortunate beauty, had planted a number of vines and flower bushes in the immediate vicinity of the grave. At the first glance, my eye rested on a twin rose-bud. It reminded me so strongly of the two lovely creatures that slept below, that I could not refrain from tears; for often had I seen them, hand in hand, in childhood or girlhood, going to school together. Two full-blown roses, blighted by a storm, would have been a fit emblem of their after destiny. I have always loved that little girl for that touching mark of her tenderness; for the love of flowers, at any

time, is an evidence of refinement and feeling; but thus to grace the grave of one beloved, is an evidence, not only of refined feeling, but that the sympathizing one has a heart worth far more than all the "gold and diamonds of the farthest India." I admire talents; I reverence superior mind, because it is the gift of God; but of all things on this earth, I love most a generous, affectionate, noble heart that knows not the meaning of the word selfishness. Such a heart once beat in the bosom of the poor, unfortunate Emily; and such a heart beats now in the bosom of the little girl who planted the flowers around the grave of her ill-fated relative. That little girl is now receiving her education in the most distinguished school of this city. I frequently meet her on the street, and always lift my hat in honor to her, on account of the evidence she has shown, of being the possessor of a heart beyond all price. She is no longer a little girl, but has exchanged her girlhood for the fascinating form and features of a young lady. And were I, at any moment, to show her this story, or recall to her mind the melancholy fate of her beautiful but unhappy kinswoman, her tears would flow freely.

And now, ye lovely ladies of Delaware, let me warn you of those muzzled human dogs, who are ever gazing, with a longing eye, on the bone of your bank stock and your gold. Keep them muzzled, and let them long for the bone; for so sure as they pick it, farewell to your happiness. I have now related a melancholy story of a beautiful creature; and should you, in future, see a muzzled dog on the street, I am sure you will think of the ill-fated Emily, and the muzzled two-legged dog, who was the cause of sending her, in all her bloom and beauty, to an untimely tomb.

Adam's Love for Eve.

WHEN Eve from Eden's bliss was torn,
 And by the sword was driven;
 Adam soon followed, nor did he mourn,
 For where she was, was Heaven:

Had the dread angel torn apart
 This far too guilty pair;

Then would have sigh'd his mighty heart,
 And broke in dark despair.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. Ann Colley,

WIFE OF MR. ELIHU TALLEY, of Brandywine, and daughter of the late WILLIAM TWADDELL, Esq., who departed from this world of care on the 9th of March, 1848, in the 69th year of her age. REQUIESCAT IN PACE. Written at the request of Mrs. WM. T. JEANDELL, the niece of the deceased.

OF all the woes in life's mysterious race,
That man, unhappy man, is doom'd to trace,
From day to day;
The keenest, the severest of them all,
Is, one by one, to see our loved ones fall,
And pass away.

Ah! true it is, like flow'rs our friends are here,
Like flow'rs, they bloom, and die, and disappear,
Nor can we save:
To-day we see them in the busy crowd;
To-morrow in the coffin and the shroud,
And gloomy grave.

Death treads upon the footsteps of our years,
Our smiles a moment changes into tears,
But keenest grief
It is to see our friends, long loved, depart,
And feel that desolation of the heart,
That loathes relief.

Ah! yes, it is a bitter thing to be
Bereft of brother, sister, or to see
A father fall;
But oh! there is a pang which, but to know,
Hath in it far more agonizing woe,
Than one or all.

It is to see a much loved mother die,
And gaze upon her dim and dark'ning eye,
That once did shine,
Upon affection's soul, with beams as bright,
As blissful, beautiful, as is the light
Of love divine.

To feel her dying grasp, her chilling kiss,
That once had in it all of human bliss,
Without relief;
To hear her dying pray'r, and mark her breath,
Struggling in the last agonies of death;
Oh! this is grief!

Methinks I see the dying mother now,
 The cold, dark damp of death is on her brow,
 And the grave yawns;
 Her friends have come to close her dying eye,
 And bid farewell till, in yon land on high,
 A new day dawns.

Methinks I see her weeping children stand
 Beside her dying couch—her trembling hand
 Is bathed in tears;
 With agony the one, affliction's child,
 Wrings his imploring hands, with accents wild,
 Bewailing fears.

Ah! well may he in sorrow weep, and tell
 Of his keen sufferings in that last farewell
 To one so dear;
 For who in his affliction now will prove,
 Like her, a mother's holy, heavenly love,
 And truth sincere?

Well may her husband, children, kindred mourn
 Her passage to that sad and silent bourne,
 From whence no more
 She shall return; for they, alas! will feel
 The loss of her deep heart, which could reveal
 Affection's store.

Weep then, O weep, ye friends, for your own loss,
 But not for her—beneath the sacred Cross,
 She shall arise,
 On angels' wings, to that sublime abode,
 Where dwells in glory an all glorious God,
 Beyond the skies.

Prepare, oh! yes, prepare in joy, to meet
 That happy mother, in her blest retreat;
 Where grief, nor tears,
 Nor sickness enter; but where all is joy,
 And peace, and holy love, without alloy,
 Thro' endless years.

To Mrs. Rachel Seandell,

OF WILMINGTON, DEL., FOR HER KINDNESS WHILE THE BARD WAS SICK.

CAN I forget thee? Oh! no, no,
 While life itself remains;
 Thou art a friend to man in woe,
 And worthy of my strains.

I love thee, as a brother's heart
 Would love a sister dear;
 For in thy kindness is no art,
 While from thine eye a tear

Is ever ready for the grief,
 Unhappy mortals feel;
 And well I know there is relief,
 In all thy words reveal.

Oh! if all men, who err, could know
 Kinds words as soft as thine;
 How small indeed would be their woe,
 As thou can'st witness mine!

I had a sister like to thee,
 In form and face and heart;
 But death hath taken her from me—
 That sister now thou art!

And while upon the globe I stand,
 Thy kindness I will claim;
 For when I grasp thy generous hand,
 I think thou art the same.

Oh! if our race were all like thee,
 So gen'rous and so just,
 How small the sum of misery,
 To those who kindly trust!

'Tis sweet to think some human hearts
 Can feel for others' woes,
 And gently draw the poison'd darts,
 That pierce the hearts of those

Who have been wretched made, by trust
 Alas! that was betray'd;
 And thou I know art truly just,
 In all that I have said.

And now the feelings of my soul
 I have poured out to thee,
 For thou hast snatch'd me from the bowl,
 And renovatèd me.

Where'er thy future footsteps stray,
 May happiness be thine;
 And when thou leav'st this world, oh! may
 Thy blessings be divine.

Lines addressed to my young friend M--,

To his amiable Mother, Sister and family, who, during my visit to Wilmington, have been to me all that a brother, mother and sister could be.

DEAR friends, oh! while this heart shall beat,
 I never can forget you;
 And while of love it is the seat,
 I'll bless the hour I met you;
 Yea, bless you with my latest breath,
 In the last lingering gasp of death.

Home of my heart, sweet Delaware,
 I love thee o'er all measure;
 That thou dost such kind spirits bear,
 Who are thy richest treasure;
 They are the jewels thou dost crave,
 Land of the beautiful and brave!

When persecution pierced my soul
 With solitary sadness,
 And drove me to the damning bowl,
 With fiendish grudge and gladness;
 Dear Delaware, beloved so long,
 Thy children saved the son of song.

And shall I love them not? Oh! yes,
 I know no feeling other;
 My talented young friend I'll bless—
 His sister and his mother;
 For every child of Delaware,
 Shall this warm heart a fondness bear.

The Humming-Bird's Nest.

“SUUM CUIQUE TRIBUITO.”



THE following story I had from a gentleman of veracity, who assured me that it was “founded on fact.” It exemplifies the universal disposition of mankind to retaliate, be the cause of retaliation what it may; a joke, an insult, or an injury. Self-defence and retaliation are common to man, and not only to man, but to all the tribes of the animal creation. The meanest insect if oppressed, will turn and sting the oppressor; and hence it is evident that the spirit of retaliation is inherent in the animal being implanted in it by the Creator for a wise purpose, that of self-defence. The pugnacious spirit of man I believe to be inherent, though bravery in a great degree is an acquired quality; for we find that the pugnacious spirit does not belong exclusively to man; but to all the animal creation. Were the disposition to fight peculiar to man, I should be led to think it originated in his own evil disposition; but we find that it is not peculiar, for dogs and chickens, like men, will fight unto death.

But I did not commence with the view of writing a philosophic essay, neither was it my intention to attempt to prove that God made man for war; though I have been led into some reflections on the subject, by the word *retaliation*. My object is to relate the story of the humming-bird's nest.

Some time since, there arrived from Ireland a man by the name of Paddy Shane, a beautiful bit of a boy, to use his own expression, and much of a wag into the bargain. Paddy had resided in a neighboring city a few months, and considered himself wise enough in a knowledge of the affairs of this country to enlighten all foreigners just arriving; and that he was well enough acquaint-

ed with the why and wherefore of every thing, to play a waggish prank occasionally on a "raw 'un;" and not only on the raw ones of swate ould Ireland, but on any unlucky wight from any other nation! Paddy was notorious for having seen great things. He was surprised at nothing that was shown him. He had seen far greater things in the ould country, and even the childre across the wathier would'nt be astonished at the wonders in Ameriky. On being shown some famous huckleberries, he exclaimed, "Och! noo, and by my sowl, did ye niver sa the plums growin in the bogs of ould Ireland on the big trees, sure! 'Pon my sowl, an ye niver did sa the like iv 'em."

"And what were they like, Paddy?"

"Like, yer honor? Well noo, an I have a sowl to be saved, they were like niver a thing, barrin the biggest plums ye iver did sa at all, at all."

"But, Paddy, there are no such plums as these in Europe."

"No sich plums in the ould country, yer honor? An ye may well say that same; but hevn't I sane them sure, an hevn't I pulled thim meself aff the vines the day?"

"Pulled them to-day off the vines in Ireland! how is that Paddy? You said, too, that they grew on large trees."

"Och! botherashun to me mimory noo, an sure warn't it meself that wur jist fancyin myself in swate ould Ireland the day, an its throe, yer honor, meself was in Ameriky."

Upon the conclusion of this wise conclusion, Paddy Shane gave one of his inimitable horse-laughes; which, at a moderate computation, might be heard a mile, and to give vent to which, he was under the necessity of opening his "swate little jewel of a mouth," as he called it, from ear to ear. That laugh, which more resembled a sudden clap of thunder than a sound proceeding from human lungs, had caused more than one horse to break his bridle.

"Och! the dear leetle creatures!" exclaimed Paddy Shane one day when he saw, for the first time in his life, a parcel of bed-bugs in the cracks and crevices of a bedstead. "An its meself sure that niver saw silk-worms cooltivated afther this beautiful way at all, at all."

"This is a droll way of cultivating silk-worms, Paddy."

"And its yer honor may well say that same, dogs a bit, noo, in the ould country, but they hive 'em until the young varmint spin the sewin' silk all ready for the needle sure."

"And do the worms twist the silk in your country?"

“Twist it, yer honor? An yer honor may well say that noo. And ye go till untwist it, it ’ill twist tighter and tighter, until dogs a bit, yer honor, it’ll niver ontwist at all, at all.”

Paddy Shane brought with him; from the “ould counthry, a nate leetle bit o’ money till furnish the manes o’ making a dacent livin in Ameriky.” Paddy was not like the most of the British nobility, who boast of their birth and found their greatness on the bones of their buried ancestors; neither was he like an Irish potato—for the best part of him was not under ground. He sprung from poor, but respectable parentage, and possessed that birth-right of a true Irishman, an open, honest heart, free from all meanness and selfishness; and a liberal, generous soul, that was ever ready to enjoy a joke, shed a tear of sympathy over another’s sorrow, and to share the last hard-earned shilling with a fellow creature in distress. I like a whole souled son of the Emerald isle; for the most accomplished, the most perfect gentleman with whom I ever conversed, if I may be allowed to use the superlative, *most perfect*—was an Irishman. And I like the warm souled son of ould Scotia, who carries his heart in his hand; and the hot-headed, impetuous Frenchman, with all his excess of etiquette, and refinement of manners; for beneath all the flourish of fancy and the furbelows of fashion, beats a heart alive to the finer feelings of human nature, the warm impulses of affection, and the noble, self-sacrificing spirit of generosity. But no more of nationality, for our country has truly become the nursery of nations.

I merely desire to give the reader a bird’s-eye view of the character of Paddy Shane, and I have said no little in his favor when I assert, that his day-book was not his Bible, and gold was not his god. He was a good churchman, nevertheless; for in the language of Yankeedom, “he did those things he had’nt ought to do, and left undone those things he ought to have done.” Though Paddy Shane never indulged in the usual *furor*; though he never strained at a gate and swallowed a saw-mill, yet he was orthodox in his religion. He loved a joke, when it was even at his own expense; but, like most people, he loved it much better when it was at the expense of another. But, unlike most people, he could relish a joke when he was himself the butt of ridicule, almost as well as when he cracked it on the head of another.

I have said that Patrick brought a sum of money with him from Ireland, and it is necessary that the reader now should know what he did with it. He bought him a “nate little bit of a vessel” for

the coasting-trade, of which he became captain, and in which he had made several profitable voyages, at the time of which I write.

In the neighborhood of Paddy Shane's domicil, lived a Frenchman and a Dutchman, both of whom, like Paddy, had been in this country but a short time. Monsieur Parley Vous Francois, the Frenchman, and Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle, the Dutchman, had been guilty of playing several pranks at the expense of Paddy, just after he landed on these shores, when, to use his own language, he was "a green bit iv a boy, an he warn't looken what they wur afthur at all, at all."

One of the pranks consisted in selling Paddy a large lot of bed-bugs, telling him that they were silk-worms just hatched, which he very carefully put in his bedstead, with the intention of "coolivating the beautiful leetle cratures." Alas! poor Paddy was almost eaten up by them; literally bled to death.

"Blood and thunder take ivery one iv ye," he exclaimed a few days after, when he met the two wags, "but its meself i'll be afther fixin ye for this mane thrick iv ye, ye furriner spalpeens, ye. Och! noo, an ye may laugh sure, but may ivery saint forgit Paddy Shane, an he don't make ivery one iv ye be afther laughin on the wrong side. The divil take Paddy Shane, an he don't play ye a thrick till yer heart's content."

Paddy vowed revenge for the blood and sleepless nights he had lost, when the bed-bugs were "afthur atin him up sowl and body." Time passed on, and the bed-bug trick was forgotten by all but Paddy; as well as a trick they had played upon him, in persuading him that a mud-machine in the harbor was the electro-magnetic telegraph; and on going on board of which, he was knocked overboard.

"An sure it was meself," said Paddy, with an elongated, doleful countenance, "that was flounderin in the mud, and thryin to git till shore, with me Sunday'suit on. Och! bad luck to ye, ivery one iv ye, ye furriner spalpeens; the back iv me hand till ye."

Paddy had made several trips along the Southern coast, and at length returned with a great curiosity, which he had purchased at a great price. He disseminated this intelligence in such a manner as to excite unbounded curiosity in the minds of the Frenchman and Dutchman, and Monsieur Parley Vous was particularly anxious to see the humming-bird's nest; neither he, nor Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle, suspecting for a moment that Paddy was designing a trick.

The reader is aware, I presume, that there is a very venemous race of insects, nearly or quite as large as the wasp, called hornets, that build a nest sometimes almost as large as a bushel basket, having a hole on one side, through which the hornets go in and out; and that when this nest is disturbed, the enraged creatures pour out in a swarm to avenge the injury; and woe to him who has the temerity to approach. The nest is usually suspended from the limb of a tree.

Paddy had procured, in the woods of Virginia, one of these nests, which he called a humming-bird's nest, and expatiated largely on the beauty of the "swate leetle cratures." The hole in the side of the nest he had carefully stopped, declaring that if the charming little birds were let out in open space they would fly away; and his friends, Monsieur Parley Vous Francois and Mynheer Vonswitzenswizzle, would be deprived of the great pleasure of hearing them hum; at the same time assuring them that nothing ever was so beautiful, and no music so sweet, as that made by these little humming-birds.

The curiosity of Monsieur and Mynheer rose to the highest pitch. They examined the nest with a curious eye; turned it from side to side; and asked many questions concerning the beautiful little birds that hummed so sweetly; to all of which Patrick answered, in such a manner as to increase, if possible, their wonder, as well as their desire to see them.

"Och! noo," said Patrick, taking up the nest, "an its yer two selves, perhaps, 'ud like till see the dear little cratures a flyin about the cabin."

"Oui, Monsieur Patrick," returned the delighted Frenchman, "it will give me de grand satisfactiong to have de pleasair, sair, to see de petite humbird. Monsieur Van Vonswitzenswizzle vill help me have de grand satisfactiong."

"Yaw, Mynheer Parley Vous," answered the Dutchman, "it ish mit greater pleashur as you, I sees de beaudiful humbird. Va color is de beaudiful creadur, Patrick?"

"Och! noo, an isn't it all over red an brown, afther bein speckled wid all sorts o' colors from its head till its tail, sure. Just come down in the cabin, where the purty cratures can't be afther flyin aff, an I'll jist then let them out noo."

Down went the Dutchman and the Frenchman into the cabin, tickled amazingly at the idea of having an opportunity to see the beautiful humming-birds come out of the nest, all over red and

brown, and speckled with all sorts of colors, from the head to the tail.

"Noo mind yer eye," said Paddy on the outside, "an don't ye be afther pullin out the stopper till let the birds out o' the nest, intil it's meself that's fastened the door o' the cabin noo, for I'm jist afeard the birds 'ill be aff."

Paddy accordingly fastened the door of the cabin; and, peeping through a crevice made by the sliding doors, he, with a suppressed laugh, told Monsieur Parley Vous Francois to hold the nest, while Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle should pull out the stopper. With the delightful expectation of seeing and hearing the beautiful little humming-birds flying and humming around the cabin, Mynheer Van Vonswitzenswizzle pulled out the stopper; when, lo! out poured a swarm of roaring and enraged hornets made more savage by having been long kept confined and tumbled about in the nest. With fury they rushed upon Parley Vous and Vonswitzenswizzle, stinging them in every part of the body uncovered.

"Oh! mine Dat! mine Dat!" roared the Dutchman, "mine eye ish stung clean out of de sight."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" exclaimed Parley Vous, dropping the nest and rushing to the cabin door, "save dis leetle Frenchman from de diable humbird. Ah! bezook, sair, Monsieur Patrick, me shoot you wid de small sword. Diable, me runne you trou de pody wis de pistol. Open te door, open te door, me killa you, bezook."

Paddy laughed until he thought he had carried the joke far enough, and then opened the door, taking good care to make his escape, ere the enraged Frenchman and Dutchman reached the deck. One of the hornets had stung the Dutchman on the lip, which it swelled to an enormous size, giving him a very grotesque and ludicrous appearance; while the Frenchman's eyes were almost closed up. They never could bear the name of a humming-bird afterwards, and never again desired to see a humming-bird's nest; though they were well satisfied that Paddy had, in the language of the Latin quotation at the head of this story, *given to every one his own*.

The Dead Bird.

THE following affecting incident, worthy the attention of the Natural Historian, recently occurred in Delaware. A young bird was caught in a garden by a cat, and was so much injured before the humane proprietor of the garden could get to it, that it could not stand. He took it to a place of safety and laid it down, when it turned upon its back in the agonies of death. The mother bird came with food in its mouth, and, after flying around it in great distress, alighted and endeavored to coax it to get on its feet and eat. Finding that it took no notice of her, she appeared greatly distressed, and in the act of trying to feed it, she fell down and expired at its side.

At morn the mother of a little bird
 Sat gaily singing on a garden tree;
 At noon no more those joyous notes were heard,—
 The mother mourn'd, alas! in misery!
 A cruel one crept softly to the shade,
 As erst the serpent crawl'd in Eden's bow'r;
 Blasted a scene of pure and holy love,
 And broke a mother's heart in one short hour.

Bleeding upon its back, with half-clos'd eye,
 She saw the idol of her fond heart there;
 In vain she coax'd her darling pledge to fly,
 In vain she flew around it in despair;
 She gazed a moment, with a piteous look,
 On her expiring offspring at her side;
 And while her heart in its deep anguish broke,
 She flutter'd, fell, and by her lov'd one died!

Oh! ye, of youthful years, whose hands have risen
 The bands of love in many a downy nest,
 Think of the grief your cruel sport hath given!
 Ah! think how many a mother's heart unblest,
 Hath bled and broke, when from her tender care
 You bore away her nestlings in the grove!
 Oh! think of all her blasted bliss, and spare
 What God hath bless'd, a picture of pure love!

And ye, the children of a greater growth—
 Sportsmen, who thro' the fields and forests go;
 Better that ye should spend your lives in sloth,
 Than seek amusement in a creature's woe!
 Ah! why destroy the children of sweet song,
 That in great Nature's Church orisons raise?
 For wanton cruelty is sinful wrong,
 Done to the creature and Creator's praise.

I would not, could not call that man my friend,*
 Whose hand could crush a creature God has made;
 Whose cruel heart in carelessness could rend
 Those heart-felt ties that love on all hath laid;
 Oh! let me sooner bind than break one heart,
 Bound by affection, flowing from above!
 What God hath join'd no man in sport should part,—
 He wills in goodness all should live and love.

The New Year.

HARK! heard you not the step of gray-hair'd Time,
 Hast'ning along life's lane with youthful ease?
 Hist! heard you not his voice, with sound sublime,
 Tolling the knell of buried centuries?
 Another year has pass'd away, with all
 Its wrecks, on time's unturning, trackless tide;
 So are man's triumphs ever doom'd to fall,
 And be lost in oblivion's vortex wide;
 The never varying home of his most vaunted pomp and pride.

Ah! while we hail with joy the new-born year,
 Let us reflect on time's receding wave:
 And while upon the dead one falls our tear,
 Remember we are nearer to the grave;
 Millions, like us, have lived and loved and died;
 Millions, like us, have hail'd each New Year's Day;
 Where are they now?—With all their pomp and pride,
 They long since from the earth have pass'd away!
 From century to century, the giddy and the gay.

In days long pass'd, when Greece in glory shone,
 And Rome was mighty mistress of the world,
 Millions have hail'd the years as, one by one,
 They came and were into oblivion hurl'd;
 So did THEY follow—like the woodland leaves,
 Green in their glory, they decay'd and fell;
 Or gather'd in the field, like golden sheaves,
 Were garner'd in the grave, where we shall dwell;
 And yet how many millions will be, who can tell?

* The poet COWPER declares that he would not rank that man in the list of his friends, though graced with polished manners and fine sense, who would step aside in his evening path to crush a worm.

Oh! then let us in wisdom view the past,
 And profit by experience—let the mind
 Dwell with a deep reflection on the last;
 And in the present year resolve to find
 An antidote for evil, and retrieve
 All wrongs that we have done in days gone by;
 Oh! let us up to virtue's dictates live,
 And learn that useful lesson how to die,
 That we may find that far off land of light and love on high.

We have no lease ev'n of a single hour,
 This day the thread of life in twain may part;
 There is a mighty, nay, ALMIGHTY POWER,
 That may this instant still the thoughtless heart;
 Then let us on this New Year's Day, 'in truth,
 Resolve on life's reform; to live, in love,
 To practice virtue, which alone forsooth,
 Can lift us to the land of light above,
 Where friend shall meet with friend, and shall in joy forever rove.

My Sister.

ON seeing her Tomb in St. Andrew's Church-Yard, erected by the Rev. CORRY
 CHAMBERS, her husband.

Oh! if there's a heart in the land of the blest,
 'Tis that for which mine is so deeply distress'd:
 We'll meet, yes, we'll meet when I pass thro' the grave,
 In the land of the beautiful,—land of the brave.

She lov'd me on earth, and to her it is given,
 To love me beyond the blue stars in the heav'n;
 At the gates made of gold, in the future we'll meet,
 And lock'd in her arms will that meeting be sweet.

Oh! when not a friend save my mother I had,
 I look'd in her eye and I saw she was glad,
 That a brother she had, tho' a rude child of sin,
 Whom she, by her love, from his habits could win.

Ah! would that I never had gazed on the fair,
 For woman has spoken my doom of despair;
 From her lip that's so luscious in love fell the tone,
 That sent me to ruin and left me alone.

EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

Dr. Joshua Howard Dorsey,

Of Liberty Town, Frederick County, Maryland; who died of Consumption in the 25th year of his age.



HIS gifted and promising young physician was the only son of the venerable Dr. JOHN W. DORSEY, who was formerly a Surgeon in the United States' Navy. He sailed with Stephen Decatur in the Brig Argus from Boston—was with him at the burning of the Frigate Philadelphia, in the port of Tripoli, and in every action during three years; under the brave and lamented Commodore Edward Preble, from 1803 to 1806, at which time he returned home.

That aged father, after having faced the enemies of his country and braved danger and death in the deadly conflict in which many a brave heart ceased to beat, has lived to see the pride of his heart, and the staff and stay of his declining years go down to the grave in the very morning of manhood and the bloom of beauty; struck down by consumption, that fell destroyer of our race, that bids defiance to medical skill, and falls alike on age and infancy; on the brave and the beautiful; the graceful and the gifted. None but a father's heart—none but a heart like his, that has tasted the bitter cup of anguish, and felt the pang of sorrow from more shafts than one, can conceive of the utter desolation that pervades his bosom at seeing, thus early, an amiable and gifted son given to an untimely tomb, who bade fair to be an honor to the science of medicine, and to fill his station of respectability and usefulness when, full of age and honors, he should be gathered to the mausoleum of his fathers.

But alas! the shaft of death, with unerring aim, has hit its shining mark, and society has lost one of its loveliest ornaments. The

mind, in which genius was rearing a temple to future fame and usefulness, is no more—the heart, in which the noblest virtues loved to dwell, is silent forever!

OH! Death, how cruel art thou thus to blight,
E'en in the morn of manhood and in bloom;
The best beloved, the beautiful, the bright,
Quenching the light of genius in the tomb!

Must the most fair the soonest fade away,
And happy hearts be doom'd, alas! to sigh?
Canst thou not spare earth's ornaments a day,
While thousands, loathing life, desire to die?

Ah! thus it ever is that virtuous worth,
For which we live and love, is rudely torn;
Just as it binds our hope-lit hearts to earth,
'Tis snatch'd away, and leaves our souls to mourn.

Thus was the aged father's bosom blest,
With all that made life happy—a dear son;
But thou, oh! Death, that bosom hath distress'd,
Blasted his hopes, and left his heart undone.

Around that home an Eden once was spread,
And beautiful the flowers were blooming there;
But Death twice enter'd, numbering with the dead
A son of science, and a daughter fair.

Society and Science both must mourn,
O'er the sad relics of departed worth;
And genius bend in sorrow o'er the bourne,
Where slumbers now an ornament of earth.

His was a soul of honor everywhere,
That to ignoble actions scorn'd to bend;
True to his trust in friendship's faith, he ne'er
Forgot a favor, or forsook a friend.

He read the book of nature, and he saw,
In every thing; each feather, fly, and flower,
An evidence of the eternal law,
And of a mighty overruling Power.

And, with a Christian's heart, he did adore
That wondrous Being, who bids planets roll;
Who bids the lightnings leap, the ocean roar,
And is of all the centre and the soul.

His friends were many, and his foe not one,
 His bosom's blessing he to all men gave;
 Upright in all things, and a duteous son,
 He trod the path of virtue to the grave.

Oh! it is sad to think that one so good,
 That one so gifted, should so soon depart!
 Had he but lived, methinks he might have stood
 In Fame's proud temple, from the world apart.

Ah! who can tell the future destiny
 Of such a mind, with much of knowledge crown'd?
 He might have shone, with glorious brilliancy,
 In science' halls, by future time renown'd.

But ah! just as he entered the career
 Of fame and usefulness, he met his doom;
 Slowly he pined and perish'd—many a tear
 Has been pour'd forth o'er his untimely tomb.

Full often will his lonely sire repair
 Where now he sleeps, within his lowly bed,
 To dwell, alas! a weeping hermit there,
 And mourn, in unavailing grief, the dead.

But oh! his happy soul hath soar'd above
 On Seraph wings; it sleeps not in the sod;
 In yonder far off land of light and love,
 He dwells within the garden of his God.

He died as dies the good man, and behold!
 The angels tune their holy harps in Heaven;
 And open wide the glittering gates of gold,
 To welcome him to whom a crown is given.

His virtues he bequeath'd us, that we yet
 May meet him in a lovelier land than this;
 Where darkness is unknown—suns never set,
 And sorrow never comes, but all is bliss.

Reflections on the Death of James Manning,

Son of James L. and Mary Roche, who died in Wilmington, Del., on Saturday, the 11th of March, 1848, in the third year of his age.

IN the dying moments of this peculiarly interesting child, a circumstance occurred, which was the most irresistibly tender and touching to the heart of sensibility, of any that I have ever met with, or treasured among poetical reminiscences. Whilst the father was bending, in the deep anguish of his soul, over his dying child, the very idol and angel of his affections, and in whose existence all his hopes and happiness were centred, the expiring child, seeing the agonies his beloved father was enduring, and forgetful of his own sufferings, reached forth his little hand, and wiped away a tear which had just gushed from a heart breaking with anguish. I have seen a wretched father and miserable mother mourning, in the wild distraction of despair, over a dying child that was idolized; and I have seen a little child come to the bedside to see a dear and devoted father die; but never, no, never have I witnessed an incident so powerfully calculated to rend the coldest and most unfeeling heart, as this. Even the solitary thought of an idolized child, when dying, thus wiping away the tear from the eye of an agonized parent, is sufficient to touch, even to tenderness and tears; the generous soul alive to sympathy and sensibility.

Oh! yes, it is enough to pierce the heart,
 E'en as a dagger, with a transport wild;
 Thus to behold our brightest hope depart,—
 Thus to weep o'er a dear and dying child.

When from our arms the aged disappear,
 Within the gloomy grave, we heave a sigh;
 Then wipe away, ourselves, the bitter tear,
 For it was natural for them to die.

But oh! when Death thus snatches from our arms
 A much loved child, in early boyhood's bloom,
 It is severe to see its cherish'd charms,
 Regardless of our grief, sent to the tomb.

Oh! how severe beside the bed to stand,
 And watch a dying son, now doubly dear;
 To see him stretch in love his little hand,
 And wipe away a weeping father's tear!

Methinks the angels in the halls on high,
 Did bend in bliss that scene of love to see;
 And tho' they wept to see the sufferer die,
 Rejoiced to think he soon with them would be.

With such a child 'twas hard to part, but oh!
 Why should ye weep? He's in the land of love;
 He has escaped this wicked world of woe:
 Prepare to meet your happy child above!

Extempore Lines,

ON THE DEATH OF DR. GARRET S. LAYTON, OF MILFORD, DEL.

Who was found dead in his bed. It was supposed that he died of Apoplexy. He was the son of LOWDEN LAYTON, Esq., and the brother of Judge CALEB S. LAYTON.

ALAS! that Death should soonest take
Our best loved friends away;
And bid those hearts with anguish break,
So joyous yesterday.

In life we are in death—how true!
Ere yonder sun may set,
Our souls may be demanded, too,
And all we lovèd forget.

Like him, we may in health appear,
In manhood's stalwart morn;
And ere an hour, a day, a year,
Leave all our friends forlorn.

But yesterday, he trod the earth,
In manhood's noble pride;
And in his breast a heart of worth,
Pour'd on its purple tide.

To-day, where is he?—lowly lies
His form within the tomb;
Seal'd are his lips, and closed his eyes,
In everlasting gloom.

But where, oh! where, is now that soul,
That yearn'd for human weal;
That bade the Gospel's thunders roll,
And sinners hearts to feel?

Tho' in the solemn, silent sod,
His relics now repose,
To the blest garden of his God,
His pious spirit rose.

Weep not, ye friends, but oh! prepare
To meet him in the skies;
Where tears are never shed, and where
Bliss never, never dies.

Weep not!—with angels bright above,
 He knows no grief nor care:
 But dwells in cloudless light and love,—
 Oh! would that I were there!

'Tis hard to see our kindred fall,
 Whom we so dearly prize;
 But 'tis, alas! the doom of all,
 That dwell below the skies.

But oh! 'tis sweet to know that we
 Shall meet, in joy to reign;
 In yonder land of love, and be
 Ne'er doom'd to part again.

Woman's Heart.

Oh! tell me not that woman's heart
 Is full of guilt and guile;
 And say not treachery and art
 Are lurking in her smile;
 Say not her beautiful bright eye,
 But dazzles to deceive;
 Or that her tongue of ecstasy,
 Betrays while we believe.

I never knew a moment's bliss,
 Like that remembered now;
 When first the impress of her kiss
 Was printed on my brow;
 In life I never knew an hour,
 To my fond soul so sweet;
 As when I bow'd in beauty's bower,
 At witching woman's feet.

When sorrow my sad soul hath wrung,
 And sickness laid me low,
 The music of her touching tongue
 Hath banish'd every woe;
 I ne'er to woman's faithful heart,
 Have yet appeal'd in vain;
 She loves a solace to impart,
 And charm away our pain.

Departed Days.

Oh! when on days departed,
 I gaze in memory's glass,
 And think of those who started
 With me, life's race, alas!
 My bosom breathes a sigh
 Of sorrow, while I gaze
 Into the tomb of time—mine eye
 Weeps for departed days.

Ah! where are those I cherished
 In childhood's happy hours?
 Oh! they have long since perished,
 Like Summer's fairest flowers;
 I've stood by many a grave,
 And read the burial stone
 Of those, the beautiful and brave,
 Who left me here alone.

Oh! when, in memory, calling
 The loved of boyhood's day;
 Who like the leaves now falling,
 Forever passed away;
 A gush of tender tears,
 My sorrow bids me shed;
 And, silently, I mourn the years
 Of cherished childhood fled.

Ah! who the days departed,
 Without a tear can trace?
 And think of those, who started
 With them life's joyous race,
 Without a sigh, to mark
 How many a heart did mourn;
 Ere death had sent them to the dark
 And solitary bourne?

And years are by me stealing,
 Life's downward road I tread;
 That lonely home revealing,
 Where childhood's friends lie dead;
 Each day-dream warns my heart,
 Sad hours their tokens tell,
 That I like them, must soon depart,
 And bid the world farewell.

The hopes I prized have perished,
 And childhood's friends are gone;
 All, all I fondly cherished
 At boyhood's blissful dawn;
 Life's pleasures are but pain,
 Its hopes are vanity;
 And what is all the world but vain,
 Vain vanity to me?

Clawing Off.

POLITELY ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES OF WILMINGTON.

FAIR Ladies, humbly at your feet I bow,
 To breathe pure friendship's everlasting vow;
 To own my faults, and to atone them too,
 And sure I am I've nought but friends in you;
 The heavenly heart of woman cannot bear
 The gall of bitterness—so here's my pray'r:—
 If I have sinn'd against your blessed sex,
 If I have written aught your hearts to vex;
 If I have dared dispute your temperance creed,
 Or caused one tear to flow, one heart to bleed;
 If I have said one word that might be bent,
 Or twisted into meaning never meant;
 I humbly crave your pardon, while I kneel,
 For where's the man your frowns that would not feel?
 I would not breathe one word to cause the gush
 Of blood to beauty's cheek, tho' much the blush
 Of modesty I have admired—indeed,
 I could not bear to cause one heart to bleed.

Ladies, to you I bow my knee alone,
 Your sceptre I obey, on beauty's throne;
 To man I'd scorn to say what I've said here,
 God never made the man that I could fear;
 Rather than crouch to him I'd court a grave,
 And perish sooner than his pardon crave;
 But when earth's angels frown upon me, where,
 Oh! where for solace can I then repair?
 Without your smiles I feel I am disgraced,
 Without your presence all the world's a waste;
 Without society I am undone,
 I stand in life's wild wilderness alone;

But when with woman I her gay smiles see,
The world's indeed a Paradise to me.

There was a time when I at beauty's feet
Bow'd down, and own'd such servitude was sweet;
There was a time when I her silken chain
With pride put on, and were it thus again
I were a happier man—alas! that they—
Those happy days—so swiftly pass'd away!
For of life's hours that make us or that mar,
The hours of courtship are the happiest far;
'Tis a green spot upon life's dreary waste,
With fancy's flowers most gorgeously graced;
One day of love is worth a thousand years
Devoted to sad sighs and tender tears.

Oh! could I bow to her, and once more gaze
On her dark eye, as oft in other days;
And could I now indulge the dazzling dream,
That once shone brightly on life's silv'ry stream,
I were a happier man; all pure within,
No longer the unhallow'd child of sin.
From childhood's hours we both together grew,
And purest bliss but with each other knew;
I felt no joy and no corroding care,
That that fair creature would not claim a share;
Her smile was bliss to me, her heart was heaven,
And had not th' last link of love been riven,
I were a better man, for she had power
To lead my footsteps to life's blissful bower;
Her charms could woo me from all evil things,
More happy far than conquerors or kings,
Her silv'ry song could soothe me, when we stray'd,
At moonlight hours, along the flowery glade.

From those blest days, the brightest on this earth,
I've priz'd dear woman's pure and priceless worth;
And had I worship'd God with half the zeal
That I have worship'd her, I should not feel
The scathe of sin upon my soul, as now,
Nor yet would grief sit burning on my brow.
As bows the Indian to the setting sun,
When night approaches and the day is done;
Or as the Hindoo to his image kneels,
And in his soul a deep devotion feels;
So have I bowed to woman, without art,
The angel and the idol of my heart.

Ladies, forgive the erring child of song,
Frowns to your lovely faces ne'er belong;
Think not I flatter—that I know would vex—
I've always been a favorite with your sex;
I ne'er appeal'd to woman yet in vain,
Say, Ladies, shall I unforgiv'n remain?

The Muse of Poesy.

SHE dwells on the brow of the dark craggy mountain,
Where the thundering cataract tumbles below;
And she bathes in the streams of the crystalline fountain,
Unawed by the billows that rapidly flow.

She is seen in the night, on the black tempest driven,
When the sea-boy has given himself to despair;
When the lightning illumines the deep vault of heaven,
Her form is beheld in the tremulous glare.

She is seen when the blasts on the billowy ocean
Heave the wide waste of waters in mountains of waves;
On the vortex of ruin she pays her devotion,
When the whirlwind of heaven distractedly raves.

She sleeps on the down of the cygnet of Ganges;
Her cradle the winds, and her curtain the sky;
On her pillow of fame in the wild dream she ranges,
And many a tear-drop illumines her eye.

By the pale light of Luna in sorrow she wanders,
When Sol in his splendor sinks down in the west;
O'er the tomb of affection all lonely she ponders,
And sighs for the heart that has sunk to its rest.

She is heard in the temples where proud grandeur crumbles,
Where the owl and the raven pour forth their wild strains,
Where silence—dark silence, eternally slumbers,
And the night of the tomb in their solitude reigns.

On the banks of the stream, where the dash of the billow
Breaks over the rock in its silvery foam—
She plays on the harp 'neath the wind-beaten willow,
And sighs for the pleasures of country and home.

She sings her best song to her unhappy lover,
Who has fled to the battle thro' dangers afar;
O she breathes out her soul to her pitiless rover,
And starts when she hears the loud thunders of war.

On the towering tree she engraves his remembrance,
When sorrow from madness sinks down to despair,
And she crushes her lyre, the sweet soul of her semblance,
While demons of prejudice laugh thro' the air.

Virtue.

"THE PATHS OF VIRTUE ARE THE PATHS OF PEACE."

Oh! I have sighed to be like those
 Who walk in virtue's peaceful path;
 But round me rose a thousand foes,
 The fiends of wretchedness and wrath;
 I sought that bugbear of the brain,
 Called happiness; but ah! to me,
 I found that pleasure was but pain,
 And mirth itself was misery.

Hope spread her rainbow round my soul,
 And fancy wove her magic spell;
 I lifted to my lips the bowl,
 And found within my heart a hell;
 Ambition's baubles lured my sight,
 But dazzled only to decay;
 Like meteors of a moonless night,
 They flashed and faded far away.

I sought the bubble bliss in fame,
 In fortune, and in friendship free;
 But found, alas! it was the same
 In liquor, love and luxury;
 The bubble, as I grasped it, broke,
 Tho' o'er my soul a light it cast,
 And from the dazzling dream I woke
 To pain and penitence at last.

Oh! Solomon, like thee I found
 All was but vanity's control,
 That pleasure's gay and giddy round
 Was but vexation of the soul;
 And now, tossed on the stormy sea
 Of passion, prejudice and pride;
 I sigh, sweet piety, for thee
 To be my guardian and my guide.

I sigh to walk in virtue's path,
 My soul from sin and sorrow free—
 Free from my God's avenging wrath,
 In light, in love and liberty:
 My soul is sick of joys that die,
 Oh! would that I to God were given!
 Oh! that my heart could look on high,
 And claim one holy hope of heaven!

When conscience, with a scorpion tongue,
 To anguish goads my writhing soul,
 For all the gifts of God I've flung
 Away, I seize the maddening bowl,
 And while the demon of despair
 Dethrones the monarch of the mind,
 I breathe in penitence a prayer,
 And weep, oh! yes, I weep to find

That I've abused the gifts of God,
 And spurned his goodness plainly shown;
 Oh! would that now his chastening rod
 Would bid my sorrowing soul atone!
 One hour of pious joy is worth
 A thousand years of earthly bliss;
 For if there's peace upon this earth,
 And heaven below, 'tis this, 'tis this!

The Flowers.

REFLECTIONS occasioned by having recently received from a very intelligent lady of Georgetown, District of Columbia, some flowers which were gathered in Scotland in the year 1762, and which retain their color, notwithstanding eighty years have rolled down the torrent of time since they bloomed in their beauty. They have certainly faded in a measure, but I mean that it is astonishing that any color should be retained through so long a period. They have entirely lost their odor. To the lady who so kindly sent them to me, I return a thousand thanks. Among the many presents of flowers, &c., which I have received from ladies of this and other cities, I never before possessed a flower eighty years old.

O'ER Scotia's hills, in beauty's gay built bowers,
 Once bloomed in brilliance these now faded flowers;
 Upon the air their fragrance once was shed,
 The eyes that saw them bloom are dim and dead;
 The race of him who nursed them now is o'er,
 The breast they once adorned shall beat no more;
 The hand that plucked them in the grave is cast,
 They linger still to link us with the past.

Since beauty blest these lovely flowers in bloom,
 What millions have descended to the tomb!
 How many martyred millions of mankind,
 Have sunk beneath the sorrows of the mind!
 How many hearts have bled and broke, to prove
 The pangs and penalties of faithless love!
 The forms that bowed to beauty in her bowers,
 Have faded and forever, like these flowers.

Full many a heart, life's anguish doomed to know,
 Hast lingering loved, or withered in its woe!
 Of all the woes that in this world we feel,
 Of all the pangs that passion may reveal,
 The keenest yet the human heart hath proved,
 Is still to love and yet not be beloved;
 To feed the fires that in the bosom burn,
 And find in faithless hearts no fond return.

What storms and tempests have convulsed the earth,
 Since these fair flowers in beauty had their birth!
 Crowns have been doomed to crumble and decay,
 Kings, conquerors, and captives, passed away;
 Princes and potentates, in pomp sublime,
 Have floated down the mighty tide of time,
 'Mid ruined empires have in dust decayed,
 Flourished to fall, and like these flowers to fade.

Where are the millions who, on Scotia's shore,
 Then lived and loved?—alas! they are no more;
 The gay, the gifted, beautiful and brave,
 Have long been gathered to the greedy grave;
 Shrouded in death lies many a lovely form
 Whose heart once beat with hope and wishes warm;
 Whose eye once beamed with bliss and beauty bright,
 And blest full many a heart with love and light.

Sweet Scotland, oft I sigh to tread thy shore,
 Thy mounts to climb, and maidens to adore;
 I long to linger in Ben Lomond's shades,
 Where many a wild flower flourishes and fades:
 Amid thy gay, green solitudes sublime,
 How sweet to muse, nor mark the march of time—
 To see the sun ascending hills above,
 The emblem of a Saviour's light and love!

Lady, I long to visit, on swift wings,
 The tombs and temples of old Scotia's kings;
 Her castles, where once moved the great and gay,
 But crumbling now, with ages long grown gray;
 Where minstrels sung full many a war-song sweet,
 And Norman knights bowed down at beauty's feet.
 Sweet days of chivalry, when bards inspired,
 Sung woman's worth, and valor's bosom fired.

I sigh to stand amid the palace scene,
 Where Scotland's Mary moved, a lovely queen;
 Upon whose face were seen the marks of mind,
 And shone the light of intellect refined.

Alas! that she should pine and perish too,
 By one whose heart no kindred feeling knew;
 Baptized in blood, like Essex, in her bloom,
 She passed from gloomy dungeons to her doom.

I long to linger near the magic spot,
 Where genius first inspired the mind of Scott—
 Where Burns reposes in his rural shade,
 A mighty minstrel, and by nature made;
 Who though a simple shepherd now we scan,
 Was in his mind the model of a man;
 Who gave to millions, then unborn, his name,
 And bound his brow with fadeless wreaths of fame.

Sweet land of love and learning, how I long
 To tread where trod thy classic sons of song;
 I sigh to gaze upon thy mighty men,
 Who charmed the world with pencil and with pen;
 Thy halls of science fain my feet would tread,
 Sacred to mind and to thy mighty dead;
 Those glorious men who had immortal powers,
 But now have faded like these once gay flowers.

The Fair Gondolier.

'Twas evening, in a shady grove,
 When first I heard the harp of love,
 The sun behind the hills had rolled
 Thro' one wide flood of flaming gold.
 And o'er the mountain monarch's throne,
 The moon in silver shadows shone,
 And on she trip'd thro' heaven's hall,
 Like bridal beauty at a ball.
 Her glances danced upon the deep,
 Like smiles upon an infant's sleep,
 And played upon the flowery peak,
 Like blushes o'er a lady's cheek,
 And o'er the silver surface far
 Shone the bright shooting of a star.
 A lovely lady thro' the brake
 I saw beside the lucid lake,
 She stood and gazed upon her shade
 Beneath the dark blue deep displayed,

And oft she stretched her ivory arm,
 To grasp the tall ideal form.
 Upon her cheek the rich red gush
 Had from her heart conveyed a blush.
 A holy light dwelt on her face,
 Warm from the pencil pure of grace.
 Her clustering curls in ringlets rolled
 On her white breast like grapes of gold.
 Her azure eyes with softness shone
 Like stars that stud the heavenly throne.
 Where'er her silver sandals trod,
 Red roses sprung and graced the sod.
 Where'er she turned her eyes around,
 Rich ripening peaches pressed the ground,
 And bending branches at command,
 Of clustering plums would kiss her hand.
 She launched her bark—with long light oar,
 She paddled from the flow'ry shore,
 And as her bark bent to the wind,
 It left no track or trace behind.
 Ah! thus, she cried, man finds a grave,
 Nor leaves one trace in life's dark wave.
 Now far receded from the land,
 She smiled and waved her little hand,
 And struck the harp—the ling'ring lay
 Rung round the rocks and died away,
 And echo, in her airy-cell,
 Struck each note on her silver shell,
 And mocked the sweetly warbling wire
 Like sighs that sweep the Æolian lyre,
 O how, I cried, how sweet to be
 The mistress of such minstrelsy?
 I listened—all was still and lone,
 The lucid lake in silence shone,
 Save distant sounds that o'er and o'er
 Came mingled with the ocean's roar.
 Far, far the little bark now bore
 The lovely lady from the shore.
 Just on the verge of space her sail
 I saw still fluttering in the gale.
 How like, I cried, the boundless sea,
 The great lake of eternity?
 When souls embark for evermore,
 And gaze on life's receding shore.
 That hour is still to memory dear,
 When from the shore
 'Mid the ocean's roar,
 She paddled a beauteous Gondolier.

The Lexington.

THE following lines are descriptive of that awful scene of the burning Steamboat, which has brought hopeless misery to many a good and generous heart. Oh! that I could stretch my hand and wipe away the tears of surviving friends—that I could heal the broken hearts of the widow and the fatherless! But there is only one balm, and that balm is the grace of God.

NIGHT rested on the sea—the moon alone,
 O'er the wide waste of rolling waters shone;
 The glorious sun had sunk in western skies,
 And the dim stars looked down like angels' eyes,
 As if they wept in heav'n the approaching doom,
 And dropped their tears o'er that untimely tomb.

The warm hand pressed, with many a generous token,
 The long embrace once o'er, and farewell spoken,
 The buoyant boat, swift leaves the crowded shore;
 To gaze on forms they shall behold no more,
 Upon the deck friends strain their anxious eyes,
 Till evening drops her curtain o'er the skies.
 Now o'er the waters, where the wanderers sleep,
 Went forth that train upon the treacherous deep;
 They thought of friends to whom they should return,
 Nor thought, alas! those friends so soon would mourn.
 In blissful dreams they think no more they roam,
 But tread again the happy halls of home;
 Childhood, and age, and beauty brightly blest,
 Thoughtless of danger on the dark waves rest;
 When lo! there comes upon the ear a cry,
 And the word Fire! sweeps roaring thro' the sky;
 The red flames flash upon the rolling flood,
 Till the wide waters seem one sea of blood;
 On the cold blast dread Azrael comes in ire,
 Waves his dark wings, and fans the fearful fire;
 Wild o'er the deck, and with dishevelled hair,
 Rush the sad victims shrieking in despair:
 "Where is my son?" the frantic father cries,
 And "where my sire?" the weeping son replies.
 Amid that scene of terror and alarms,
 Dear woman, wailing, throws her ivory arms;
 And shall she perish? nay, one effort saves—
 Quick launch the boats upon the boiling waves;
 They're lost! Oh! God, they sink to rise no more!
 A hundred voices mingle in one roar.
 From post to post, the affrighted victims fly,
 While the red flames illumine sea and sky;
 The piteous look of infancy appeals
 For help, but oh! what heart in danger feels?

None save a mother's; see her clasp her boy!
 Floating she looks to find her second joy;
 She sees him now, and with a transport wild,
 Save! save! oh save! she cries, my drowning child!
 She waves her arms, and in the next rude wave,
 The mother and her children find a grave;
 Locked in her arms her boy sinks down to rest,
 His head he pillows on her clay cold breast;
 A mother's love not death itself can part,
 She hugs her dying children to her heart;
 And fain would perish more than once to save
 Her blooming boys from ocean's awful grave.

A sail! a sail! a hundred voices rave—
 In the dim distance, on the brilliant wave,
 She comes, and hope cheers up those hearts again,
 They shall be saved—alas! that hope is vain!
 The dastard wretch beholds the imploring crew,
 Looks on the blazing boat, then bids adieu;
 Leaves them to perish in a watery grave,
 Rather than stretch his coward hand to save.
 Go, thou inhuman being; be thy name
 A demon's watchword, and the mark of shame;
 Go teach the tiger what to thee is given,
 And be the scoff of man, the scorn of heaven;
 Be all those mourning mothers' tears thy own,
 Till human feelings melt thy heart of stone.

Now o'er the ice-cold sea the victims swim,
 Their limbs are helpless, and their eyes grow dim;
 With cries for help, they yield their lingering breath,
 As one by one they close their eyes in death;
 The blazing wreck a moment shines more bright,
 One cry is heard, she sinks, and all is night.
 The moon hath set—a darkness shrouds the lee,
 No voice is heard upon that moonless sea;
 Soft Pity spreads her wings upon the gale,
 And few are left to tell the dreadful tale.
 From down-beds warm, and from their joyous sleep,
 Full many an eye afar shall wake to weep;
 Full many a heart a hapless parent mourn,
 From friends and home, alas! untimely torn.
 Fair Baltimore, thy children too must weep,
 A father, husband, brother in the deep;
 And beauty's eyes shall often melt in tears,
 O'er the sad tale in future days and years;
 The lisping child will to its mother cling,
 And ask what day its father home will bring;
 Alas! poor child, no father comes to thee—
 He sleeps, unshrouded, in the dark blue sea;

No more thy mother shall build up the fire,
 To welcome home her husband, and thy sire;
 No more the mother, when the day is done,
 Shall long to look upon her gifted son;
 No more shall clasp him to her beating breast,
 And breathe a prayer that he may still be blest;
 Far from his mourning mother's arms he sleeps,
 Nor knows the friend who o'er his fate now weeps.
 How many a tear shall yet, alas! be shed,
 O'er the wide tomb that holds so many dead!
 Mysterious are thy ways, O God! yet just
 Thou art in all things—let us bow and trust.

The Wandering Minstrel.

On a sea-beaten rock that o'erhangs the dark billow,
 Where the winds and the waves beat enveloped in foam,
 He rests his lone head on the rough rugged pillow,
 And weeps for his kindred, his country, and home.

His sigh, with the sound of the wild surging ocean,
 Now mingles in murmurs and dies on the wind;
 And he bows his white knee, and bends down in devotion,
 While his dark rolling ringlets float wildly behind.

Now the mem'ry of country, of home, and of childhood,
 Arises before him all lovely and fair,
 He seems to behold his loved cottage and wild-wood,
 Then starts from his dream and awakes to despair.

O never, no never, he cries in his sadness,
 Shall I again tread on the threshold of home;
 Or press my fond friends to my bosom with gladness,
 Or thro' the wild woodland in happiness roam.

Far, far from the scenes of my childhood I wander,
 Far, far from the blest and the beautiful shore;
 An exile alone in my sorrow I ponder,
 And weep for the home I shall visit no more.

My harp is unstrung and it hangs on the willow,
 The winds through its wires wake a sorrowful strain,
 When borne to my ear by the breeze of the billow,
 Despair and distraction then fire my brain.

Farewell to my country, my cottage, and wild-wood,
 In a far foreign land still unfriended I roam;
 Adieu to my friends and affections of childhood,
 A long last adieu to my country and home.

The Son of the Sea.

Son of the sea, I love to trace
 Thy path upon the wave;
 And view o'er ocean's silv'ry face,
 The sounding surges rave:
 And when the whirlwinds rend the air,
 And lightnings lave the lea,
 I think of what thy ship must share,
 Son of the stormy sea.

I've seen the sun sink to his grave,
 In ocean's rolling deep;
 The stars fall in the western wave,
 Where hapless heroes sleep:
 I've seen in ocean's foamy flood,
 The dark moon sink o'er thee;
 But thy sun must go down in blood,
 Son of the sounding sea.

I love to view thy beauteous bark,
 Bound to a foreign clime,
 When like the light wing of the lark,
 She skims the surge sublime;
 How like the soul by time's tide borne,
 To dread eternity,
 Art thou when from thy own shore torn,
 Son of the rolling sea.

And O how like the cheating chain,
 That binds life to man's heart,
 Is that one plank which from the main,
 Thy thoughtless form doth part;
 Pierce but that plank, and in the deep,
 On beds so billowy,
 Thy bones must bleach in endless sleep,
 Son of the stormy sea.

The Curiosities of Science.

NO. I.



O the mind that delights in the wonderful, the strange, the romantic, there is no greater resource than may be found in the fields of science—in the operations of nature, that are going on every day around us. But what we see every day, does not excite our curiosity until we inquire into the causes, and then we are astonished to find that we do not understand them. If we had never seen the sun rise, until to-day, what a wonder and astonishment it would excite in the minds of the people! And if I were to ask the cause of the simplest operations of nature, that we see every day, how few, even among the more sensible people, would be able to answer? so little do we inquire into cause and effect. For example—we every day blow the fire with a pair of bellows to make it burn, and we know it does so; but if the question were asked, “why does the fire burn, when I blow it with the bellows?” how few, even of sensible people, who think they know much, would be able to answer; perhaps not more than one in ten. And if the question were asked, of what the atmosphere we breathe is composed, they could not reply.

There are many curiosities connected with the air we breathe and its effects. Common air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen gasses, in the proportion of seventy-nine parts of nitrogen and twenty-one of oxygen. The exhilarating gas, which is breathed sometimes for amusement, and which causes persons to “cut such fantastic tricks,” is composed of sixty-three parts of nitrogen and thirty-seven of oxygen, by weight. Here is a proof of design; a proof of a Superior Power, and shows the wisdom of that Superior Power. Were the proportions of the atmosphere reversed, were the greater part of oxygen instead of nitrogen, the exhilarat-

ing effect would be so great, that man and all the animals on the globe, that breathe the air, would instantly go mad and destroy one another. This is proven by the exhilarating gas, which is composed of the same gasses as the atmosphere, only in different proportions. Life and flame both equally depend on oxygen for support, and it is by keeping a constant stream of oxygen directed on the fire, that causes it to burn more briskly when blown with bellows or the mouth. The oxygen of the air instantly takes fire in coming in contact with the burning wood.

It has been proven by experiment, that life and flame equally depend on oxygen for support. A philosopher placed a dog and a candle in a brick oven, made air-tight, having a glass window through which he could look, and he found that as the dog breathed and the candle burnt the portion of oxygen that was contained in the air shut up in the oven, the dog and the candle became weaker and weaker, until they both expired at the same time. Oxygen is one of the most inflammable, as well as useful agents in nature, being engaged in many of her operations.

Carbonic acid gas, or fixed air, such as is found in wells, and is given off from burning coal, is equally as fatal to life, and hence, in this coal-burning age, people, who burn it in close rooms, should be very particular about going to bed when it is burning, as persons have lost their lives by the pipe becoming a little detached.

In regard to oxygen and carbonic acid gas, there is a beautiful reciprocity between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The leaves which are the lungs of trees and plants, breathe on one side, carbonic acid gas, which is thrown out from the lungs of animals; and they throw out, on the other side, oxygen which is breathed in by the lungs of animals. Hence it is healthy to have living trees and plants around you, and it is the grand cause why the country is so much more healthy than a city. When we enter a large garden in full bloom, we feel exhilarated; not alone because the eye is delighted, for a blind man could feel it; but because the flowers are constantly throwing out oxygen, which the lungs breathe. In this reciprocity between plants and animals, nature works good to both. That which is fatal to the one, she makes the life of the other. How strange, too, that by combination, she often makes two deadly poisons agreeable, harmless, and even necessary to man. Muriatic acid and soda, though poisonous when taken alone, form, when combined, our common table salt. How curious, also, is the fact, that some of the sub-

stances in nature, the most different in appearance, texture, color, weight, hardness, and indeed in every respect, are composed of the same material? Who, if he did not know, would suppose the diamond, raw cotton, and charcoal to be the same? Yet, they are all the same carbon. The only difference is, that the diamond is pure crystallized carbon, while raw cotton and charcoal are mixed with earth. The diamond, when burnt, leaves no ashes; while the earthly parts of cotton and charcoal are left behind, after combustion. Powder is made of cotton, because it is the same as the charcoal, that usually forms one of the ingredients of gunpowder. And the carbon being in a more minute state of division in the cotton than in the charcoal, it is so much the more powerful.

Another of the curiosities of science is exhibited in the pressure of the air we breathe. Until the invention of the air-pump, mankind had no knowledge of its pressure, or why the cider rises through a long tube into the mouth, when one end is placed in the barrel and the other sucked. The air-pump proves, that the atmosphere presses on every thing, with a weight equal to nearly fifteen pounds to every square inch, consequently, if we calculate the number of square inches on the body of a man of ordinary size, we shall find that he sustains a pressure from the air equal to about thirty-two thousand pounds. Were it not for the elasticity of the flesh and the air within him, a pressure of thirty-two thousand pounds would crush him to an atom; but the force of the one, just counterbalances that of the other. Before the discovery of the air-pump, such operations as sucking cider through a tube, sucking the breast, &c., were explained by the word *suction*, which was a word without meaning, for, not knowing the cause, if you asked what is suction? the answer would have been, "it is suction." This is like the reasoning of some people; a thing is so, because it is so. If we fill a wine-glass with water, and, after placing a piece of paper on it large enough to cover the top and project a little, we turn it up, the pressure of the air against the paper will support the water. The glass and paper should be firmly pressed against the hand after being turned downward, so as to exclude all air before the hand is removed. The fly, in walking on the ceiling by forming a vacuum in its feet, is sustained by the pressure of the air. The child, when it sucks the breast, unconsciously, by instinct, performs a philosophical experiment, by forming a vacuum, or by withdrawing all air from the mouth, and the pressure of the air on the breast, forces the milk to fill up the space in his mouth.

But one of the greatest curiosities in science is that operation of the air by which all sound is produced. When we consider that sound, and all the enrapturing variety of music, is nothing more than little waves made in the air, such as are made in water when a pebble is dropped into it, one circular wave or undulation succeeding another, we are astonished. Really, there is no sound in nature, but these little waves or undulations, when they strike on the drum of the ear, create a sensation which is conveyed to the brain, by the auditory nerve, and which we call sound. When you strike a bell, the particles of the metal vibrate or quiver, as you may perceive by placing your hand on it, and that quivering is imparted to the air, which goes off in circular waves until it reaches the ear; precisely as the waves go off to the shore, when a pebble is dropped in the water. These waves of air travel at the rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet in a second, or about thirteen miles in a minute, in all directions. If, in their course, they strike against a smooth wall or rock, they rebound and fly back, and this we call an echo; for sound is reflected as well as light. It is by reflection from side to side of the trumpet, that the sound is so vastly increased. The air-pump has proved the fact, that where there is no air there is no sound. If a bell be placed under the receiver of an air-pump, and the air be pumped out, no sound falls on the ear, though you see the tongue strike the bell. In proportion as the air is admitted, the sound increases. Who would suppose that all the delightful harmony of music is mere illusion; that it is nothing more than this quivering in the air, which, in itself, can have no sound, independently of the ear? Thus, by the peculiar construction of the ear, man is made to enjoy that which really does not exist. This is a strong proof of the existence of a Superior Intelligence, who has so beautifully adapted every thing. The illusion of light is equally as great, for we suppose that we really see an object, when we only see the image formed on the back of the eye. This is proven by the reflecting telescope, in which a mirror stands between the eye and the object we look at. In this case we only see the image of the image of the object, yet the image is so like the object, that we believe we really see the object.

The atmospheric air, independently of its supporting life, is of more importance than, at first view, we would suppose. Not only is it necessary to sound, but to sight. Were there no atmosphere, admitting that we could live, there would be no sound. We might strike a bell or blow an instrument, but no music would be heard;

and, in like manner, were there no atmosphere, we could see nothing, only when placed in the sunbeams. By the aid of the atmosphere, every thing around us reflects light, and were there no atmosphere, we should be in pitch darkness, only when in the direct rays of the sun. Take, for example, a room, the walls of which are black, and white-wash it; you will find that it is far lighter than it was before, on account of the light being reflected from all sides.

Colors form the greatest illusion to which our senses are subject. We look at a leaf, and pronounce it green; and at another object, and pronounce it red; yet neither of them have any color. A body appears of this, that or the other color, according as they absorb and reflect the rays of light. There are but seven primitive colors in nature, as is proven by the prism, which dissects a ray of light; and there are but seven sounds. If we make other colors, it is by the mixture of those seven, and the notes of the piano are only a repetition of the seven sounds, the eighth or octave not being the same, more sharp or flat, as the first, and so of the rest. Some bodies will absorb all the rays but the red, which they reflect to the eye, and they appear to be red. Some will absorb all but the yellow and blue, and they appear green. If I look at my hat, it absorbs all the rays and appears black; for, as the presence of all the rays in proper proportions make white, so the absence of all constitutes black. This is not mere conjecture; it has been proven by experiment. Sir Isaac Newton painted the seven primitive colors on a wheel, as nearly in proportion as he could, and when he turned the wheel with great velocity, so as to blend them in the eye, the appearance was nearly white, and would have been perfectly so, could he have hit upon the exact proportions in which they appear when refracted by a prism. It is curious to talk of dissecting a ray of light, but the prism, which is nothing more than a triangular or three square piece of glass, does it more completely than a knife may dissect a dead body.

From what I have said, it appears that we do not see the object, but only the picture of it in the eye. That this picture is formed, may be proven, as follows: Take a beef's eye from the head; dissect off the sclerotic coat, or covering on the back part, just so as to expose the clear transparent humor, and then place a piece of oiled paper against the back part. By holding the front part of the eye to any object, you will see a picture of it, upside down, on the oiled paper. Hence it seems that we see every thing topsy-turvy or upside down, but judgment soon learns to correct this.

It also appears, from what has been said, that no object at which we look, has any color. It appears to have, because it reflects whatever color it appears to have, to the eye. This is hard to swallow, by the mind that is but little acquainted with science, but by reflecting on the subject, it is apparent. If a body has a color, removing that body from one place to another will not destroy that color. You have, no doubt, seen something shining in the sand with the colors of the rainbow, and when you went to it, you found it to be nothing but a piece of colorless glass. Where are the colors? It had them, you thought, but they are gone. The reason is, that at a certain angle with the eye, the piece of glass reflected the rainbow colors, which it would not do in any other direction. The rainbow is an example of the same. At a certain angle, the rays of the sun fall on the drops of water in the cloud, and they reflect certain colors to the eye; but so soon as the angle changes, the rainbow colors are gone. Now if the colors were in the drops of water, they would remain there. Some bodies, as my handkerchief, for example, are always reflecting the red ray, and consequently it always appears to be red. Altering the texture or nature of a body, will alter its color; because the change causes it to reflect another color. If you pound a piece of glass to powder, it has altogether a different appearance, as well as color, and instead of being transparent, becomes opaque. All the colors, instead of passing through it as before, are now reflected, and it becomes white. In bleaching a piece of yellow wax, the change it undergoes, from the chemical effects of air and light, causes it to reflect all the colors, instead of the yellow one, and it appears white.

The reason that we see through some bodies and not through others, is one of the curiosities of science. As we see only by means of the rays of light, wherever a ray goes the sight can follow. Light travels in straight lines from the sun to the earth, a distance of ninety-five millions of miles, in eight minutes and some seconds. It never travels in a curved or crooked line; for if it did, we could see through a bent gun-barrel. All bodies, the texture of which is such as to let it pass through in straight lines, we can see through, such as glass. But those bodies, the particles of which are disposed in crooked lines, we cannot see through, because the rays of light cannot enter them.

There are so many curiosities in science, that I know not which to select. In motion, there are some things which appear very strange to the mind. As, for example, the fact that velocity is

equivalent to both weight and hardness. If a body weighing one ton, move with twice the velocity of another weighing two tons, it will strike a bridge with the same force. If a soft body be moved with great velocity, it will have the properties of a hard one. To illustrate this: if you put an inch of candle into a musket, with a heavy charge of powder, it will go through a plank, as a leaden ball would. A leaden ball, with a heavy charge, will go through a broad-axe. This seems strange, but it is true, and I will make it more plain that velocity makes up for the want of hardness. If you take a piece of molasses candy, or shoe-maker's wax, and press gently on it, it will yield or bend any way, but if you give it a sudden jerk, it snaps like a pipe-stem. A piece of wax that is quite soft in your hand, if thrown with all your strength against the wall, will fly into pieces. I remember to have seen an account, some years ago, of a machinist in New England, who wished to cut a saw-blade in two, without taking the temper out, and having some knowledge of the effect of velocity, he cut a round piece from a stove-pipe, which he unrolled, and placed it in a lathe that went with great velocity. To his astonishment, when he presented the saw-blade to it, a roll of fire encircled it, while it went through the saw-blade as if it had been cheese. It is, no doubt, the velocity with which lightning flies, that gives it such immense power in rending trees. But, from my own experiments, I know that a man might as well be shot with a piece of candle as with a leaden bullet, in regard to the fatality.

It is strange, that when a man is moving on a car or vessel, that his motion continues after he has once received it, whether he touches the moving body or not. When a car is running with great velocity, we would suppose, that if a man were to jump up; that the car would run from under him; but this is not the case; for, if he were standing within one foot of the edge of the hind part of the car, and it were possible for him to jump twenty or a hundred feet high, his motion received from the car would continue, and he would come down on the very spot from which he jumped. I have amused myself, when sailing upon the Delaware Bay, by going up to the mast-head and holding out a ball, which fell on the deck just as far from the mast as I held it when I let it fall. When we have received the motion of a car, or any thing else, we cannot divest ourselves of it, which fact I will illustrate more plainly to the reader's mind: When a horse runs away, and is suddenly stopped by falling, his rider, having received his motion, continues it, and pitches some distance over the horse's

head. This is exemplified when a man is standing in a boat, which suddenly strikes the wharf: the motion of the man continues, and he is thrown on the wharf.

But, perhaps, there are nō curiosities in Optics, Pneumatics, Acoustics, or Mechanics, greater than those in Hydraulics and Hydrostatics. Some things relative to water strike the mind with wonder, among which is the fact, that a quantity of water, however small, may be made to counterbalance a quantity however large. A portion of water may be made to produce in one way, a power hundreds of times greater than in another. The force of water is in proportion to its height, for according to the height of a column of water, without any regard to the size of the column or the quantity, will be its pressure. This has been called the hydrostatic paradox. If a hogshead be filled with water, and a tube, not larger than a goose-quill, be inserted through the head of the hogshead, which tube shall rise as high as a house; if water be poured down that tube, it will, before it is full, burst the hogshead, and scatter the water with astonishing force. As I said before, the pressure is in proportion to the height of the column of water, without regard to the quantity. On this principle the hydraulic press has been made in which a small quantity of water exerts an immense power, which will bend bars of iron as if they were straws.

A body, that weighs many pounds in the air, may, if weighed in water, weigh nothing. A live fish, if weighed in water, weighs nothing. Weighing a body in water is called specific gravity, and was discovered by Archimedes. King Hiero of Syracuse, had a golden crown made, and, though he believed that the goldsmith had cheated him, by mixing alloy with the gold, he knew of no means by which he could discover the truth. Archimedes weighed the crown in air, and then in water, by which means he found that the king had been cheated. All bodies of the same size, when put into water displace an equal quantity of water, the weight of which quantity will be taken off the weight of the body, when weighed in water; that is, a body will weigh just as much less, when weighed in water, than it does when weighed in air, as the quantity of water would weigh that the body displaces when it is put in the water. Suppose I weigh a square inch of gold and a square inch of brass in water; they will both displace the same quantity of water, and we will suppose the square inch of water to weigh one ounce, which is to be taken from the weight of each of the metals when weighed in water. Now if the gold weighed eighteen ounces in air, and the brass twelve, the brass, in being

weighed in water, will have lost one-twelfth of its weight, while the gold will have lost only the eighteenth of its weight. Thus the shrewd mind of Archimedes was too fast for the goldsmith. He weighed the crown in air, and then took an equal weight of pure gold. When he weighed them both in water, he found that the crown was not near as heavy as the pure gold, because it had lost a greater proportion of its weight, on account of the alloy in it. By this means he found that much alloy was in the crown. It was proven so positively, that the poor goldsmith could not deny it

Many persons suppose quicksilver to be the heaviest of metals; but gold is far heavier, and platina is heavier than gold. There is a mixture of three metals, I think it is lead, bismuth, and tin, which will melt at a less temperature than boiling water, and spoons that are made of it, will melt when put into a cup of tea, though any of the metals require two or three times the heat to melt them. If a piece of glass be melted, and let fall into cold water, it forms a small globe, with a little drop at one end. If that small end be knocked off, or any portion of it be made rough with a file, in a few minutes it will explode with the sound of a musket, and fall into an impalpable powder. It is called Prince Rupert's drop, and the effect, I have no doubt, is produced by electricity, that wonderful magic agent of nature.

I had intended to speak of the wonders of the sciences of astronomy, of electricity, galvanism, magnetism, &c., but my limits will not permit, and, therefore, I shall only glance at those which offer themselves to my mind. When we think of the amazing extent of the universe, and the immense distances of those globes that twinkle on our eyes, our minds are filled with wonder at the sublimity of that power who created them, and set them in motion. Not more than a thousand stars can be seen by the eye at a time, on the clearest night, but the telescope has brought millions into view. It has been computed, that the nearest fixed star is twenty billions of miles from the earth, at the least, and that a ball traveling at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, would require four millions five hundred thousand years to come from one of them to the earth. It would require even light, which comes to us from the sun in little more than eight minutes, three years to traverse the distance. That the fixed stars are immensely distant, is proven by the fact, that though Dr. Hershell looked at them through his great telescope magnifying six thousand times, they appeared no larger than to the naked eye. By the same magnifying power on

the moon, which is only two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth, he could plainly see her mountains. That the fixed stars must be immensely large, and shine by their own light, is proven by the fact, that no body, shining by reflected light, could be seen at the distance they are.

When we consider that every one of the fixed stars is a sun, like ours, around which other systems of planets revolve, we are lost in astonishment at the Power that created them.

The moon is to us the most interesting body in the heavens, the sun excepted, because, being the nearest, it appears the largest. That the moon and all the satellites, as well as the primary planets, are inhabited by some kind of beings, there is not a shadow of a doubt; for we cannot with reason suppose that all those immense bodies were made to shine merely as specks on this globe, when one of them, Jupiter, alone is twelve hundred times as large as the earth.

The observations made on the moon, since the improvement of the telescope, go to prove that she is inhabited. She constantly attends the earth in her revolution round the sun; but, unlike the earth, she only revolves on her axis once during her circuit round the earth; consequently, one day and night to the people on the moon, is equal to twenty-nine and a half of our days. Owing to her revolving just once on her axis while going round the earth, but one side of her is seen by us. The diameter of the moon is only two thousand one hundred and eighty miles, while that of the earth is between seven and eight thousand.

I will here make a digression, for the purpose of speaking of one circumstance which is understood by few persons, namely, why the calendar had to be altered from old style to new style; and why we have what is called *Leap Year*. The reason is this. The time that the earth requires to go round the sun, we call a year.—Well, the earth is three hundred and sixty-five days five hours and forty-nine minutes in going round the sun. Now, if the time were exact, there would be no difficulty; but as there are five hours and eleven minutes odd time, that time was lost, and in the course of centuries it amounted to a considerable period. This odd time was added, when the new style was made. In the course of time the style will have to be altered again, and instead of setting it forward, as before, it will have to be set back, because, in making the leap year, we now calculate that the earth is three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours in going round the sun, and as that six hours in every four years amount to one day, which

day, as February is the shortest month, we add to that month, every four years. But the reader will perceive that we are gaining a little time now, as the odd five hours and forty-nine minutes, in the earth's revolution, lack eleven minutes of being six hours; but, as the time of the earth's revolution is so uneven, it is calculated as well as it can be. In about three hundred years we shall be about one month too fast, and the world will have to be set back a little. However, we shall have no hand in the matter at that time, for we shall have "gone away."

But to return to the moon. The earth shines to the people of the moon, with a disk, or face, thirteen times as large as that of the moon is to us. It must be a pleasant jaunt to the people on the side of the moon always turned from us, to come round and take a peep at our earth, which is the most splendid object in the heavens to them. The scenery of the moon is very sublime, the mountains being from a furlong to five miles in height. Dr. Herschell, from observation, was satisfied that there is fire in the moon, as well as tremendous volcanoes. As yet no seas or bodies of water have been discovered on the moon, and though Shroeter declares she has an atmosphere, there has been discovered no evidence of snow, rain or clouds.

I have no doubt, when the telescope shall have vastly increased in power, by perhaps the union of the microscopic powers with it, that the inhabitants of the moon will be brought into view, and that great question settled; but alas, we shall not be here to see the apes and man-bats of the moon.

There is another great curiosity in science I desire to mention; but I am admonished that I have already overrun my limits. If the curiosities of science are well received by my readers, and they desire other dishes served up to them of still greater and more original curiosities of science, I shall occasionally give them a taste of the wonders of electricity, galvanism, and electro-magnetism, with some perfectly original ideas on electricity as the grand agent of life, heat, motion, &c.

No. II.

BEHOLD great Franklin, to whom pow'r is giv'n,
 To wield the dreadful thunderbolt of Heaven !
 Like the immortal Jove, he dares to rise,
 And seize the lightning leaping through the skies ;
 Harmless he holds in frailest bonds a pow'r,
 That shakes the globe in tempest's awful hour ;
 In silken chains, he leads along his path
 That mighty pow'r that rends the oak in wrath.
 And see bold Morse—far swifter than the wind—
 Bids it roll on the chariot of the mind ;
 No more are time and space on Nature's chart,—
 Man speaka to man, a thousand miles apart.



IN my last essay it was stated, that Oxygen is one of the most combustible gasses in Nature. By what means the error occurred, I know not; but it is well known that oxygen instead of being one of the most combustible, is a great supporter of combustion, as may be seen when any thing is burnt in it; as for instance, a piece of iron wire. A small iron wire will burn in the flame of a candle, but when it is burnt in a jar of oxygen, or a stream of oxygen is directed upon it, it burns with far greater brilliance. One of the greatest degrees of heat that can be produced, is by a stream of oxygen and hydrogen gasses. Another by concave mirrors. Another by electricity.

But my principal object in this essay, is to speak of electricity; and to give my own ideas concerning it. Electricity is not only one of the most curious, most wonderful agents of nature, but, in my humble opinion, it is the great, the grand agent, by which her wonderful works are carried on, or, I should say, her operations. The word Nature, which I use, the reader may read God; for I use it as a mere symbol or synonym of that glorious Being, whose power and glory are every where visible, whether I see them in a plant or in a planet, in a worm or in a world. I see evidences of his wonderful workmanship in the brilliant rainbow, and the beautiful butterfly and flower—I see his glory in the beams of the sun, and hear his voice in the roar of the artillery of Heaven.

It is my opinion, and the reader may take it for what it is worth, that electricity will yet be discovered to be the grand agent of nature, by which heat, light, motion, and life itself, are produced. Without some degree of heat there can be no motion; and without heat, there can be no light; and without heat and motion, there can be no life. I am aware that, according to a newly received doctrine in philosophy, some of the rays of the sun are

said to be rays of heat alone, and others of light alone; but I do not believe a word of it.

Well, if, according to the assertion I have made, light, motion and life, are dependent upon heat, in what direction are we to search for the origin of heat? Electricity is the cause of heat, light, motion, life; and life is the offspring of heat, and motion, for whatever has in it neither heat nor motion, has no life. I speak not of latent heat.

Combustion is but little understood by philosophers, high as are their pretensions of having searched into the secret. That fire, or wood, or coal, or other matter in a state of combustion, is an electrical action, I have not the shadow of a doubt; and I have as little doubt that, when the science of electricity shall have become as thoroughly explored as some other sciences have been, it will be discovered to be the cause of combustion, or of the burning of a piece of wood, as well as of the chemical decomposition of substances, and numerous other operations.

Galvanism is generally treated as a separate science from that of electricity; but they are identically the same, differing not so much in the phenomena they produce, as in the modes by which they are brought into action. The mode of producing electricity, is more mechanical and less chemical than that by which galvanism is produced; but galvanism is nothing more or less than electricity. But, says one, they appear in many respects different. Granted. But how different do many other things in nature appear? How different does combustion appear, when different bodies are being decomposed. And how different does light appear, particularly in the direct and reflected rays of the sun? The chemical decomposition of metals is caused by electricity, as the decomposition of wood is in combustion; and in the former, it shows itself in the character of galvanism. In the decomposition of zinc and copper, it reveals itself; but does not show itself in the decomposition of other metals so much, neither does it do so in the combustion of wood or coal; but nevertheless it is there, and it is the grand cause, producing at the same time, heat, light, motion; two of which are the constituents, and the other necessary to life.

Magnetism, or attraction, is evidently one of the attributes of electricity; for wherever electricity is, there also is the magnetic or attractive property or power to be found. From a parity of reasoning, then, it is my belief, that the planets, yea, all creation, is moved by electricity, and had I the time and the *tin* requisite, I

could construct a machine to exemplify the fact. In the first place, I would construct a large hollow globe of copper, to represent the sun in the centre, which should be charged positively and powerfully with electricity. Around that, at different distances, should be gutters of glass, or some other insulating matter, for metallic balls to roll in, but so constructed, that when the ball should be attracted, it could not fly to the large copper ball. Now it is well known that when a body is acted on by two opposite forces, and is at liberty to move, it will move in a direction between the two. A small ball, representing a planet, would be attracted by the large electrified ball in the centre, which would be the centripetal force; and being prevented, by the glass gutter, from flying in a straight line to the attracting ball, this prevention would represent the centrifugal force; and the ball would have no alternative, but to move round. In this way, different balls at different distances from the attracting ball, would evidently move with different velocities; the nearest one moving rapidly, while the most distant one would move slowly; precisely as the planets in our solar system are known to do.

But not only do I believe that the planets are moved by electricity, but that all motion on the earth is produced by it; though, in many cases, it may be so concealed, that we may not be able to detect its agency. What are animals, what is man himself, proud as he is of "a little brief authority," but electrical machines, which are constantly acting or being acted on? Man is the most complete electro-magnetic telegraph in the world. His nerves are the wires, and his brain is the office where the intelligence is received. If a pin pierce the toe, electrical action takes place, and the intelligence is instantly transmitted along the nerves, which are the wires, to the brain, which is the office; and there the mind, which is the officer of the telegraph, is informed that a pin has been stuck in the toe. So, when we feel any thing, the intelligence or sensation is carried by the nerves to the brain. When we look at a house or a tree, a picture is formed in the eye, which picture is the signal given, which conveys along the optic nerve to the brain, a description of the object looked at. In the first place, the rays of light, from the object to the eye, are the telegraphic wires which convey intelligence or a picture of the object to the eye, and then the optic nerve is the wire which carries the intelligence or a picture of the object to the principal office, the brain. So, when we hear a bell, the intelligence is conveyed to the grand office, the brain, by two connected telegraphs. When the bell is

struck and quivers or vibrates, that quivering or vibration is communicated to the air, which goes off in little waves to the ear, and these waves of the air are the wires which convey intelligence to the office in the ear, and from thence to the grand office, the brain, it is communicated along the wire, the auditory nerve. Man is a perfect telegraph, because a knowledge of the subject is not communicated by imperfect signs or symbols; but a perfect fac-simile is transmitted, as, for instance, in the eye; the image is so like the object, that it seems to be the object itself.

Now what but electricity could transmit intelligence from the toe to the brain in an instant? Electricity produces light and heat, and moves with the greatest velocity known. It produces sound, odor, taste, and, in short, all that constitute the five senses of man. That all solid bodies are held together, as well as thrown asunder, by electricity, I have not a doubt; for solid bodies may be diffused into vapor by passing electricity through them. To effect this, three strips of window-glass are necessary, three inches long and one wide. Two narrow strips of gold-leaf should be placed between them, so that the ends of the gold-leaf may project a little beyond the glass. Then pass a heavy charge, from a large Leyden jar, through the gold, brass or copper leaf, and the electricity will melt the leaf, and drive it into the surface of the glass. The metal is certainly vaporized; for the stain is found in the pores of the glass.

Dr. Priestly proved that electricity expands bodies. He passed a stream of the fluid through a thermometer tube, filled with mercury, and it was so much expanded, that the glass was broken.

From the effect that Galvanism has on the dead body, when bathed in warm water and rendered pliable, I have imbibed the idea that muscular motion is produced by electrical action. For a long time, Medical Societies offered premiums to any anatomist who should discover a passage in the nerves, through which, it was imagined, that the fluid of sensation passed, as water passes through a tube. But no fluid, save the electric, could be made to pass from the toe to the brain in the time required for the transmission of sensation. The action of Galvanic Electricity on the dead body is a terrific exhibition, and causes even those who have once seen it, to start with a shudder. The dead body is soaked in warm water, until the muscles and joints became pliable; incisions are made in those parts which it is desired to move, and the wires of a galvanic battery are brought in contact; by which means the dead man may be made to perform all the motions of

a living one, save those of rising on the feet and walking. I have seen one, lying on a table, made to rise up in a sitting posture; throw up his arms; open his eyes, mouth, and even "grin a ghastly smile." I have seen him made to turn his head; nod assent, and kick with considerable force. All this, to my mind, points to electricity as the cause of motion in the muscles of a living man. If sensation be conveyed to the brain through the nerves by means of electricity, and that it is so, I have not a doubt; is it not reasonable to believe that the muscles move by the same power? I have shown heat, motion, light, sound, taste, smell and attraction, all to be the properties of, or proceeding from, electricity.

If this hypothesis be admitted, animal magnetism is accounted for at once, or, at least, is rendered rational; for, if man be an electrical machine, or, in other words, if electricity be the prime mover of the muscles, it is plain that magnetism may be easily brought into action, inasmuch as the one is the property of the other.

Electricity and Magnetism, in time past, were considered, by philosophers, as two distinct or independent properties of powers; but in this age of scientific discovery, philosophers have learned the fact, that they are the same, or, in other words, that Magnetism is one of the attributes or properties of electricity, as elasticity is one of the properties of steel.

Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, as it is called, from Mesmer, the discoverer, is produced by friction; and so is electricity, as well as the property of magnetism in a metal. It is no more unreasonable that magnetism should be produced by friction on the flesh, than it should be by friction on metal. The blacksmith, when drilling the tire of a cart-wheel, produces magnetism, by the friction of the drill, and this is perceived in the particles of the metal clinging to each other. If an iron poker, which has been long used in the fire, be placed in the magnetic perpendicular between the knees, that is a little inclined from the real perpendicular, and the blade of a penknife be rubbed upwards repeatedly against it, on both sides, the blade, in a few minutes, will acquire the magnetic property sufficient to raise a needle or other small pieces of iron or steel. Any one can try this experiment to his own satisfaction; and is it not as reasonable to suppose that the friction of flesh will produce a somewhat similar magnetic effect? I do not vouch for all that is said of animal magnetism; but I do not doubt that magnetism may be produced as aforesaid.

Many persons suppose the sun to be a burning body, but it is not so. Light is one of the effects of electricity, and a dis-

tinguished philosopher has recently discovered that the violet rays of the Solar spectrum, that is, the violet rays produced when light is refracted by a prism, when condensed by a convexed glass, and caused to pass along a piece of steel, will communicate to it the magnetic power.

I consider, then, that the rays of light, in passing from the great fountain of electricity, the sun, produce, by their friction in passing through the atmosphere, another property of electricity, called caloric or heat. I consider the sun as a vast electrical body, and, as has been observed, electricity has the power of producing light, heat, motion. All these may be seen in action, in discharging the electricity contained in a Leyden jar. It is by its inconceivable velocity, that it rends to atoms the mighty monarch of the mountain, the oak; for, as observed in my last essay, velocity makes up for the want of weight, hardness and force. If a body weighing ten pounds, move with twice the velocity of another weighing twenty pounds, it will have an equal force.

Electricity is made apparent by friction or by rubbing a body; and so is fire or combustion. When a cylinder of glass is turned against a pad, electricity is produced, and with it comes light, heat and motion. Heat may be apparent without light, and so may motion; but when they are all apparent, electricity is apparent; hence it seems that they are the different properties of electricity, and if that be true, electricity is the cause of the motion of the planets, and of the muscles of man, yea, of life itself; for life cannot be, without heat and motion.

I have no doubt, as I have before observed, that electricity will yet be discovered to be the grand cause of all the phenomena or operations of nature. That it is the cause of weight, in bodies, appears from the fact, that weight is nothing more or less than the force by which a body is attracted to the centre of the earth, and philosophers are all now satisfied that magnetism or attraction is one of the properties of electricity, instead of being an independent power, as it was believed to be in time past.

On the same principle, it must be the cause of chemical attraction or the attraction of cohesion: that power by which the particles of a body are held together. Though the term "attraction of cohesion" is used, in contradistinction to that of attraction of gravitation, for the sake of perspicuity, yet they are the same; they are resolvable into the same magnetism or attraction; they are the one property of electricity.

All bodies in the universe, that we know any thing of, have in them a greater or less share of electricity; and it is by this unequal distribution that the phenomena of nature are produced. If a body has only its usual share, no sensible effects are produced; but when it becomes possessed of more or less than its usual share, certain phenomena take place; light, heat, motion, sound, odor and attraction or repulsion. There are said to be two kinds of electricity, the positive and the negative; but they are only different modifications of the same general principle.

The velocity of electricity is beyond comprehension. Were ten thousand men electrified in a row, there could not be perceived any elapse of time between the leaping of the first and last man. From some experiments that have been made with the wire of the electro-magnetic telegraph, it appears that in a distance of forty miles, no perceptible elapse of time could be observed between the giving and the reception of the signal.

The term electro-magnetic telegraph is superfluous; for, as I have shown, magnetism is none other than one of the attributes of electricity; therefore, the term electric telegraph would be amply adequate to express the idea.

So vast a heat may be produced by electricity, that not only gunpowder is set on fire, and charcoal is made to burn with a brilliant and beautiful white flame, but metals have been melted and set on fire; water decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen; diamond, charcoal and black-lead dispersed as if evaporated; platina, the heaviest and the hardest of all metals, has been melted like tallow in the fire; and quartz, sapphire, lime, magnesia, and some of the most firm bodies in nature, have been melted. The heat of electricity is tremendous.

That strange fluid, too, of the nature of which we yet know so little, operates in a thousand ways, every day, before our eyes, without our knowing the cause. It is the cause that porter has a more agreeable taste when drunk out of a pewter mug, than from a glass vessel. It is the cause that a silver spoon is discolored, when used in eating eggs; it is the cause that a limb will be convulsed under the knife of the surgeon, in amputation; it is the cause that a glass tumbler, that has been cooled suddenly in making, will break, if you drop a small piece of flint into it, and hence the reason that all glass vessels must be annealed or softened before they are used; it is the cause why pure mercury is oxydized when amalgamated with tin; it is the cause why vessels of metal, which are soldered, so soon tarnish where they are joined together;

and it is the cause why the copper on the bottom of ships, when put on with iron nails, so soon corrodes at the places of contact. The reason that electricity has these effects is, that a galvanic circle is formed, as in the Galvanic Battery.

In speaking of electricity, Mr. Dick says, "we have reason to believe, that, in combination with the discoveries which modern chemistry is daily unfolding, the agencies of this fluid will enable us to carry the arts forward towards perfection, and to trace the secret causes of some of the sublimest phenomena in nature."

When the great Franklin took hold of the science of electricity, and identified it with the lightnings of Heaven, very little was known concerning it. What must have been his feelings, when he tried the experiment of drawing down the lightning, and found that he had succeeded? He took the first idea of doing so, from seeing a boy flying a kite. And how simple was the apparatus he made for drawing down the lightning of Heaven and proving that it was the same as electricity? It was nothing more than a large silk handkerchief fastened over two cross sticks. In June, 1752, he saw a cloud rising, and, with his kite, he took his way to a field, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, in which there was a shed, taking no one with him but his son, and communicating his intention to no one, well knowing the proneness of the world to laugh at one who makes an unsuccessful experiment, as a dreamer.

He raised the kite; fastened a key to the lower end of the hempen cord; and, having insulated it by fastening it to a post by means of a silk string, he stood under the shed and calmly awaited the result. For some time he could see no evidence of electricity. A cloud, which he supposed to be charged with the fluid, had passed over, and yet his kite showed no signs of electricity. After a while, however, at the moment when he was despairing, and thinking of giving the matter up and going home, he saw the loose particles of the hempen cord, rise and stand out, as they will repel each other when charged with electricity. The next moment he presented his knuckle to the key, and, to his great joy, drew forth the spark, his hopes were realized; the discovery was made, and the fact was proven, that electricity and lightning are the same. He declared, afterwards, that his emotions were so great, at having made a discovery which would render his name illustrious, that he breathed a deep sigh, and felt as if he could have willingly died at that moment.

He afterwards brought down the lightning into his own house, and performed all the experiments that are usually performed with

the electrical machine. The above experiment led him to the plan of protecting buildings by means of lightning rods.

But his great discovery did not at first excite much attention in England; for it is said, that when a paper on the similarity of lightning and electricity was read before the Royal Society, the matter was ridiculed; but when the celebrated naturalist, Buffon, translated and published it in Paris, it caused astonishment throughout Europe. The Royal Society was thus compelled to pay Franklin the homage which they had enviously withheld; "and soon," says he, "they made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honor, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excused the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas, and ever since have given me their transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied with a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macklesfield, wherein I was highly honored."

I have thus detailed the experiment of that truly great man, Benjamin Franklin, for the purpose of noting the period at which we may say of electricity that it assumed the form of a science, for previous to that time, all the knowledge on the subject, consisted of disjointed fragments. Like steam, electricity is even now in its infancy. Like chemistry, more has been discovered in it during the last hundred years, than ever was known before. To Dr. Franklin we are indebted for the very form of a science it has assumed; for a knowledge of its two states, and its identity with lightning.

To reiterate what I have said, it is my opinion that the sun is the great fountain of electricity—the great galvanic battery which moves and maintains in their orbits all the planets which belong to our Solar System. The mighty influence of this magnificent galvanic battery is felt by the planets, not only collectively, but individually; and not only by the whole body of each and every planet; but by every particle, however small, that enters into the composition of a planet. Mr. Naff, the auctioneer of this city, when speaking to me of a vacuum, the other day, observed that a vacuum could not be produced without the presence of heat in some way; and so I may say of electricity and its effects. It pervades all bodies, more or less, and acts upon all, in some manner. Motion has its origin in the unequal distribution of electricity. If it suddenly pass from a body, that has more

than its share, into one that has less, motion is produced, and also, light, heat, sound, odor, &c.

I have said that every particle of every planet is operated on by the electricity coming from the galvanic battery, the sun; yea, it is the case throughout all created bodies, which are scattered through the illimitable regions of space. And not only does that electricity operate from the sun on the planets; but, by reflection, from the planets on one another reciprocally, and so nice is this mutual action and reaction, that not a pebble can be moved on the sea-shore, nay, not a flower, or even a feather, can be moved from the spot it occupies, without the effect being felt by every planet, however distant, in the solar system. True, the effect is infinitesimal; yet, nevertheless, it is felt: and now, when I move this paper on my desk, the effect is felt by Jupiter, Saturn, Herschell, and, all the planets. This may seem strange, but it is so; and he who is accustomed to experiment with electricity, and to witness its wonderful operations, so inconceivably powerful and rapid, will not be at a loss to perceive how it may operate thus.

In these modern times of improvement and discovery, when scientific instruments have been brought almost to perfection, it has been discovered, to a nicety, as well as certainty, that this mutual action and reaction of the planets on one another does take place. It is no longer a matter of conjecture or of doubt, but of certainty, that the planets are not only acted upon by the sun, but that they act upon one another: and if the whole body of the planet Venus, Mars, or Mercury, has an influence on the motion of our earth, then it follows, *a priori*, that a part must have a corresponding effect. Therefore a pebble removed from its place on our globe, must, in a degree, affect not only the whole planet Venus or Mars, but every planet that belongs to our system.

Owing to my want of tools, I am unable to illustrate the subjects of these essays with diagrams. If I had a little room for a work shop, I would make engravings, by which I could elucidate and illustrate, much better, the subject of science, of which I write.

In the present improved state of scientific instruments, it has been observed, that the planets, in their course round the sun, do not describe an exact circle, oval or elliptic course; but move in and out of the direct oval line. For the want of a diagram, I fear that it will be difficult to convey to the reader's mind a lucid idea of what I mean; but I will endeavor to elucidate it by a vulgar similitude. Suppose you describe upon the floor, with a pair of compasses or dividers ten feet long, a large oval line, meeting at

he ends, and you place a drunken man on it to walk round. He will inevitably go in and out of the line, in a zig-zag direction; and it is in such a zig-zag direction that the planets move, which variable or irregular motion is caused by the action of the other planets on one of their number.

The action of the planets on one another, was long since known; for Dr. Halley, in calculating the time of the appearance of the great comet in 1680, was under the necessity of calculating the effect which Jupiter would have on it, and of allowing so much time for the retarding influence of that planet.

But I am warned that I am approaching the limits assigned me, and must conclude. I am compelled to write in haste, and many errors will inevitably occur, which the reader must correct. I have here given my own notions concerning our solar system, and religiously believe that electricity is the grand moving cause of all things. That is, it is the great agent of God, in giving light, life, motion; and that, in our system, the sun is our grand galvanic battery, which operates on all. Knowing what little we do of the nature of electricity, we can readily see that there is no agent, which in the hand of God, could so readily and rapidly obey his mighty command.

A Poet's Garret.

How pleasant 'tis to be a poet,
 Especially if you don't know it;
 To rhyme on sentimental themes,
 And analyze a lover's dreams.
 The ladies, when they chance to meet
 The ragged rhymers in the street,
 Will turn and cry out—"Did you know it?
 There goes the sentimental poet."
 "Law! Ma, set joking now apart,
 He never wrote the *Broken Heart!*
 That's not the celebrated Uzzard;
 He looks more like a turkey-buzzard."
 "That is the man," returns Mamma,
 "If you don't think so, ask your Pa;
 You must not judge men by their looks,
 No more than you would birds or books;
 The sweetest birds that grace the heathers,
 Are seldom clothed in flashy feathers;

Men that the greatest talents bless,
 Are rarely fond of dandy dress;
 You always find that men of sense,
 To pomp and pride have no pretence;
 They stand upon their merit given,
 Not by the tailor, but by heaven;
 The purse-proud fool may boast his gains,
 The booby, with an ounce of brains,
 May dash with curricule and cash,
 And to his ponies lend the lash;
 The gaudy coxcomb, in your gaze,
 In borrowed plumes, may brightly blaze,
 But still throughout the word you'll find,
 That man is measured by the mind.
 Of poets never judge, or scholars,
 By absence of fine dress or dollars."
 You're right, Mamma, I said, I know it—
 I'll introduce you to the poet;
 This Uzzard is my worthy friend;
 To Broomstick street our steps we'll bend;
 I'm sure we there will cage the parrot;
 I'll lead you, ladies, to his garret.
 Up a dark, dirty stairway, long,
 We went to see the son of song;
 And there he was like some big bug,
 Laid out upon a ragged rug;
 As independent as a sawyer,
 And with a tongue like any lawyer;
 He seemed enraptured with his life,
 And only wished he had a wife,
 To write off manuscripts, and mend
 His old clothes, given by a friend;
 Upon that rug, spread on the floor,
 He'd taken many a hearty snore;
 And wished, as oft that rug he spread,
 That all men had as good a bed;
 One meal a day alone he bore,
 The reason was he had no more;
 His hat was made in eighteen thirty,
 His ragged pantaloons were dirty;
 His waistcoat, of all colors made,
 Was hung up for a window shade.
 His coat at first was made of green,
 In eighteen hundred and seventeen, }
 But now 'twas hard to tell, I ween,
 Which was the color, or the nap,
 'Twas like a many colored map;
 One shirt was all the poet shed,
 And when 'twas washed he went to bed:
 For stockings he ne'er spent a penny,
 The reason was, he hadn't any;

His bursted boots had ne'er been blacked;
 A three leg'd stool, a tumbler cracked,
 A broken pitcher and a pail,
 A one-eyed cat without a tail,
 A corn-cob pipe, an old horn spoon,
 A jackleg knife and tin spittoon,
 Composed his all that I could scan,
 And yet he was a happy man!
 "Well," said Mamma, "I think you lead
 A pleasant life." "I do, indeed—
 I've always led a genteel life,
 And had I now a handsome wife,
 To love me and be my physician,
 There's nought could better my condition."
 "In fame," said Miss, "there must be bliss,
 To make a man endure all this."
 "That's not the cause," replied Mamma,
 "If you don't think so, ask your Pa;
 Contentment is the cause—we find
 True happiness dwells in the mind."
 Ladies, said I, you've heard the parrot,
 And you have seen a poet's garret.

Fancy.

FAIR fancy dwells
 In sylvan cells,
 Where mountain monarchs grow;
 And wild winds rave
 O'er the dark blue wave,
 And the crystal cascades flow.

And in those cells
 On silver bells,
 She rings her revelry;
 And oft with fire,
 On the Lydian lyre,
 She wakens her minstrelsy.

In golden groves,
 With laughing loves,
 On silver slippers she
 In silence strays,
 At the rocks to gaze,
 And surge of the sounding sea.

On her fair cheek,
 Love's lilies meek,
 And pink peach blossoms bloom;
 There love's bright brush
 Gives the beauteous blush,
 And care finds a flowery tomb.

Her crowded crown
 Rolls curling down
 On her white breast below,
 Like grapes of gold,
 In a cluster rolled,
 On beds of the softest snow.

When morning breaks
 O'er lucid lakes,
 Along the surf she strays,
 And loves her shade
 In the deep displayed,
 As over she bends to gaze.

In Echo's caves,
 Where dashing waves
 Foam o'er the ragged rocks,
 She tears her hair
 In the lightning's glare,
 And the thunder's roaring mocks.

The Post Office.

THE SPECTATOR IS STANDING AT THE LITTLE WINDOW.

A DASHING damsel, in rich robes arrayed,
 At the window her blooming face displayed,
 "A letter, sir?" "What name?" said Mr. Boon,
 "Miss Julia Jackson Johnson Clay Calhoun."
 "There's none, fair Miss,"—the words were scarcely spoken,
 Ere she cried out, "Oh! me! my heart is broken;
 My lover borrowed all the cash I had,
 He's run away—wont write—and I'll go mad."
 Stand by, ye boys, and let the lady pass,
 Her heart breaks easier than her looking-glass.
 Then Cuffee came, a dingy dandy bright,
 With lips an inch thick, and with eyes of white;
 "A letta, sah?" "What name?" is heard again,
 "From Massa Sambo to Miss Dinah Jane,

She want to hear from Noo Yawk, dat is all,
 De latest fashioned bustle for de ball."
 "There's none for you, clear out," the clerk replied;
 And then a merchant came, inquired and sighed,
 The letter stated that the man he trusted,
 Had sold his goods, gone off, and somewhere *busted*;
 Another one—the letters to him handed,
 His ship and cargo had been lost and stranded;
 His cheek is blanched, he strikes his panting breast,
 A ruin'd man—your fancy paints the rest.
 Up stepped a booby, right before his *betters*,
 "Sir, *Mr. What d'ye call him* wants his letters."
 "And who the mischief's he?" the clerk inquires,
 "I have forgot," he cries, and then retires.
 Then came a half-starved poet there to bicker,
 And in his head was running love and liquor;
 He tore the letter open, and, 'twas funny,
 He nearly fainted at thë sight of money;
 He hadn't seen a penny in a week,
 It cured his sore eyes, but he couldn't speak;
 He ran home to his garret and his *junk*—
 The rhyming rascal for a month was drunk;
 Just like a worm-fence did he walk, and stutter,
Hic jacet, was the next thing, in the gutter.

Now came an aged lady to that place;—
 A deep anxiety was in her face;
 She was a mother, oh! how dear that name?
 Dearer to me than all the feasts of fame.
 She was a mother—yes, she had a son,
 For whose dear sake her heart had been undone;
 He was a wild youth—always most beloved—
 And yet she knew not where her son had roved;
 He left her when a lad, with many tears;
 She had not seen him in six weary years.
 "This, Madam," said the clerk, "will soon reveal!"—
 She seized the letter—'twas a sable seal;
 She gasped for breath, then tore the seal apart,
 While sorrow preyed upon a parent's heart:
 I saw the tear that eloquently speaks,
 Steal silently adown her aged cheeks;
 Her bosom heaved, as she the letter read,
 For oh! her son, her much loved son, was dead!
 Far in a foreign land her hope, her pride,
 Within a stranger's arms, had drooped and died;
 No mother's hand his dying couch had spread,
 No mother's form was seen around his bed;
 There is no bosom like a mother's known,
 There is no solace like her sweet soft tone;
 There is no place, where'er our feet may roam,
 Where we can die so calmly as at home.

When Death's dread angel shall his dark wings wave,
 And I am sinking to the sombre grave,
 'Twill silence all affliction's fierce alarms,
 To breathe my life out in my mother's arms;
 There let me suffer, let my last sigh there,
 Be breathed to heaven, and her in silent prayer;
 Let one fair hand, whose heart once broke its vow,
 Bind faded garlands round my pale cold brow:
 Oh! let one form, beloved thro' lingering years,
 Bend o'er my tomb and shed affliction's tears.

Winter's Coming.

WINTER's coming! Winter's coming!
 Howling o'er the hills in wrath;
 Buds and blossoms now are blooming,
 Soon to perish in his path.
 See the Storm-King now advances,
 Whirlwinds wheel his crystal car;
 Hark! the tempest round him dances
 Down the dark'ning sky afar.

Winter's coming! Winter's coming!
 See a hundred hills are white;
 Flow'rets are no longer blooming,
 Groves no longer glad the sight.
 Summer's flying! Summer's flying!
 On her silver sandals, see
 Her footsteps, where her flowers are dying,
 And the leaves lie 'neath the tree.

Winter's roaring! Winter's roaring!
 Hear him thro' the forest groan!
 Stormy floods now fast are pouring,
 Wild winds round the building moan!
 Mark the sea-boy on the ocean,
 Riding o'er the sounding surge,
 Bend the knee in wild devotion,
 While the sea-gods sing his dirge.

Winter's coming! Winter's coming!
 Rouse the bright fire in the hall;
 Smiling beauty now is blooming,
 Blushing at the bridal ball.

Tho' are fading nature's flowers,
 On the bosom of the earth;
 Fairer flowers, blooming bowers,
 Beauty's bosom now gives birth.

Winter's coming! Winter's coming!
 But he soon shall pass away;
 Spring again, with flow'rets blooming,
 Soon shall grace the gardens gay:
 Thus the heart that pines in sorrow,
 In life's winter sinks and dies,
 But the spring that breaks to-morrow,
 Bids it live beyond the skies.

Go the Duellist.

Did you not hear the wail on Potomac's green shore,
 Where the weapons of death the proud warriors wore?
 'Twas the wail of the genius of freedom and fame,
 She grieves for the victims of error and shame:

How long shall she weep o'er the trophies of pride?
 How long shall false honor her wisdom deride?
 How long shall the heart of humanity bleed,
 O'er the sin and the shame of the horrible deed?

O! let not the groan of the duellist's grief
 Ever break on the slumber of Vernon's brave chief;
 Blow ye winds of the west to the murderous clime,
 Where Hoboken shall mingle her horrors of crime.

O'er the tomb of Decatur pale pity still weeps,
 And the wild willow waves where the warrior sleeps;
 To the tomb of sage Hamilton many repair,
 While Burr still remains but the ghost of despair.

But think not that sorrow shall weep for thy lot,
 Thou shalt die as a duellist—like him forgot;
 O'er thy grave shall the raven oft utter his scream,
 And the lightnings of heaven in terror shall gleam.

There the dirge of the duellist horror shall sing,
 And the vault with the wail of the widow shall ring;
 While the arm that offended shall moulder away,
 And the dust of the duellist mingle with clay.

When the blood of the brave for the nation is shed,
 Fame hallows his mem'ry and honors the dead;
 But the duellist's doom, tho' from death yet exempt,
 Shall be his friend's scorn, and his country's contempt.

Memory of Decatur.

FAIR Genius of Columbia weep,
 Where thy loved hero's ashes sleep;
 Plant on his tomb the lily fair,
 For virtue, valor, slumber there!
 O! let oblivion's vale now hide,
 One error of ungrateful pride;
 O! wash pollution's stain away,
 The mark of that inglorious day!
 Columbia shed thy grateful tear,
 O'er this loved son to freedom dear,
 Let not his deeds of conquest won,
 Be shrouded from that genial sun
 That beamed with radiance on his fame,
 And graced Decatur's glorious name.
 O! bid the tear of sorrow flow;
 The hero sleeps, the turf below!

When wildly blew the trump of war,
 Decatur on the flaming car
 Of carnage, sought the direful fight,
 And bravely claimed his country's right:
 Yea! valor mantled on his brow
 And victory gave her promised vow;
 Columbia smiled on freedom's son,
 For battles fought, for victory won.

Come, lovely maidens, strew your flowers,
 Plucked from the sweet Arcadian bowers;
 And chaunt your song of sorrow o'er,
 Your loved Decatur is no more!
 The death-bell rang its solemn knell,
 The hero fought, the hero fell;
 Yet still his name, to memory dear,
 Shall claim soft pity's falling tear.

The Revenge.

THE following lines were written on a tradition of an Indian's revenge for his murdered family.

THE Indian stood in stately pride,
 His eye-balls rolling wild and wide,
 And glaring on his prostrate foe,
 Writhing beneath the expected blow,
 His teeth were clenched, his nostrils wide,
 And ever and anon he cried,
 "My father, wife and children died
 By thee, thou cruel one;
 My cherished hopes of years are o'er,
 My friends are bleeding on the shore,
 Thy hands are reeking with their gore,
 And I am all undone.

"And shall they unavenged still sleep,
 And I still linger there to weep?
 Nay, nay, I swear by sea and land,
 The hour of vengeance is at hand;
 Thou'st robbed me of a father, wife,
 And children. What to me is life?
 A desert wild, a waste of years,
 A scene of trouble and of tears;
 My children, slain by thy white hand,
 Are waiting in yon distant land:
 I come, I come, with vengeance dread;
 White man, I go when thou art dead."

He said, and seized his foe,
 Rushing upon the rocky height,
 That overhung the abyss of night,
 Where high he held the quivering form,
 Above the cataract of storm,
 And sung the death-song wild and high,
 With yell that echoed through the sky,
 Then with him plunged below:
 And long, when they had disappeared,
 From echoing caves and rocks were heard,
 The shrill and solemn sounding word,
 "I come, I come."

Real Pleasure.

O WHERE is real pleasure found!
 Is it amid the giddy gay?
 Or is it in the midnight round,
 Where dissipation holds her sway?
 Or is it on the couch of ease,
 Where fairy phantom's fill the brain?
 Or is it in the crowd to please,
 Where tip-toe music leads the train?

Can halls of mirth impart the charm,
 So often sought, but sought in vain?
 Can friendship's touch of feeling warm,
 Or proffered hoards of shining gain?
 Can fame impearl the genial prize,
 Or diadems absorb the ray?
 Or does it flow from beauty's eyes?
 Or bloom in flowery fields of May?

Say, does it dwell in lonesome caves?
 Or mantle on the gloom of night?
 Or where the smiling Naiad laves,
 In rippling streams of silvery light?
 Can it be found where past'ral maids,
 Sweep gently o'er the dewy lawn?
 Or when the evening landscape fades?
 Or when Aurora gilds the dawn?

Ah no! Then does it grace the court,
 Where grandeur holds the reins of state?
 Does it attend a prince's sport?
 Or hoary king's proud breast elate?
 Ah! is it found within the field,
 Where valor strews, in death, the ground;
 Where shield to lance, and lance to shield,
 Oppose in fatal conflict round?

The charm cannot be found in these,
 It dwells not in a palace walls;
 Nor on the downy couch of ease,
 Nor 'neath the roof of mirthful halls;
 Nor is it in the flowery field,
 Nor hoards of gold, or battle's fray;
 It reeks not of the lance or shield;—
 It reeks not of the giddy gay.

The glorious charm resides in heaven,
 It emanates below the skies;
 From Siloa's fount, to man is given,
 The balm that wipes his anguished eyes!
 O this is real pleasure known
 Unto the heart that's born again;
 From heaven to man the vision's shown,
 'Twas felt when God's dear Son was slain.

Pride.

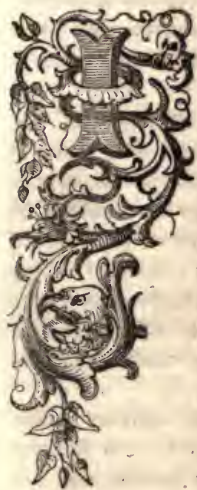
I WENT into the hall of mirth;
 Amid the great and gay,
 Where splendor that seemed not of earth,
 Illumed with radiant ray;
 And there amid the mirthful band,
 (None dare the mandate chide,)
 I saw a form that gave command,
 'Twas haughty, bloated PRIDE.

I went into the house of one
 Who scorned whate'er was gay,
 No mirrors there shone like the sun,
 In artificial day;
 His heart no grandeur ever knew,
 For splendor never sighed!
 But lo! to my astonished view,
 Up rose the demon PRIDE.

I went into the humble hut
 Where simple nature smiled,
 Whose lowly door was never shut,
 To fortune's wandering child;
 And there, tho' greatness never strayed,
 And wealth was never known,
 Yet there the sceptre too was swayed
 By PRIDE upon her throne.

I turned me from the scene and said,
 Sure pride possesses all;
 I've found her in the lowly shed,
 And in the lofty hall!
 "Ah, yes," in rags, a beggar cried,
 "I once was governed too,
 But kind religion killed my pride,
 I'm proud in telling you."

MANITOO,
The Indian Beauty of the Brandywine,
AND
WILD HARRY, OF WILMINGTON.



T was about the close of the seventeenth century, when the dawn of civilization was just beginning to break on the green and glorious shores of Delaware—when the adventurous feet of the Dutchman, Swede, and Englishman were pushing into the wild recesses of our forests, that this narrative of Indian life and love commences. The wild and rocky shores of the beautiful and romantic Brandywine then swarmed with the dusky forms of the children of the forest, and the terrible war-whoop and yell rung and reverberated along those rugged banks, where the beautiful forms of female elegance and refinement now wander. The Brandywine was then untouched by the gigantic hand of Art, and the busy wheel of industry was unheard amid those sublime solitudes of nature. No white sail of commerce was seen bending in beauty to the breeze, over the waveless waters in which the Indian hunter laved his manly limbs, and paddled his bark canoe. In those interminable forests that overshadowed the shores of the Brandywine, the wigwams of the savages were scattered here and there; and often as the moonlight slept upon the waters rippling over their rocky bed, did the dusky damsels of the forest meet their lovers among those rocks, which have long since been removed by the perseverance of the pale faces.

Here, in those beautiful solitudes and recesses, the Indians for ages had lived and loved and passed away at the call of the Great

Spirit; till the white man came, as the serpent entered the garden of Eden, sweeping from their eyes the mist that had enveloped them, and opening to them the wondrous light of knowledge and civilization. But the poor children of the forest imbibed his vices, not his virtues; and the curse of ardent spirits still rests upon that unfortunate race, the wrongs of which unfold a tale of ruin, melancholy to the heart of humanity.

Where are now the once powerful tribes that swarmed amid the forests of Delaware, and battled and bled on the banks of the Brandywine? They have dwindled away to a handful, and have wandered far away from the scenes where their council-fires blazed, and they met in the spirit stirring war-dance. The arm that was once powerful, is now paralyzed; for on the day that the keel of Lord de la War touched these shores, the grave of Indian glory was opened, and the knell of the race rung through these woods. The day of their mighty deeds is past, and no more shall their dusky forms glide among the embowered groves of the Brandywine.

But to the story. Manitoo, the beauty of the Brandywine, was a member of the Delaware Tribe. Her father had been killed in battle, and she became the adopted daughter of the proud, imperious chief, named Undine; who, in his youth, had been called the swiftest hunter and most daring warrior of the tribe.—Undine had *never* been known to return from battle without a score of scalps and other spoils of war; for terrible was the glance of his eye; and the sound of his voice, when heard amid the strife, was like that of the Storm King, when he roars amid the battling billows of the sea.

Manitoo was indeed beautiful. Lighter than the ordinary Indian complexion, she was the color of a Spanish brunette; her features were more of the Grecian than of the Asiatic mould, and her cheeks had not that prominence which we generally find in the faces of the aborigines. But it was her form that surpassed in elegance and grace those of all others of her tribe, and became the admiration of the young warriors, as well as the envy of her own sex. Though her eye was as dark and dazzling in its brilliance as the diamond of the first water when polished by the lapidary; yet there was even a superior charm in the dignity of her demeanor, and in the graceful outline of her figure; for she felt an inherent consciousness that she was superior, both in person and intellect, to the dingy maids around her. Her form, straight as the arrow of the mighty bow her reputed father had borne in battle, was as

graceful and symmetrical; and when she, stood alone upon a rock on the bank of the Brandywine, the long black tresses of her waving hair almost reaching the ground, she seemed like a fairy creature of enchantment; a Venus just risen from the sea; and when seen in moonlight, with one foot thrown forward and her beautifully chiseled lips apart, revealing small even teeth white as ivory, she might have been taken for a *chef d'ouvre* from the chisel of a Praxiteles, a Michael Angelo, or a Canova. It was her delight when the full round moon hung high in Heaven, to amuse herself by paddling down the rapid Brandywine in her fairy-formed bark canoe, that moved upon the swollen waters like some enchanted boat gliding through the transparent atmosphere between two skies, the one above and the other reflected from the pellucid waves. Her figure, a little above the middle stature, attired in her royal robe adorned with variegated beads; her head graced with a fanciful formed cap or bonnet, placed on one side, from which the long flowing white and purple feathers of a bird, now unknown in these forests, were suspended; and her small, exquisitely formed feet, encased in moccasins or slippers, embroidered with silk and beads of many colors—her figure, thus seen in the bow, gracefully guiding with a paddle her light canoe, was a subject worthy of the pencil of Apelles, or the sublime harp of Homer. On the moonlit rocks on each side of the Brandywine, sat in groups the young Indian maidens and warriors, listening to the wild song of love which she had been taught by the pale-faced Swedes, while the rich music of her melodious voice died away among the rocky defiles in the distance, like the tones of an Æolian harp over the bosom of a lucid lake. Thus did she swiftly glide along the wood-skirted shores where the axe of industry has since been, and the hand of enterprize and art has awakened the music of revolving wheels and resounding anvils. How changed indeed is now the scene? Gone for ever is every trace of the poor children of the forest, as if their footsteps had never been impressed on the flinty confines of that romantic stream—as if the keels of their airy canoes had never gracefully glided through those waters, or the war-whoop had never resounded in the woods. The irresistible tide of time has swept them away; the soil which they trod has become the possession of the sons of civilization, and they have reared their sumptuous dwellings where the wigwam once stood, and the mighty monarch of the mountain bowed his branches to the blast. Though the change has resulted as a blessing to a nobler, a more enlightened race; yet, when we survey

the melancholy ruins of a once numerous people and powerful empire, we cannot but mourn over the wrongs of that ill-fated race.

Harry, or Wild Harry of Wilmington, (then called Williamstown, if my memory serves me right,) was a descendant of a Swedish family, one of the members of which built the old Swedes church, which still lifts its venerable time-worn walls in the city of Wilmington; though it then stood a considerable distance from the town. Harry was surnamed the "Wild," on account of his roving, romantic, and daring spirit of adventure, and the love of every thing out of the common order of nature. He possessed a powerful athletic frame and an iron constitution, which were capable of enduring much hardship and fatigue; and his was a spirit that never quailed, a soul that shrunk not from danger or death. He was considered the handsomest, most active, and graceful man in Williamstown, or Wilmington; nor was his that baby-faced beauty which springs from beardless effeminacy; but he possessed those manly graces, those masculine charms, which never fail, when combined with mental attractions, to win the heart of confiding and discerning woman; for it is notorious that women more frequently appreciate men for their sterling qualities, than men do women. Women are not so often fascinated by the mere unmeaning charms of person, as men are; but are more pleased with the brilliant and enduring graces of the mind and manners. Mirabeau was considered the ugliest man in all France; yet he was universally courted and admired by the most gay, grand, graceful, and gifted ladies of that land of sentiment and science, of fashion and philosophy. Mere personal beauty is like a painting, which fascinates at first, but upon which we soon grow tired of gazing; while the attractions of mind and manners increase upon acquaintance. How often do we meet with persons whom we cannot fancy at all at first sight; yet to whom, after a time, we become attached with undying affection? It arises from the mysterious sympathy of soul.

The family over which Harry presided, consisted of but two, beside himself; his mother and a sister, whose intellectual endowments were of the highest order. They resided in a Dutch hip-roofed house of ancient date, which has long since disappeared, with its inmates, and on the site of which now stands one of those splendid dwellings which grace King street. They lived partly on the patrimony left by the father of the family, and partly by the industry of their own hands; and labor in those primitive days, unlike the present, was far from being considered disreputable.

Harry, however, would never soil his patrician hands with the implements of art or industry; but acquired his support in wild daring adventures; the scenes or consummation of which, no one knew. He was frequently seen at night to enter a barge on the waters of the Brandywine, and to pursue his way to the Delaware river; but whither he went, or by what means he obtained his cargo, no one knew. Some of the citizens viewed him as a free-booter; others as a smuggler; but none knew, for he invariably left the shore of the Brandywine in the gloom of night, and returned under the same concealment. Certain it was that, on these expeditions, he always went well-armed with a brace of pistols in his belt, and a cutlass and carbine concealed in the pseudo cabin of his boat.

It was on a beautiful night in June, after having returned from one of his secret adventures, when the forests were carpeted with flowers, and the trees arrayed in rich green robes and bending with blossoms that Harry wandered forth by moon-light amid the wild and romantic recesses of the Brandywine, as was his usual custom, to muse and meditate alone, as some supposed, on the mysterious adventures in which he was engaged. Lost in thought, he wandered through the woodlands, and clambered over craggy precipices until, weary of rambling, he seated himself on a large flat rock, on the south side of the Brandywine, which the reader may now find just opposite the upper dam; and there, in a secret crevice, he may discover the initials of his own, and of the name of Manitoo, engraven on the solid stone. The storms of a century and a half have beaten upon that rock, but have not obliterated that eternal record of the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine and Wild Harry of Wilmington, though they have long slumbered in the silent city of the dead, and their bones are mouldering and mingling in the charnel-house of their fathers.

Not a sound, save that of the rushing waters which had been swollen by the copious rains, now fell upon the ear of the musing Harry. The sweet odor of the wild honeysuckles, then abounding and blooming in the woods bordering the Brandywine, was wafted on the breeze to his delighted sense; rich as the smell of the ambrosial blossoms that scent the gales of Arabia. He was reclining at full length upon that table rock, when suddenly he was aroused by the faint sound of a female voice in the distance. Now nearer and nearer, louder and louder came those delightful and mellifluous tones of melancholy music; now dying away in lonely cadences, and now swelling forth upon the ear like the full toned

chords of the organ. Entranced he hung upon those bewitching strains, as still nearer and nearer approached the mysterious source, though his eye in the dim distance could not trace the outline of the magic musician. He listened with lips apart, and for a time could not conjecture whether the music was reality or romance; whether it issued from the silver shell of echo, the enchanted coral caves of the Naiads of the stream, or whether it came from the equally enchanted lips of woman. Had an angel's hand awakened to ecstasy a hundred golden harps in heaven, the melody could not have roused his soul to a sense of more ecstatic enjoyment, than did the sounds which were poured forth in exquisite pathos from the lovely lips of the yet unseen Syren of the Brandywine. He placed his ear upon the rock, and the tide of harmony rolled upon his spell-bound ear with all the charms of rapture and romance; for there is no music in nature so sweet, as that which is breathed by the lips of lovely woman. He gazed again, and beheld in the distance the figure of Manitoo, in her bark canoe, as the light of the full moon fell upon her, and revealed all her graces to his astonished vision. The hour, the solitary silence, the romance of the scene, all invested her with irresistible charm in the heart of Harry. Indeed we little dream what a powerful influence romance has upon our feelings and affections, particularly in the quiet stillness of the night, when the moonbeams are falling in silvery showers around us, and the spirits of the blooming flowers breathe fragrance in our path.

Nearer and nearer came the beautiful Indian maid of the Brandywine, while Harry gazed upon her straight and graceful form, and exquisitely moulded Grecian features, with a feeling to which he had ever before been a stranger. When her light canoe struck the shore, she did not perceive his reclining form; but on discovering him she started with maiden modesty, and attempted to push off with the light paddle she held in her hand; but Harry leaped upon his feet and, at one bound, seized the prow of the canoe, beckoning her with a bewildered manner to come on shore, little dreaming that she could speak English.

"Stranger," said Manitoo, in a broken but bewitching dialect, "let me go to the wigwam of my father."

"Nay," returned Harry, "let me gaze upon thee; let me speak with thee but one moment, and thou shalt be gone."

"Away! pale face, away! thou art the enemy of my race," she exclaimed, as she released herself from the grasp and suddenly pushed from the shore, while Harry stood with folded arms and

each gazed at the other. In a few minutes she seated herself and went paddling up the stream, singing the famous death-song, which rung in wild echoes among the rocks, and reverberated in the gloomy depths of the surrounding forests, until she disappeared from sight.

“Oh!” thought the fascinated and musing Harry, “what a glorious world were this, if all were romance and nothing were reality; if like the poet, the player and the artist, we could live amid the creations of the fancy, or revel in a world of our own; but alas! when the vision of bliss breaks upon us in all its gorgeous and dazzling beauty, it soon fades away into the dull dimness of reality. But so it should be. We judge of every thing by contrast. We appreciate pleasure by pain; health by sickness, and wealth by poverty. He who never sees the shadows of a picture, cannot properly appreciate the beauty of the lights; and he who is never sick, knows not the enjoyment of health.”

Thus did Harry meditate, until he turned his footsteps towards home. He retired to his comfortable bed; but the drowsy god laid not his leaden sceptre upon his eyes. The romantic figure of the beautiful Indian was still before his vision; and the death-song, as she went up the Brandywine, still rung in his ears. He could think of nothing but the sweet smile that beamed upon her beautiful face; as she stood gazing upon his manly form and waving the fond adieu.

At the dawn of day he fell into a deep slumber, in which he had a dream. He fancied that he strayed on the Brandywine to the same rock where he had first beheld the maiden, and that she approached the shore with a wreath of wild flowers, which she gracefully presented to him, at the same time breathing in his ear a vow of undying affection. Suddenly she grasped him by the hand; released it as suddenly; flew to her canoe, and pushed off into the stream. As he stood gazing he saw her tear her hair, and with horror beheld her plunge madly in the water and disappear. Startling he awoke from his wild dream.

“What is the matter, brother?” enquired his sister, who had been standing at the bedside, watching his emotion.

“Oh! nothing,” replied Harry, “but a romantic vision I have had; such as often disturbs my sleep.”

It is something singular that many persons have formed attachments in dreams, which made an impression on the mind when awake that never faded away. Such an impression was made upon the mind of Harry. In his waking moments, the fairy form

he had seen in his dream was before his vision; and yet he dared not own the power of her charms.

The next night, Harry again visited the solitary rock on the Brandywine, in ardent hope that he would again behold the lovely Naiad of the waters; but she came not. Night after night he wandered there, and sat for hours contemplating the solitary grandeur of the scene; but he saw not the majestic figure of the Indian Beauty, standing in bold relief on her fairy and fragile bark canoe; and he heard not the rich melody of her lips, lingering in echoes among the rocks, and melting away in murmurs amid the surrounding hills. With a sense of disappointment, he gave up the fondly cherished hope of seeing again the being who had thrown a spell of enchantment and romance around him; for he imagined that Manitoo had gone with the Indian hunters on an expedition far up into the country.

The next night Wild Harry of Wilmington might have been seen wending his way down the Brandywine to the Delaware river. He boarded a brig from Bremen, richly laden with merchandise, which his object was to purchase and sell to the Swedes. He returned from that floating fabric of disease, with the seeds of the plague deeply implanted in his system, which soon became known to the inhabitants, who in terror fled from him, as from a loathsome mass of contagion. The ties of consanguinity were annihilated; and his friends, alarmed for their lives, all forsook him, save his intellectual and heroic sister, who clung to him with undying affection, and perilled her own, to save the life of her brother, whom she devotedly loved.

The desolating ravages of the plague in London, in the year 1666, had spread alarm throughout Europe and the British Colonies in America; and some of those who resided in and around Wilmington, had witnessed the horrors of that memorable calamity. It is not to be wondered at, then, that they should start with alarm, when the terrific news went on the wings of the wind that the dreadful scourge was in the neighborhood.

Harry was removed, by the universal voice of the people, to an old deserted wigwam, far up on the south bank of the Brandywine, followed by his faithful and affectionate sister, who was heroically determined to immolate herself on the pyre of her perishing brother, or, by her assiduity and attention, restore him again to his former health and home. In this lonely habitation, she, with unwearied attention, ministered to his wants through the day, and sat reading to him through the solemn and solitary night,

thus cheering his drooping spirit, as well as abstracting his mind from the contemplation of his situation, which in a sick room is of the utmost consequence to the well-being of the patient.

One day, while she was gone to town to procure such articles as the necessity of his condition required, Harry, whose face was fanned by the cooling breeze of summer, gradually sunk into a sweet slumber; nor did he awake until the light footstep of his sister Julia, as he imagined, fell upon his ear. Imagine, gentle reader, his surprise and delight, when he opened his eyes, at beholding before him, arrayed in all her graceful charms, Manitoo, the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine! Arrayed in the robe usually worn by an Indian princess, she was standing over him with clasped hands and elevated eyes, as if invoking the Great Spirit to spare the life of the pale-face, whose romantic interview on the rock by moonlight had left as strong traces upon the mirror of her memory, as had her heavenly smile and fairy form on the heart of Harry. Taking her hand, with a look that conveyed to her susceptible soul the language of love, he motioned her to be seated; and while she sat and gazed upon him with a sweetly sympathizing glance from her dark and dazzling eye, so full of melting tenderness, he fondly pressed her small hand to his lips, and then to his bosom. Manitoo felt, as well as understood his allusions; and, according to the custom of her tribe, she knelt and kissed his cheek, then pressed her luxurious lips to his pale forehead.

Just as Harry had relinquished her hand, Julia returned and felt strange emotions at seeing an Indian princess in the presence, and at the bedside of her afflicted brother: though she did not suspect for a moment how great a sympathy existed between those two souls, or how ardent was the romantic attachment that linked their hearts together—for it was not then as now; the sight of an Indian was to her no curiosity. But she was struck with the singular beauty of the being before her; minutely scrutinizing her exquisite figure; her fascinating features; and her unique, rich, and romantic dress.

After a short time, during which she betrayed by look or word, nothing that had transpired between Harry and herself, she gracefully pronounced a parting benediction, and promised to visit again the afflicted stranger.

The next day she returned, bringing her father with her, and a young warrior of the Choctaw tribe, who it could plainly be seen was her lover, and expected to be the favored suitor for her hand. She brought with her various kinds of herbs, and, after formally

making known to the brother and sister the personages she had brought with her, she applied herself to the task, according to the custom of the Indians, of making a concoction for the sufferer, assuring him with an earnest and bewitching manner that it would speedily restore him to health. Indeed, so great was her solicitude, and so assiduous her attention to the sick one, that the dark eye of the stately young Indian warrior flashed with suspicion that her manner revealed a warm feeling of regard; and, as a natural consequence, the passion of jealousy, so common to the Indian, rankled for the first time in his heart.

There is as powerful a language in the manner of woman, and in the varied expressions of her eye, as in the bewitching words of her tongue, and that language is not less easily understood when it appeals to the heart. Where is the man who does not at once recognize her sweet look of love; her gentle glance of approbation; her averted expression of offended modesty; or her withering scowl of scorn? The eye of woman is the very dial-plate of her feelings and affections; the very mirror of her mind, from which the lights and shadows of her soul are reflected.

But the young warrior, who stood silent and stately as the towering monarch of the mountain forest, affected the indifference to the scene before him, that is so characteristic of the aborigines of America. But when they had left, and he sat alone with Manitoo beneath the shade of an oak in the distant forest, Mandika, the young warrior, revealed to the confused Beauty of the Brandywine his suspicion that the pale-face had stolen from him the affections of her heart. Her downcast looks of maiden modesty confirmed his suspicion, and he bit his lips with rage, and resolved to appeal to her adopted father, Undine. He did not upbraid her with inconstancy; yet, with a stolen glance, she saw reflected from his eye the dark storm of jealousy; the revengeful tempest of passion that was raging in his soul.

Mandika arose with insulted feelings, for nothing so wounds the pride of an Indian warrior as to be slighted in love, or to meet with infidelity in the heart upon whose constancy he had placed implicit confidence. He arose; took the hand of Manitoo, and bending upon her a withering look of scorn, he threw it from him with disdain and fled with the speed of a deer. Manitoo was astonished, for she had never been accustomed to any treatment from the tribe of her princely father but that of homage, and the most affectionate kindness and obedience to her wishes. Her influence arose in part from the distinction of her birth, and more

from the fascinating power of her beauty. This was the first time she had ever experienced unkindness, or had been treated with indignity; but instead of creating resentment in her soul, it awoke her gentle heart to tenderness and sorrow, and as she arose to go to the wigwam, she burst into tears.

Harry, by the powerful medicinal properties of the herbs which Manitoo had given him, gradually recovered, until he entirely regained his health, and returned to town. He had not now seen that fascinating being, who had saved his life, for several weeks; though he frequently repaired at night to the rock on the Brandywine, long after called *the lover's rock*, where he first beheld her in all her singular and winning beauty. He longed to behold her once more, that he might fall at her feet, and confess the passion he felt for one who had braved the danger of contagious disease, and generously brought to him the means of life and health.

Ah! what is there in this world of affliction, that so quickly and lastingly opens the heart to the hallowed influence of love as sympathy, kindness and attention, in the hour of sickness, distress and danger, when fond, confiding, faithful woman comes like a minister of mercy, to heal by her heavenly influence the sinking energies of man? More than once have I seen beside the bed of sickness, two hearts cemented together in the holy bonds of affection, by that mysterious chain of sympathetic feeling, which is seldom ever broken. More than once have I seen a youth lead the fair and beautiful object of his idolatry to the altar, whose heart had never acknowledged the witchery of woman's charms, until she came like an angel of the earth, in the hour of affliction, to bathe his burning brow, to administer the balm of relief in sickness, and gently smooth the pillow of repose with her soft hand. There is indeed a magic charm in the attentions of woman at any time, and under any circumstances, when we are chained to the comfortless couch of agonizing disease. Who has not known the kind attentions of a fond mother; who has not felt the sweet sympathy of an affectionate sister, or acknowledged the untiring devotion of a faithful wife, when the raging fire of fever was burning on the altar of his heart, and faint with sickness, his soul was ready to sink in despair? Who that has known the sweets of home and has wandered far among strangers, has not mourned over the absence of those gentle attentions, and winning influences, and holy hallowed sympathies of heavenly woman, while he suffered the pangs of excruciating disease? It has been said that woman, by her weakness in the garden of Eden, brought ruin and misery

upon mankind; but tell me, ye contemners of female affection, has she not amply redeemed the wrong by the earthly heaven she has created in the heart of man? No wonder that Adam followed the angel Eve from the paradise from which she had been driven; for, though he had been rendered unhappy by her, without her he would have been a far greater wretch.

It was some time after the events narrated, that Harry while amusing himself in a hunting expedition, which he extended far into the then dense and almost interminable forest adjoining Wilmington, was startled by the distant yell and war-whoop. Fearless of danger, and adventurous in disposition, he turned his steps in the direction from which the sounds came, anxious to discover some human being who could direct him in his course home, he having lost his way in the circuitous route he had taken. He had not proceeded more than a mile, when a scene broke upon his view which he had never before witnessed, and which gratified him; for he was passionately fond of the wild, the wonderful, and romantic. The council-fire, around which the Indians had met that day in grave debate, was not yet extinguished, and they were performing the war-dance. As soon as Manitoo beheld Harry, she gracefully motioned him to advance; and, after whispering in the ear of the chief, her father, who was arrayed in all the glittering, gaudy magnificence of an eastern monarch, she flew to his side, seized his hand affectionately, and led him to the centre of the circle of warriors, and seated him on a kind of fantastic throne or chair, ingeniously made of the branches of the oak, the hickory, and grape-vine, and festooned with the gayest flowers of the forest. She then filled and lighted the calumet of peace; and after presenting it to the bewildered and delighted Harry, the war-dance recommenced. Near the centre sat the beautiful Manitoo, with a number of Indian girls, and the warriors brandishing their tomahawks and waving their glittering knives, as in battle, kept time to the singularly solemn music of a kind of drum, on which several dusky damsels were incessantly beating; while ever and anon from the lips of the excited warriors issued the shrill scream of agony, the yell of revenge, and the loud war-whoop of triumph, imitating at the same time the manner in which the unerring arrow is despatched from the bow in battle. Round and round went the whole band, throwing their arms and gleaming knives and tomahawks in the air, and stamping with their feet in perfect time with the music; while their yells and war-whoops rung through the forest, till suddenly a signal was given by the beautiful Manitoo, and the

dance ceased; each warrior ran to his seat, and silence reigned supreme. Harry was in perfect ecstasy at witnessing so romantic a scene. While he yet mused upon the strange manners and singular customs of those uneducated children of the forest, the whole group arose, as with one accord, with their faces to the East; and then turning to the West, they all simultaneously bowed down on their knees before the setting sun, while the *medicine man*, prophet, or priest, gave thanks in a short address to the Great Spirit, who had guided their arrows and given them triumph in the hour of battle. So solemn was the scene that the heart of Wild Harry thrilled with emotion, and a feeling of veneration for their superstitious worship crept involuntarily into his mind.

"Why," said Harry, mentally, "should we have a contempt for the religious worship of the Indian, since he bends his knee before that glorious luminary of Heaven which gives light and life to creation, as a type of that more glorious light, that infinitely greater luminary, who not only guides and governs, but is the centre and soul of the universe?"

Harry thus mused some time, till Manitoo approached him with a very graceful step and winning air, though all unconscious of her grace, and presented to him a bunch of wild flowers, tied with a belt beautifully embroidered with silk beads in the manner in which her own moccasins or slippers were adorned. She presented her hand; he arose, kissed her forehead, and seated her beside him, while the last rays of the setting sun illumined her perfect features.

During this scene, which was witnessed with pleasure by all the group, Mandika, the young warrior and once successful lover of the Beauty of the Brandywine, sat gloomily apart, watching with the dark, dazzling eye of a serpent, the pale-faced lover. Had the fang of a poisonous reptile been fixed in his heart, he could not have writhed in greater agony than he experienced from that envy and jealousy which were rankling in his soul. The beautiful Manitoo occasionally cast her large, languishing, and melting dark eye towards him with a kind of triumph; for she, like her sex generally, when in the brilliant blaze of beauty, was a coquette, and loved to tantalize an envious, despairing lover.

Metaphysical philosophers have not told us whether or not coquetry is, like conscience, the creature of education; but I am inclined to the opinion that it is a natural instinct in the heart or mind of woman, and many times, when judiciously exercised, constitutes her most peculiar and powerful charm. Hence all gentle-

men of sense have agreed that coquetry is the birth-right and beautiful privilege of a lady. She must not trample feelings that she cannot prize, but that, however, no lady will do; and hence, if a lover would be irresistibly captivated, and see woman in her most winning and bewitching charms, he must see her as a coquette, flying like a butterfly from flower to flower, but at last settling on the sweetest one.

Mandika knew how to bend the bow, and to aim the arrow and the tomahawk in the deadly strife of war, when the thunder and whirlwind of battle were rolling by him; but he knew not that to be completely captivated by woman, he must be kept in doubt as well as hope; for what is easily obtained, we seldom set much value upon. Hear it, ye modern beauties of the Brandywine!—aye, and of Wilmington, too!—if ye would bind the heart of a man with a chain that shall be stronger than one of adamant, and that shall never be broken, ye must not suffer the light of hope to burst too brightly on his soul; for as the eye may gaze upon the dazzling diamond until it seems to become dim; so does love when too luxuriously successful, pall upon the heart of man, in the same manner that a rich dinner satiates the appetite and loses its flavor, when the stomach is gorged to gluttony. Money that is easily made, is little valued and soon spent. So it is with love; and so with every thing. The bride is never so blessed in the heart of her husband, as when he has labored hard, and braved every thing to obtain her—braved her own coquetry, as well as the determined opposition of her friends.

The young warrior was not skilled in the art and mystery of love, yet his fears were well founded as it happened; for though he had wooed the charming Manitoo with all a warrior's ardor, and with all a lover's language, her heart remained insensible to the passion that was consuming his sensitive soul. The dark and desperate thought occurred to his mind that if he could find an opportunity to despatch Harry secretly, the idol of his soul, the beautiful Manitoo, would be all his own. But how could he manage the matter? Harry was under the necessity of returning home through an extensive forest; for the beautiful farms, the fields of which now wave with golden grain, were then overshadowed by lofty oaks that had braved the storms of centuries, and Mandika conceived the plan of following him, as a pretended guide, and in an unguarded moment strike him down with his tomahawk. But what if he should miss his aim? Harry was a powerful man, and had with him the deadly rifle for his defence, as the reader is aware

that he had been on a hunting or sporting excursion. The young warrior was a sufficient judge of men to be aware that Harry would not die without a desperate struggle, and he abandoned the stratagem as a dangerous one.

The dim shadows of evening were now fast creeping through the forest, and the mocking-bird was singing in the great church of nature his hymn to departing day, when Harry arose, and pressing the hand of Manitoo, prepared to depart. Undine, the chief, perceiving his preparation, advanced and pressed him to remain with them through the night, as it would be impossible for him to find his way home through the gloom of the forest. The chief was flattered by the attention Harry paid to his daughter, and he hoped by their union to secure advantages and privileges from the pale-faces. While thus pressing him to remain, Mandika, to the astonishment of the young squaws, came up with a smiling countenance, if he could be said ever to wear a smile, and joined the chief in his solicitation.

After some hesitation Harry yielded to their desire, so earnestly and warmly expressed, and immediately the chief gave orders to the squaws to prepare a feast, as it was his design to make merry and entertain the pale-face as he should be entertained by a mighty chief, whose will was law, and whose word must be obeyed. The utensils for cooking were brought from the wigwam, placed over the fire, and the most delicious pieces of wild-cat and bear-meat were placed in them; but no one dared approach even to steal a smell from the savory and luxurious repast, until it was served up and the signal was given to partake.

Harry felt a repugnance to, and a prejudice against the use of bear-meat, to say nothing of that of the wild-cat; but he knew that an Indian hated nothing so mortally as to see his kindness slighted, and exercising that philosophy which teaches a man to make the best of a bad bargain, he dipped into the enormous trencher, and tore the half-cooked meat so vigorously with his teeth, that the heart of the truly good old chief was filled with rapture.

"Ah! my children," exclaimed the chief, "you now be fit for good talk. You no fit for good talk till you eat. You love Indian, you love pale-face, you love the Great Spirit more when you no hungry."

This language of Undine, addressed to the whole group, was true philosophy; for the nerves of an empty stomach are irritable, and the great sympathy existing between the stomach and brain,

causes a man to be very ill-natured when hungry for his dinner. Never ask a favor just before dinner, if you wish to obtain it, but apply a short time after, when the man becomes lazy, for lazy people are invariably good-natured. Should you see an industrious housewife, fly from her broom-handle; for you will find her a termagant and a tartar. Should the writer of this narrative ever exchange the bliss of celibacy for the silken bonds of matrimony, may the gods grant him a lazy wife. Smile not, ye dashing damsels of Delaware, nor turn up your pretty noses, for every word is as true as Gospel; for ye may have "proofs from Holy Writ."

The whole group of Indians, with Harry in the midst, were now seated before one of the wigwams, and the full moon illuminated the scene. The lighted calumet, or pipe of peace, was handed to Harry, and from him it passed round, until it had pressed the lips of all save Mandika; who, like a tiger in his cage, was walking backward and forward before the wigwam, with his arms folded and his eyes bent on the ground. The beautiful Manitoo, who was using every little art, which woman so well knows how to use, to engage the attention of Harry, still kept her eyes upon Mandika, and felt in her mind a dark foreboding of evil, while her pale-faced lover remained as unconscious as he was fearless of danger. The young Indian warrior as the *fire-water* or liquor passed round, frequently stepped up and indulged in deep potations; for temperance societies were then unknown.

The manner of Mandika, though he said nothing, seemed to become more and more ferocious, as the quantities of meat and fire-water he had taken began to operate; and his clenched hands, meditative mood, and singular gestures, seemed to indicate that a storm was rising in his soul. Still he walked to and fro without seeming to notice that being, whose beauty was the idol of his heart; or his successful rival, whom he now hated with an Indian's hatred.

Lord Byron was of the opinion, that eating meat has a tendency to render men savage and ferocious; and if we look into the great field of nature, we find the fact corroborated by observation and analogy. Savage nations feed principally on flesh, and as we advance step by step to the highest grade of civilized society, we find among the refined and intellectual, that flesh constitutes less and less a constituent part of diet. Beasts that feed on flesh are ferocious; as the lion, the tiger, the wolf, and the dog; the hyena, so fond of human flesh, being most ferocious of all, and in some species untameable; while on the contrary, those animals that

feed upon grain and other vegetable matter are gentle, whether in the forest or field; as the horse, the ox, the elephant, the camel, the deer and sheep.

Be this matter as it may, the savage fury of the tiger was raging in the heart of the young warrior, while Manitoo was bestowing her smiles on the handsome pale-faced guest. Still flowed the fire-water round that circle of hunters, warriors, and dark-eyed damsels, till mirth filled every heart, save that of Mandika, and the whole group arose, mingling in the spirit-stirring dance. Again the strange sound of the instrument used, went echoing through the dim and dun shades of the silent forest; and though doleful to the ear of Harry, it had in it a romantic charm that fascinated his heart.

The moon, the empress of the night, now walked high in heaven, like bridal beauty in her hall, when a signal was given by the chief, and in an instant the dancers ceased their wild carousal, and the sound of the drum no longer reverberated through the wild recesses of the woodland. All retired to their wigwams to repose; and, according to custom, Harry, the guest, was invited to stretch his limbs on bear-skins and buffalo-hides, spread on the floor of the wigwam occupied by the chief and his lovely daughter, the far-famed beauty of the Brandywine.

All was now silent in the forest, save the sounds that issued from the locusts among the lofty trees; but Manitoo in vain sought to close her eyes in sleep. There was a mysterious presentiment in her mind of evil, and yet she knew not why, or feared to confess it to herself; for so dim were the outlines of her foreboding, that it seemed but the fairy fabric of a dream. But while her gentle spirit started at the sound of every passing breeze sighing in sweetness among the wild flowers of the forest, the chief and his guest, overcome by the influence of the fire-water, slept soundly, unconscious of danger; and though Harry had never before spent a night among the Indians in the gloom of the wilderness, and though he knew that he had blighted in the heart of the Indian maiden the blossoms of Mandika's love, and that the wrath of his rival was terrible; yet he slumbered calmly, and feared no evil.

The moon was sinking in the western heavens, and yet the beautiful eyes of Manitoo had not been closed in slumber. Suddenly she heard the stealthy step, as she supposed, of some animal prowling around the wigwam in search of the bones and refuse meat thrown upon the ground, and instantly leaping to her feet with the agility of a chamois, she seized the rifle which Harry had

placed against the side of the wigwam. The door of the wigwam was open, and concealing herself near the door, behind a buffalo skin which hung against the wall, she awaited the approach of the ravenous animal, resolving to take deliberate aim, and send death's messenger to its heart.

But gentle reader, imagine her horror and alarm when, instead of a wild beast, she beheld a man in disguise steal into the wigwam, and search as if looking for something lost. Paralyzed with fear, she for a moment could not move or speak, and during that brief period she saw him draw from his belt a glittering knife, ready to strike it home, to the heart of the still sleeping Harry. She screamed, as she leaped from her concealment, with the rifle in her hand; but neither of the sleepers awoke, for they were overcome by the liquor they had drank. Elevating the deadly weapon, she cried out in the Indian dialect—"Murderer, dare not to strike the innocent and the helpless, or I call the Great Spirit to witness, that by the hand of her you love you shall perish on his lifeless body."

Mandika started and dropped the knife which he was about to baptize in blood, as if her voice had been a thunder-bolt aimed at his heart by the Great Spirit. The light at the door displayed her exquisitely sculptured form, and he beheld her levelling the fatal rifle at his breast; and well he knew from her determined, though gentle spirit, that no sooner would his knife drink the life-blood of the sleeper, than her unerring aim would send the ball to its destination. As an Indian princess, he felt, too, that she was born to command; and he crept by her and disappeared from the wigwam, like an evil spirit, without uttering a word.

At this moment Harry, having slept off the fumes of the liquor, was roused by Manitoo, as she fell upon her knees and in impassioned eloquence offered her thanks to the Great Spirit, who had warned her of danger and thus placed it in her power to save the life of him she loved. The Indians were then, as they are now, extremely superstitious; and the young Beauty of the Brandywine religiously believed that an especial token had been given her, that she might rescue Harry from impending destruction. Smile not, ye accomplished belles of the present day, at the simplicity of her belief; for superstition, even now, rears her throne in the halls of learning, and sways with an iron sceptre the most gigantic minds that illuminate the world.

Aurora, with her pencil dipped in gold, was just beginning to paint the orient, and to scatter flowers in the pathway of the god of day. She related to the astonished Harry how he had, through

her watchful devotion, escaped imminent death; and as she spoke, he made an effort to snatch the rifle from her hands, with the intention of instantly taking vengeance on the assassin; but she eluded his grasp, and exclaimed in broken English—"Beware, rash man, nor attempt to imbrue your hands in his blood. Know you not that, according to the custom of the Indians, it would prove certain death to you, should you madly slay him? His father; his brother; aye, or even his sister, would pursue your steps, and never rest until the hands of one of them should reek with your gore."

This was the substance of her language, and Harry remembered to have read of the custom among the Indians of retaliation for the murder of a relative, in some instances of which whole families had been exterminated, and a brother as the avenger of a murdered brother, had pursued the murderer hundreds of miles, through forests and morasses, until his knife was red with revenge. Then, in turn, he was pursued by the father or brother of his victim; or was given up by his friends, that his blood might appease their wrath.

Though Harry, perhaps, had never seen the pages of the immortal poet, he wisely concluded with Shakspeare, that "discretion is the better part of valor," and resolved to pass the matter over in silence, though his dauntless soul feared not a single arm among the daring warriors of the tribe.

Without waking the chief, he concluded an arrangement with Manitoo, by which they should meet by moonlight on the bank of the Brandywine; and, after she had directed him the course he was to take through the forest, he fondly embraced her, vowing eternal constancy for her affection, and gratitude for the preservation of his life. He received from her beautiful hand a token of her own fidelity, and bidding adieu, he shouldered his rifle, and started through the wild, unbroken solitude of the forest. Musing upon the singular adventure and the event of the night, he ascended a hill and turned to see if he could catch a glimpse of that being, who had so miraculously preserved him from inevitable death. There, on the same spot where he had left her, he beheld the stately form of the princess; her exquisite eye still bent upon his receding figure, and again and again, as he travelled on, he turned and fondly waved her adieu, until she was lost to his view in the dim distance of the forest.

When Harry arrived at home about mid-day, he discovered that his mother and sister Julia had been much distressed about his

absence; fearing from his wild and reckless disposition, that he had encountered Indians during his hunting expedition, or that some other danger had beset his path; for he had promised to return at night, and they had never known him to falsify his word. Harry explained, or related to them how he had been lost and had spent the night with the Indians, at which Julia turned pale, while his aged mother fondly embraced him; for though she had two other sons on the sea, like most mothers she loved the wildest most.

The fair Julia Dewaldsen feared, from the romantic peculiarities of her brother, and from having more than once overheard him in his sleep addressing some imaginary being with a singular name, that he had formed an attachment to some Indian girl, well knowing from her intellectual acquirement, that truth is stranger than fiction. She knew that the more wild and romantic the attachment, the more fascinating would it prove to the heart of Harry. And then she had noticed his abstracted manner, his musing moods, his absence of mind and love of solitude, which she knew to be the certain symptoms of a soul in love. She had never mentioned her suspicion, even to his mother, and resolved while she kept the secret locked in her bosom, to discover by some means whether or not her suspicion was correct.

Nothing so wounds the sensibility of a high-souled sister, as to discover an attachment between her brother and an object whom she considers inferior to him. Julia had noticed the frequent absence of Harry during summer evenings, and she determined, if possible, to follow him and discover whither he went, and for what object. But she found it next to impossible to do so, for when he left home he frequently visited a dozen places in an opposite direction, before he repaired to the lover's rock.

Time rolled on, and every other evening he met the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine at the place appointed, and every time they met, the silken chain of love that bound their hearts, became stronger and stronger. The Indian maiden, like women generally, adorned her person to please her lover; and every night they met, she came down the Brandywine in her bark canoe, arrayed in all the splendid attire of a lady belonging to a Turkish harem. Her robe, like the Roman toga, displayed the graceful proportions of her perfect person to the best advantage: while it was adorned with all the gay and gaudy tinsel ornaments that Indian taste and female vanity could suggest. Brilliant and beautiful indeed was her appearance, as she approached in her canoe by the light of the

moon, falling in dazzling brightness on the many-colored beads and tinsel ornaments that profusely adorned her princely dress. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, when she came down the river Cydnus in her gorgeous glory, her barge with silken sails, and gilded oars, keeping time to a band of music, while she reclined upon a crimson couch fanned by the loveliest maidens, made not a greater impression upon the soul of Mark Antony, than did the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine upon the heart of Harry Dewaldsen.

It was on a charming evening in spring, or the beginning of summer, when the turtle-dove was cooing to its mate in the woodland, and nature was arrayed in her richest robes, adorned with flowers, that Harry lay reclining on the bank of the Brandywine, and resting his head in the lap of the princess. He was pouring in her delighted ear protestations of love, as most men do, which he had not asked his heart whether it would keep or not, and she was sketching plans of future happiness with all a woman's fancy, which she knew not whether they would ever be realized. Golden dreams of bliss filled their young hearts, as they have filled the hearts of thousands who once lived, and loved, and died, and the happy hours rolled by them like the bright and beautiful billows that break on a silvery shore.

While Harry was thus luxuriating on the youthful heart's delicious banquet of love, his sister Julia approached unseen, and concealed herself behind the trunk of an umbrageous beech tree, where she could hear every word that fell from the lips of the unconscious lovers. Satisfied at length in her own mind, with regard to the intentions of her brother, and horrified at the idea of his becoming betrothed to an Indian, though that Indian was a princess, she silently left the spot and glided through the gloom of the woodland towards home, to communicate to his mother, and some relatives who lived near where the bridge now crosses the Christiana, the tidings of the disgrace that Harry was about to bring upon his family.

When Harry, late in the night, was about to bid adieu to the happy-hearted Beauty of the Brandywine, they both knelt beneath the silver moon, and pledged to each other the vow of constancy, little thinking how changeable a witness they had invoked in the bright queen of Heaven.

They parted: each happy in the consciousness of possessing the other's affections. Oh! how happy is that heart that first opens its portal to the god of love; and how blissful is courtship in the days of youth and first love. It is by far the happiest

period of life, to which we look back in after years, as to a green spot in the waste of memory; for then the hours fly by on golden wings, and the wilderness of this world is transformed, by the magic wand of romance, to a beautiful ideal world of dreams, adorned with fancy's flowers.

Harry had no sooner reached home, than his quick perception took cognizance of the cloud that rested on the countenances of his sister and mother. They questioned him as to the purport of his late absence from home, but a sullen silence, and an imperturbable gravity rested on his lips, and characterized his manner.

"Brother," at length interrogated his intellectual sister, Julia, "can it be possible that you are madly determined to form an alliance with a wild, uneducated, uncivilized Indian girl, and thus cast a stain upon the character of your family, darker than the hue of her skin?"

"I cannot understand you," returned the brother, affecting to be a stranger to the purport of her words.

"Harry," continued the excited sister, "we are aware of your visits to the banks of the Brandywine; we are aware of the object of your visits, and of your ill-fated attachment. Aye, sir, your footsteps have been watched, and the unhallowed language of your lips has been overheard by other ears than those to which it was addressed. For shame, my brother!"

"The greater shame," retorted Harry, as he bent his stern eye full upon Julia, "the greater shame should crimson the cheek of those who meanly follow the footsteps of another, and obtain by stealth the secret intended for a private ear."

"My son," exclaimed his mother with deep emotion, "did I cradle you in my arms in infancy, and rear you with all the anxious care and solicitude of a fond mother, that in manhood you should become the husband of a savage?"

As the last word fell from her lips, Harry's eyes flashed fire, and his whole soul was moved with an indefinable passion.

"She is no savage, madam," he at length answered. "The blood that circles in her veins is as gentle, and in her bosom beats a heart as noble, as even those may boast who scorn her race. The title of a lady springs not from the color of the skin, though it be as fair as that of a Scandinavian, any more than education gives a native goodness to the heart, or bestows the gem of genius on the mind. As lovely a flower as ever blushed or blossomed, has graced the silent solitude of the forest, its beauties unmarked

by mortal eyes. Aye, and as noble a heart as ever beat in a human bosom, has gloried in the appellation of an Indian."

"But, my dear brother," asked Julia, in a softer tone, "can you render those you love wretched, by taking to your arms a rude, uncultivated Indian?"

"She whom you affect so much to despise," bitterly retorted Harry, "is not only worthy of your warmest esteem, but would be an honor to your boasted family, as well as an ornament to the bosom that will protect her from contumely and scorn."

As these words fell from the lips of the incensed young man, he seized a lighted taper and retired to his room. Nothing so wounds the sensitive bosom, as to hear the character of the worshiped idol of his heart traduced; and so great was the perturbation of Harry, that the god, Morpheus, came not near his eyelids that night.

The next day a consultation was held, and all the relatives of Harry, who then resided in and around the village of Wilmington, were summoned in secret conclave, among whom was a very wealthy old uncle, just tottering on the verge of the grave, whose day-book was his Bible, and whose gold was his god. He was a kind of mighty Mogul and Mentor in the family, and on his money-bags were fixed the expectations of every member of it; for money, like music, had then, as now, charms to soothe the civilized as well as the savage breast. Mike Dewaldsen was well aware of the influence of money, and had he been a demi-god, he could not have governed the family with more tyrannic sway.

It is sufficient to inform the reader that, though Harry was dead to the appeals of his mother and sister, the silver-shod arguments of the uncle were all-powerful, and that through fear of being cut off with a shilling if he disobeyed, and the promise of golden reward if he obeyed, backed by the earnest prayers and persuasions of all, Harry was induced finally to repudiate that fond, confiding girl, who would have sacrificed her life to secure his happiness. Yes, for filthy lucre, for which so many have delved and died, he resolved to sacrifice that pure passion which burnt like a vestal flame on the altar of Manitoo's heart, and to throw her from his bosom like a worthless weed or faded flower.

The night which had been appointed for their next meeting on *lover's rock* arrived, and Harry, with strange feelings, stood upon the bank of the Brandywine, which no longer echoes the accents of the poor Indian girl's despair. She came—her heavenly form entwined with flowers—and as she approached the idol of her

soul with sweetest smiles, and attempted to embrace him, Harry coldly stepped back and said, with a still colder tone of voice—“Manitoo, the Great Spirit has willed that we should part.”

“Part!” exclaimed the poor girl, as she turned her large and languishing eyes to heaven, with a look of heart-breaking woe, “Part! ha! ha!” and the rocks rang with her hysterical laugh.

“Aye, part forever,” continued Harry. “We can never meet again!”

The bewildered princess gazed on him some time in silent sorrow, while torrents of tears gushed from her eyes. But as the import of his words seemed to flash upon her mind, the forest was filled with the echoes of the poor girl’s cries. She implored him with the most bewitching earnestness, and with the tenderest, most touching epithets, not to desert her; assuring him that he possessed her whole heart, and that forsaken by him, life would no longer possess a charm for her. While he stood with folded arms, and dashed away the tear that gathered on his cheek, she reminded him of his solemn vows, and mourned in her despair over the happy hours of love, now gone forever.

Harry took the unhappy girl by the hand, and as he placed a purse of gold in it, which she threw upon the earth in disdain, he said—“Farewell, beautiful princess, we must this instant part forever. Be happy, if you can, and forget me.”

As he released her, she leaped to her canoe, turned to gaze upon him she so dearly loved, with mingled feelings of the most poignant sorrow and regret, then stepped into the canoe and pushed off into the stream. Harry’s tearful eye followed her receding form. But what was his astonishment, when he beheld her, as she waved a last adieu, plunge headlong in the water, and disappear. He wrung his hands in an agony of sorrow, and gazed for some time to see her appear on the surface, but alas! he beheld the poor distracted girl no more.

He returned home, but in vain he attempted to banish from his mind the scene he had witnessed. Remorse touched his heart, and he repented having rejected the love of so noble and so devoted a heart. In the dreams of the night he heard the melting accents of her despair at parting, and beheld her drowning struggles. In his waking hours the memory of poor Manitoo was ever present, and he became melancholy.

Superstition at that period of time, as well as at the present day, held sovereign sway over the minds of the great mass of the people. The romantic soul of Harry Dewaldsen was completely un-

der the dominion of it; so much so, that no fortune-teller could long reside in the neighborhood without receiving a visit from him. Not far from the spot where the rail road bridge now crosses the Brandywine, resided in a low thatched hovel, "Old Kate, the fortune-teller," who had long been a terror to children, and indeed to many grown persons; for it was declared that she dealt with the devil; could work "*gumber*" with roots, by which she put spells upon people, and foretell future events. She had but one eye, the other, it was supposed, had been put out by Squire Throglander, who had loaded his gun with silver and shot at her picture, on account of a spell put upon his child, which had fits. Kate was a wrinkled, hump-backed, ugly old hag; and she was often seen wandering about the country with a bag under her arm, though no one professed to have a knowledge of the contents of that bag. Some believed it to be the depository of plunder, but wiser people averred that it was filled with gumber roots to work spells.

Harry had often visited old Kate, and she, in telling his fortune, invariably told him the same story. In her tea-cup of coffee-grounds she could plainly see great things in store for Harry. She told him he would suffer no misfortune, that he would be the husband of a fair Swede, and that his posterity in later days would be a disgrace to the country that gave them birth.

Since Manitoo's death, Harry was far from being happy. The memory of her wrongs arose before his mind, and he half resolved that he would leave the colony of Delaware, and wander over the world that he might forget the past.

One evening, strolling out of Wilmington in a musing mood, he found himself, without design, wandering in the grave-yard of the Swedes' church. Seating himself on a rude bench, which had been placed between two trees, which then stood near the church, but have long since disappeared before the tooth of time, he commenced talking aloud as was his custom, of the course of life he intended to pursue; spoke of his design to leave his native town, and of the route which he should take. The moon was in her first quarter, and illuminated the lonely scene around him; for the Swedes' church, though now in the suburbs of the city, was then a considerable distance from the town. Gradually he began to think of the loneliness of the place; of the dead who were slumbering in their shrouds around him, and of the grave which had so recently been made for that beautiful being who had loved him with all the undying devotion of woman, and had from wrong and

wretchedness perished, a martyr to the passion that absorbed her soul. The thought, too, that she had generously saved his life from the revengeful arm of Mandika, the young warrior, occurred to his recollection, and wrung his soul with anguish. As he turned and gazed around him, an indefinable fear came upon him, and he shuddered, lest the shade of the martyred Manitoo should rise from the gloom of the grave, and upbraid him with his ingratitude for the heroic preservation of his life, and with the inconsistency of his vow. Suddenly starting with horror, he exclaimed—"Ha! what do I see!" and trembling in every limb, he bent his vision on a female figure that slowly emerged from a recess of the church. He would have screamed, but the sound of his voice died away upon his lips. He would have fled upon the wings of the wind, but his strength failed, and he sunk down in horror. With a commanding air, the figure approached him, and as it passed, he recognized the features of the beautiful Indian princess. His glaring eyes involuntarily followed the spectre, as it took a circuitous course, and disappeared in the shadowy recess of the church from which it had issued.

Harry was no sooner able to move, than he left the lonely habitation of the dead with all possible speed. He arrived at home almost breathless with terror, and pale as though he had been one of the sheeted dead. So ghastly was the expression of his countenance, that his mother and sister were alarmed, and led him to a couch.

When the story was told that Harry had seen the spirit of the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine, it was generally believed; and stout indeed was the heart that would afterwards pass the Swedes' church at night. He who was so unfortunate as to be forced to pass, carried some talismanic charm, or means of incantation. The spirit of the unhappy Indian princess haunted the imagination of all the young lovers in the town and country, and children trembled by the fireside when the story was told.

Poor Harry was sick for some time after the event, and so nervous did he become, that his sister Julia was under the necessity of removing her couch into his room, through the fear that the apparition of Manitoo would appear in his chamber. But Harry recovered, and determined immediately to leave Wilmington, and travel where other scenes would obliterate from his recollection those which he had recently witnessed at home.

Accordingly, bidding adieu to his mother and sister, with many tears, he started on his perilous pilgrimage; for a travel from one

city to another, at a distance of two or three hundred miles, was a great undertaking, and greater bustle was then made in preparing to go from Wilmington to Philadelphia, than is now made in the journey from Baltimore to Boston. The mighty giant of steam, like Archimedes of Syracuse, is moving the world, and annihilating time and space; while electro-magnetism is transmitting the thoughts of the human mind with the velocity of light. The hour is rapidly approaching, when a steam flying machine will navigate the air, with all the buoyancy and beauty of a bird. Could the wise ancients rise from the tomb of centuries, and behold the steam engine exerting its Herculean power, even Solomon himself would be forced to exclaim, "there is something new under the sun."

Harry arrived in Philadelphia, and soon discovered that a ship had recently arrived from the East Indies, bringing several East Indians with her. His curiosity was excited to notice the similarity of features and complexion between those and the North American Indians, for the streets of Philadelphia then swarmed with the children of the forest. Even since the recollection of the author, they were to be seen in that city shooting with a bow and arrow at fips, which were placed by the citizens in the crevices of the pavement.

Having a considerable sum of money with him, Harry resolved from the impulse of the moment, to go a voyage to the East Indies. But the ship would not sail under four weeks, during which time he amused himself in that then comparatively small city. The day of departure at length arrived, and Captain Hardy notified him to come on board, which he did, after collecting his sea-stores, and having made every preparation.

Little occurred of import, during the passage down the river and bay; but a new scene of life opened to Harry, when the gallant ship went bounding over the broad bosom of the Atlantic, bending in beauty to the breeze, and dashing the foaming billows aside. To his romantic soul it was a new world, and he watched the sun as he rose and set, scattering his golden light over the heavens, with emotions no language can describe.

Harry's manner became abstracted and taciturn, for he felt as if he had done a deadly wrong to a generous heart that beat only for him, and had by the force of circumstances been accessory to the death of one who had generously saved his life from the Indian tomahawk. But notwithstanding his unhappy countenance, every one on board became warmly attached to him; particularly

the two East Indians, who were persons of wealth and distinction at home. There was, also, a handsome Indian lad on board, named Quashakee, who also conceived a particular regard for Harry, on account of similarity of feeling and disposition; and often sat for hours watching with him the variegated skies, and the distant ships that passed away like spirits on the ocean of eternity. If Harry were sick, Quashakee was at his side, ever ready to minister to his wants. So much sympathy did he find in the bosoms of these voyagers, that his mind in a measure was relieved from its gloomy reflections, and he became comparatively cheerful. But alas! how often does one circumstance eventuate in many misfortunes, and change the whole current of a man's life? After days of calm sunshine, a dark cloud upon the horizon appeared, and the watchful eye of Captain Hardy discovered that a storm was approaching. Orders were given to put the ship in order to meet the crisis, and scarcely were the sails furled, ere the wind arose; the billows of the ocean began to roll and break in foam; while fear gradually depicted its outlines on the faces of the passengers. Louder and still louder roared the storm, whilst the winds lashed the waves into fury, and the laboring ship was tossed to and fro, like an egg-shell. Still more furious became the tempest towards night; the rigging of the ship was torn to tatters, and scattered on the bosom of the mighty deep.

But the soul of the heroic Harry remained calm and unmoved, amid the mighty war of the elements. His romantic eye gazed with even delight upon the terrific grandeur and sublimity of the scene, and his fearless soul surveyed with a pleasure approaching enthusiasm, the mountain billows as they rolled by him, and burst amid the fury of the roaring blast. Awfully grand to his vision was the dashing deep, when the darkness of night came down upon it, shrouding every thing in impenetrable gloom, save when the lurid lightning leaped along the heavens, and illuminated with a fearful glare the foaming surface of the sea. The crazy ship, lumbering in the trough of the billows, worked with a quivering motion in every joint, and trembled from stem to stern, as with a fearful foreboding of her dissolution. But while the other passengers were groaning with terror, and even the hearts of the hardy, storm-beaten mariners were beginning to quail with apprehension, Harry, with his head leaning upon his hand, seemed unconscious of danger.

With still more tremendous fury raged the blast, and rolled on the roaring billows; when, suddenly, Captain Hardy, who stood

on the quarter deck—holding on with one hand to the taffrail, cried out in the thunder-tones of the trumpet, "Prepare to meet your fate—we shall all be lost!"

The incessant flashes of lightning, that lit up the angry ocean with one red flood of flame, revealed to view the affrighted East Indians imploring protection from Allah, and the form of Quashakee clinging in despair to Harry, who heard not his lamentations, for they were drowned amid the roar of the sea, and the wild tumult of the tempest. The agonizing thoughts of these unhappy beings were wandering away to their distant homes, and to the smiling faces and green fields that they never expected to see again.

The helmless ship, quivering to her centre and dashed from side to side, suddenly struck with tremendous force against a reef of rocks. One loud crash and one wild scream went booming over the sea, and in an instant all on board that ill-fated vessel were scattered amid the midnight darkness of the deep; nor, save by the now occasional flashes of the lightning could they discern the floating fragments of the wreck. The long-boat, and the captain's gig had both been stove; they could not live amid the terrific breakers.

Harry Dewaldsen was an expert swimmer; but, though the terrors of the tempest had in some degree abated, he now saw nothing but death before his mental vision; for he was in that most forlorn of all situations, floating on the wide bosom of the ocean, surrounded by darkness and storm. For some time he was enabled by the strength of his manly limbs to keep above the tumbling billows, but at length that strength began to fail; his heroic courage gave way to despair, and breathing a prayer to Heaven, and wafting a farewell blessing to the beloved friends at home, he prepared to perish like a brave man who fears not death. Loss of recollection was gradually stealing upon his mind; confused ideas wandered through his brain; a sense of sleepiness came upon his senses, and as he was sinking into the watery grave of millions, a cry of anguish broke upon his dying ear, and he felt a human hand grasp him by the hair and draw him to a fragment of the wreck, which he seized with the desperate firmness of a drowning man. As soon as Harry recovered his scattered senses, he discovered, by the voice, that he had been saved by the young Indian Quashakee, to whom, in lieu of his kindness and attention on ship-board, he had formed a warm attachment. They were clinging to a portion of the stern of the ship, and as they went drifting over the wide waters, they vainly imagined what their

future fate would be. They had been rudely thrown from the ship without food; without raiment; save what they had on, and without money; save a number of gold pieces which Harry had in his pocket.

Between midnight and day the storm gradually abated, the dark clouds rolled down the horizon, and the majestic moon, like bridal beauty, walked up into the glorious hall of heaven, shedding her silvery smiles upon the surface of the sea, and illuminating the white caps of the weary billows. Forlorn as was the situation of Harry, his heart bounded at the scene, and his soul was imbued with a sense of sublime pleasure, that one less tinctured with romance and the love of the grand and beautiful, could not appreciate or conceive of.

When the goddess of the morning, the fair Aurora, unbarred the gates of day, and gilded the eastern heavens with a golden glow, not a fragment of the wreck, or a trace of the unfortunate passengers and crew, could be discovered on the lonely waste of waters. Not a white sail in the distance gladdened the sight of these two desolate wanderers on the great deep. All, all had perished but themselves, and as Harry thought of their distant friends, he could not refrain from bursting into tears.

All day, as they rolled upon the billows of the boundless ocean, the eye of Harry was strained to catch a glimpse of some white sail in the distance, and every hour seemed an age of anxiety and solicitude. They had not a mouthful of any thing to eat, and the poor Indian lad Quashakee was famishing for water.

"It is hard," said Harry, as he looked on the suffering lad, in whose dark eye a tear glistened—"it is truly hard that we have escaped the savage fury of the tempest to perish with hunger and thirst on the lonely sea, with no kind hand to relieve our wants and mitigate our sufferings! I fear not death when it comes with no lingering tortures; but oh! how wretched I am when I think of the happy home I have left, and of that fond mother and sister who are now happy, altogether unconscious of the forlorn condition of their unfortunate son and brother."

The descending sun gradually sunk into his ocean bed, and the silvery stars were hung out like lamps in the great hall of heaven; but still no distant sail gladdened the sight of these poor wanderers of the sea. Through the long and lonely hours of the night they still clung to the fragment of the wreck, agonizing with hunger and thirst, and fearful of falling asleep, lest they should lose

their hold or be devoured in the voracious jaws of some mighty monster of the deep.

The tedious night at last wore away, and the long wished for light of day came only to remind them that their hours of anguish were not yet ended. How snail-like is the march of time when, from sickness, sorrow or suspense, we count its weary moments as they pass? How unlike its rapid flight when joy lights up the careless heart, and the bright and beautiful visions of bliss illumine the soul?

Another day was hastening to its termination, and the shadows of despair were beginning to darken the brow of Harry, when his keen eye caught the glimpse of a vessel in the dim distance. Hope, the last tenant of Pandora's box, revived in his heart; and as that ship came nearer and nearer, bending to the breeze and beautifully bounding like a bird over the billows of the Atlantic, he tore the sleeve from his shirt, and tying it with a handkerchief to a long strip of the wreck, he hoisted it as a signal of distress. Nearer, still nearer came the hope of rescue, as if the signal had been seen by those on board and they were bearing down on them. Alas! those fond hopes of recognition were illusive, for the ship almost within hailing distance now bore up in the wind, and passed by them in her rapid flight, as the last rays of the setting sun illuminated her flowing canvas. Oh! how severe to the sanguine soul, in the hour of anxious anticipation, is hope deferred? Night was again closing around them, and the poor Indian lad had become sick from fatigue, exhaustion, and privation. Harry now lost all recollection of his own, in his sympathy for Quashakee's situation, and taking the handkerchief which he had used in making the signal, he lashed his drooping companion securely to the wreck, lest in an unguarded moment he should be washed away, and leave him alone to die of starvation. He verified the proverb, that "misery loves company," and though miserable as he was with the lad at his side, and despairing of ever reaching land, he forcibly felt that he would be infinitely more miserable, if fate should snatch from him the companion of his hopes and fears.

Drearily, tediously passed away the night, and when the moon sunk behind a dark cloud in the western horizon, leaving the wide sea wrapped in tenfold darkness, hope entirely deserted the heart of Harry, and he half resolved in his mind that sudden death would be preferable to the slow, lingering tortures of suspense he was enduring. He had almost determined to open the jugular vein and carotid artery, with the knife in his pocket, and mingle

his life-blood with the waters, through the horrid fear that in the pinching pangs of hunger, one might live to feed upon the flesh of the other. His mind was busy with the thoughts of suicide when the day dawned, and to his inexpressible joy he found that he was floating almost under the very bow of a large brig bound to the West Indies.

But in the excessive joy of his heart he had not noticed, though talking to him, that Quashakee's eyes were closed, and that he was from exhaustion and hunger gradually sinking into the sleep of death. Harry now cried aloud for succor, when a seaman from the round-top espied them, and came down to their assistance; calling up the slumbering crew, a rope was thrown to Harry, which he made fast around the waist of Quashakee, and he was hoisted on board in a state of insensibility. In a few minutes he stood himself upon the deck, and his quivering lips breathed thanks to Heaven for his miraculous preservation.

The kind-hearted captain on seeing the state in which the Indian lad lay, ordered that he should be conveyed to the cabin, where every means were used for his resuscitation. Towards the middle of the day he revived, and in the evening had so far recovered the use of his faculties as to converse. The first words he uttered were to inquire where the companion of his dangers and sufferings was, nor would he be consoled until Harry stood before him, and the poor boy grasped his hand to be certain that he was there. He gazed long and tenderly at him, and while his musing mind seemed to be wandering back on the perils of the past, he covered his face and burst into tears.

The brig which had so opportunely rescued them from a watery grave, was bound, as observed before, to the West Indies, where she arrived after a pleasant voyage. Fortunately Harry discovered at Havana that a ship would soon sail for New York, and accordingly took passage with the determination to return home and settle himself for life.

At Havana, Harry became acquainted with a Spaniard named Manual Lopez Alvarez Diego, who was ready to sail for New York on board the same ship. They became very intimately acquainted, and Harry discovered that Diego had a considerable sum of money in doubloons, which was fastened around his waist in a belt, Harry related to him his own, and Quashakee's misfortunes; and so much were the feelings of the Spaniard wrought upon, that he assured them that they should not suffer as long as he had gold in his possession. His regard for the handsome young Indian lad was,

also, warmly expressed, and Quashakee returned many an acknowledgment from his very dark expressive eyes. The generous Spaniard bestowed upon them a number of costly presents, and evinced in all his conduct so noble a soul, that Harry could not do otherwise than become deeply attached to him.

There was another Spaniard on board, whose aspect was not so winning; yet he joined the party and endeavored to make himself agreeable. Still there was a roughness and uncouth manner about him that precluded the possibility of his becoming an intimate companion. His name was José Figaro Rosalva, but his history was unknown, save that he had long been a wanderer of the sea.

Such were the passengers of the good ship *Pelanquin*, Captain Davis, from, and for, New York. The passage was interspersed with alternate sunshine and storm, but after a long passage they all arrived safely in New York, once called by the Dutch *New Amsterdam*. Harry had amused himself on board in various ways, such as carving his name on the handle of the splendid Spanish knife, which Diego had given him; sculpturing figures in wood, and relating to Quashakee at night the story of his ill-fated love for Manitoo, the beauty of the Brandywine; how his ingratitude and cruelty in forsaking her had caused her to drown herself in despair, and how remorse and the keenest misery had ever since preyed upon his heart. And while he assured Quashakee that he felt for her an undying affection, and would sacrifice every thing if he could but restore her to life, and once more behold her heavenly form; the poor boy, touched at his heart-felt sorrow; would lean his head upon his bosom, and mingle his tears with those of Harry as they fell.

When the passengers landed on the wharf at New York, they agreed not to separate; but all repair to the same public-house, to which they were conducted by Diego, who was acquainted in that city, and particularly with the landlord. Here Deigo, in the presence of Mynheer Von Dunderford, the landlord, bade Harry and the lad, Quashakee, make themselves easy; assuring them that so long as he possessed a doubloon they should not suffer, and related to Von Dunderford the story of their shipwreck, sufferings, and loss of property.

At night Diego requested that they might all three be placed in one room; but as this was impossible, Harry and Quashakee were to sleep in a room next to that occupied by Diego. Fatigued with the voyage they all repaired to bed early, and Harry long

tossed from side to side, as if disagreeable thoughts were preying upon his mind. So uneasy was he, that Quashakee arose from his bed to inquire if he were sick, and needed assistance; but being answered in the negative, he returned to his couch and soon fell into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until the next morning.

Harry arose at sunrise with a dispirited air and gloomy countenance, declaring that he had not slept three hours, and that horrible dreams had haunted his slumbers. Diego was a very early riser, and the landlord finding he had not risen in time for breakfast, repaired to his room to ascertain what was the matter. Great was his horror when he found him lying on his back deluged with blood, and cold in death. Von Dunderford was a shrewd, intelligent Dutchman, and without giving any alarm he repaired to the police-office, and related what had taken place. Several officers followed him to the house, and discovered that Diego had been stabbed to the heart, and that he had received a heavy blow on the side of his head, proving that he had not committed suicide. On examining the room a large Spanish knife was found partly under the bed, as if it had been accidentally dropped in the dark; and on the handle was carved the name of Harry Dewaldsen, in beautifully formed letters.

Harry, at this moment, was sitting in a melancholy mood in the bar-room below, resting his head upon one hand, and looking into the face of Quashakee. When the officers came down, and Von Dunderford pointed to Harry as the man whose name was on the knife, he arose with a calm countenance; but when one of the officers placed his hand upon his shoulder, and told him he was his prisoner as the murderer of Diego, his face became pale and bloodless; he gasped for breath, and staggered against the wall. The quick ear of the Indian lad had caught the words of dreadful import; he leaped from his chair with a scream, and fell upon the floor in a state of insensibility.

The great agitation of Harry, when charged with the murder satisfied the officers that he was guilty; and though, as soon as he recovered self-possession, he protested his innocence in heart-wrung, earnest language, yet the officer turned a deaf ear, and proceeded to search his person for the gold, which Von Dunderford, the landlord, knew Diego had on the evening previous. Gold pieces were found in Harry's pockets; a beautiful little casket containing several jewels, on the lid of which the name of Diego,

the murdered man, was engraved; and several other valuable articles which were known to have belonged to the same person.

The next step was to convey Harry to a dark and dismal dungeon. So affected was his mind by the awful charge of imbruing his hands in the blood of man, that he could not attempt to refute the allegation. When he sat down in his prison, and began to reflect upon the horrible situation in which he was placed, he was wretched in the extreme. He philosophized upon the force of circumstances, and as the clank of his chains rung upon his ears, his mind wanderéd back to happier days, and the dear images of his mother and sister rose before his mental vision; and though not accustomed to the melting mood, tears gushed from his eyes, and he felt that he was unmanned.

Quashakee, the poor Indian lad, whose heart, though placed in the bosom of a savage, knew how to feel; and so great was the influence of the tidings that the life of his friend was jeopardized, that he was prostrated on a bed of sickness. In the room where he was confined, was also confined the Spaniard, Rosalva, who had been suddenly struck down with the paralytic attack, completely prostrating his nervous system.

The excitement of the public mind became very great during the trial of Harry. Every person seemed to be astonished at his cool and collected manner, for he appeared to be more unconcerned with the issue of the matter, than many of those who stood within the pale of the court. Harry perceived from the first that there was but little hope for him, as a strong chain of circumstances were against him; and the attorney against him contended that a strong chain of circumstantial evidence was more powerful in a court of justice, than the oath of a single individual.

The bloody knife, with the name of Harry Dewaldsen on the handle was arrayed against him, as also the casket in his possession, with the name of Diego engraved upon it. Circumstances were strongly against him, and there was but little hope of his escape.

The morning of the day on which he was to be tried; he was sitting in a melancholy mood, when the massive iron door swung back upon its hinges, and the wild scream of a lady broke upon his startled ear.

“My brother! my darling brother! you cannot be, you are not, a murderer!” exclaimed Julia, the devoted sister of Harry, who had heard of his misfortune, and left her mother in Wilmington

to see him she so dearly loved. She ran to him the moment she entered his gloomy prison-house, fell upon his bosom and fainted.

While he stood leaning against the wall, and gazing on his prostrate sister, a cry was heard in the passage, and the next moment Manitoo, the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine rushed into Harry's arms, exclaiming that he was an innocent and injured man. She who had assumed the character of an Indian lad that she might follow his fortunes, had now resumed the female garb, and had come to save his life once more.

José Figaro Rosalva, the Spaniard, who had been struck down by a paralytic attack and saw the near approach of death, had made confession that he had committed the deed; that he had taken the knife from Harry's pocket, during the night, and had left it where it was found, that suspicion might not rest on him.

His confession had been written down, and was now presented to the proper authorities, who gave orders for the release of Harry. His mind was completely bewildered by the strange events which had recently transpired.

Great was the joy of Julia Dewaldsen, when her brother stood before her freed from his perilous situation. And how different her feelings with regard to Manitoo, who had overheard the ravings of Rosalva, and had induced him, in the near approach of death, to confess, and thus free an innocent man from his dreadful situation. No sooner was Julia informed of the fact that Manitoo had indeed saved the life of her brother, than she embraced her in a transport of tenderness, declaring that they never would be separated during life.

When they arrived in Philadelphia, Harry begged the hand of Manitoo in marriage, which she pledged; but Julia desired that the rites might not be performed until they arrived at home, that his mother might be a witness to the ceremony. On arriving, Harry found that his mother, from distress of mind, had been confined to her bed; but when she was informed of all that had transpired, her joy was excessive, and she welcomed Manitoo with all the warmth of a mother's heart.

Preparations were soon made for the celebration of the nuptials, and the chief, Undine, was invited to be present on the occasion. He rejoiced at once more beholding Manitoo, for she had left him to follow Harry, without having communicated her intention. On the night that she threw herself into the Brandywine, she had taken advantage of the moment when Harry turned from the sight, and secreted herself among the bushes on the margin of the stream.

When the marriage ceremony had been performed, Harry thought of the fortune-teller, Kate, and declared that no part of her prophecy had been fulfilled. Mandika, the unsuccessful lover of Manitoo, on hearing of her union with Harry, disappeared, and never was seen afterward.

From the union of these two celebrated characters, sprang a numerous family. Their descendants resided in and about Wilmington, until the tide of emigration began to set strongly to the West, when they retired to Ohio, from which State two became distinguished members of Congress. The relics of Wild Harry of Wilmington and the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine, now lie mouldering in one of the grave-yards of that city, after having lived long and happily together.

Departure of La Fayette.

HE is dashed on the foam of the turbulent ocean,
 Where the dark swelling tempest in revelry raves;
 But the Brandywine moves with a beautiful motion,
 And bears her loved guest o'er the billowy waves.

The sea-god has promised to guard his soft pillow,
 When the lightning of heaven illumines the deep,
 And to calm, in its rage, the wild dash of the billow,
 When softly he sinks in the slumbers of sleep.

And the God of the skies, now enthroned in his power,
 Who has guided his steps 'mid the thunders of war;
 Who has screened him from danger in battle's dark hour,
 And written his name on eternity's car:

To the land of his sires, to his own native nation,
 Shall the hero of fame, in his splendor restore,
 And the plaudits of millions, fair freedom's oblation,
 Shall re-thunder the caves of old Gallia's shore.

He has gone to repose in the lap of his mother,*
 To the home of his youth, and the land of his bloom;
 He has dropped at Mount Vernon a tear o'er his brother,
 Who is pillowed in death, in the night of the tomb.

* France.

He is gone to his country, and never, ah! never;
 Shall America's Eagle o'ershadow the brave;
 He hath left us in hope, but departed for ever,
 For age must consign him to nature's cold grave.

No more shall his path be enamelled with flowers,
 Or the damsels of beauty sing praise to his name;
 But the muse shall exalt it in nature's gay bowers,
 And gild it with gold in the temple of fame.

Pathetic Stanzas.

AH! why my friend, why thus distressed,
 And whence the blanch of woe?
 The bursting pang now heaves thy breast,
 And tears unnumbered flow!

Thine eye is dim, soft peace has fled
 On wings of withering care;
 Alas! thy pleasures all are dead,
 In love once blooming fair.

The night of gloom distracts thy brain,
 Hope, shuddering, leaves thine eye;
 But ah! they will return again,
 Bid joy relieve the sigh.

Say, has ingratitude's dark stamp,
 Detracted from thy worth;
 Or has gone out religion's lamp,
 Upon this envious earth?

Has friendship ceased in sweet return,
 The proffered gifts of praise;
 Ah! does thy generous bosom burn,
 For joys of other days?

O tell me if thy heart doth bleed,
 For some fair cruel maid;
 Who in return thy love hath freed,
 And cold unkindness paid?

Or hast thou, hopeless, now inurned,
 A partner in life's vale;

Who love for love had long returned,
And cheered with virtue's tale?

Ah no! he cried, my poignant grief,
Is greater far than this;
My life is sad—the tale is brief,
That robbed me of my bliss!

My wife was taken yesternight,
With raging pain and fever;
Her eye had lost its lustre bright,
And nothing could relieve her.

But sad, ah! sad, for me to say,
The Doctor gave a pill;
And, O, alas! she rose to-day,
To grieve my bosom still.

Hope told me that she would have sung,
Poor soul in other skies;
But while I smiled, I heard her tongue,
“The worm that never dies.”

A Fragment.

THE night was dark—
No moon illumined the tempestuous deep,
Nor bright stars twinkled o'er the vast abyss—
The fathomless abyss of ocean's waves.
The winds arose, the billowy tempest raged;
High heaving to the clouds the sparkling foam,
And the loud surge lashed heavily the shore,
Dashing with giant strength the little bark,
First up, then down, while on the slippery deck,
The sea-boy raised his humble prayer to heaven,
And sent his scream, wild, echoing, on the blast.
Still louder roared the storm, the thunder shook
The battlements of heaven, while the forked lightning,
Gleaming o'er the scene, shed dismal horror.
Scarce did the flash expire, when peals on peals,
Still louder broke on the astonished ear,
As tho' the planets were convulsed, and worlds
Flying, affrighted, from their native fields,
Were tumbling into ruins. Incessant now

The bending arch of heaven's stupendous fabric,
Curtained with planets, in their orbits fixed,
Appeared one solid, blazing orb of fire.
Fast clinging to the reeling mast alone,
Frantic and wild with horror and alarm,
Now calling on her God, and now resigned
To sink ingulphed beneath the watery waste,
The beauteous Ellen stood. Fast flowed her tears,
When memory would recall the pleasing hopes
Of soon arriving home to greet her friends,
Which she so oft in fancy had indulged.
High on a cliff that overlooked the sea,
A rugged rock, defying winds and storms,
The splendid castle of Alcanzor stood—
The home of Ellen. On the pebbly beach
Alcanzor strayed; and grieved, and listened long,
While every billow brought distracted sighs;
And, ever and anon, the lightning's flash
Portrayed the vessel, struggling with the waves;
And with his glass each moment he beheld
The frantic Ellen. But blest hope had fled,
And pity now alone remained to soothe
The hapless sorrows of a lover's breast,
Whose anguished cries were drowned amid the roar
Of the wild billow, and the bellowing winds—
Whose weeping eyes should never more behold
The darling object, the intended bride,
More dear than worlds, than even life itself.
The storm increased! Tempestuous roared the winds,
And wilder still did rage the boiling gulf,
While every wave dashed rudely o'er the bark,
And lost themselves deep in the liquid gloom:
Thunder o'er thunder rolling, died away,
But quickly followed by severer crash,
Till from the clouds a darting bolt emerged,
And swept the mast far on the bubbling spray.
The next rude surge, in its broad cradle, took
The weeping Ellen; and the bark went down—
To rise no more. The midnight hour had passed;
The gloomy clouds rolled heavily away,
And in the east pale Luna hung her horns,
Shedding her beams upon the silent scene
Where Ellen's beauty found a watery grave,—
Where Ellen slept unconscious of her doom.
Silence, eternal silence, now did reign,
Save when the bubble bursted on the shore,
Seeming as tho' great nature made a pause,
And pity melted in a flood of tears.

The Seasons.

Soon will the lovely Spring unfold
 Her blossoms to the breeze;
 And give with fruits of green and gold
 Temptation to the trees.
 Young April with her silver showers,
 And tender tears of dew;
 And beauteous May thro' blooming bowers,
 Their charms again shall shew.

Delightful Spring ere long shall spread
 The vale with varying green,
 The strawberry and the cherry red,
 In every grove be seen.
 The garden gay and fertile field
 Shall gild the earth again;
 This brings its flowers, and that shall yield
 The golden glittering grain.

I love to see the blooming bud
 A rich red rose undo;
 The apple blushing as with blood,
 The plum with veins of blue.
 To see the long-prolific vine
 Its precious product mould;
 And in the Summer's sunbeam shine
 Large grapes of glossy gold.

Fair Summer with industrious care
 Shall soon with sweets abound;
 The melon and the mealy pear,
 Lie scattered o'er the ground.
 Profusive Autumn then shall come,
 With glittering sheaf and grain;
 The season of the gathering home,
 Of gladness and of gain.

Thus doth the Spring of life come on,
 Its blooming flowers are fair;
 Summer succeeds when Spring is gone,
 With toil, and fruit and care.
 Then Autumn, harvest of the heart,
 The hoarding time of strife,
 Of miserly desire and art;
 Winter arrives and death's keen dart
 Divides the thread of life.

Female Tenderness.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE fair Aurora had undone
 Her glittering gates of gold,
 The brilliant chariot of the sun,
 Just o'er the hills had rolled:
 When Laura, lovely maid, arose,
 Unbarred the cottage door,
 To seek, to soothe, and pity those,
 Misfortune had made poor.

Like some kind angel swift she flew,
 Rejoicing on her way,
 Unto the lowly cot in view,
 Where few will ever stray:
 And there, O sight of woe, she saw
 A soldier sick; he was
 Stretched out upon a bed of straw,
 Who bled in freedom's cause.

His eye, that once with fire had flashed,
 Was dim with woe and age,
 His breast, that once in strife was gashed,
 Now throbb'd with fever's rage;
 His arm, that waved the weapon bright,
 Was paralyzed with pain,
 And Laura wept to see the sight,
 And bathed his burning brain.

And while she smoothed the humble bed,
 On which the hero lay,
 She held a cordial to his head,
 And charmed his griefs away;
 And by her kind assiduous aid,
 His health and hope restored;
 He lived to bless the generous maid,
 He blest her and adored.

O such is lovely woman's heart,
 Where human woes abound,
 She draws from sorrow's breast the dart,
 And heals the anguished wound;
 Where'er she moves her path is strown
 With sweet affection's flowers;
 The man is dead who will not own
 Fond woman's magic powers.

The Silkworm.

How like the silkworm is the range
 Of man's own being thro' each change
 To age from helpless infancy!
 From death to dread eternity!
 First from the blue and tiny germ,
 Comes forth the ground-work of a worm,
 Demanding food—one kind alone;
 Time passes—see how it is grown.
 Then comes a change—its germhood gone,
 It now a chubby form puts on;
 And grows with such a rapid pace,
 Its change in size we scarce may trace.
 Then comes another change, the germ
 Is now lost in the half-grown worm;
 Then comes the third change, then the last;
 'Tis now of age and boyhood past.
 Seest thou no good resemblance here?
 'Tis work-time now or wild career;
 It now begins with wisdom sage,
 Or to prepare for coming age,
 Or squander time and idly range,
 Unmindful of the eternal change,
 When time recedes with parting breath,
 And life is swallowed up in death.
 See how his thread of life he spins!
 With what precision he begins!
 And with what art his silken cell,
 It weaves wherein it soon must dwell!
 So the good man, his soul to save,
 Prepares himself a quiet grave.
 Its life of labor now is passed,
 We see it in its tomb at last,
 Awaiting that most awful day
 Of resurrection from decay;
 The hour arrives—behold how strange
 It witnesseth the final change!
 It bursts the tomb, and from the dead
 Waves its proud wings and lifts its head
 With joy, and dances without fear
 Upon its silken sepulchre;
 No food requires it to abate
 Its hunger in its happier state;
 No labor now, but all is joy,
 It shouts and seeks no other employ;
 So when life's fitful fever's o'er,
 Man falls to rise upon that shore

Where life is peace, and praise employ,
 And heaven one constant round of joy:
 Like the poor worm his toils are done,
 And years of lasting love begun.

To a Lady,

WHO REJECTED MY OFFERING OF FLOWERS.

To April's showers,
 May owes her flowers,
 Or barren every bower appears;
 Yet gaudy May,
 In rich array,
 Doth smile at April's tender tears.

Tho' April strews,
 With richest hues,
 The path of May, in beauteous bloom;
 Yet May in pride,
 Doth her deride,
 And dance in triumph on her tomb.

Thus, lady fair,
 The tears of care,
 Which I have often shed for thee,
 Thou dost reject,
 With cold neglect,
 And smile to mark my misery.

The blooming flowers,
 I brought from bowers,
 To deck thy lucid locks of gold,
 Thou didst refuse,
 And deadly dews
 Fell on the beauteous blossoms cold.

Lady, the doom
 Of flowers in bloom;
 Too well do mark my bloom of years;
 For tho' the sun,
 Of love begun,
 May rise in bliss, it sets in tears.

All is Vanity.

Oh! I have seen a bubble blown
 In beauty on a billow bright!
 Around it lovely landscapes shone,
 And pictured forms of life and light.
 An earth as heaven was painted there,
 The field, the forest, and the lawn;
 But as I grasped, it burst in air,
 The mimic world of light was gone.

And such is pleasure—we pursue,
 As does the child the butterfly;
 'Tis charming to the distant view,
 But as we grasp, its glories die.
 'Tis crushed the moment that we catch
 The gaudy phantom of the mind,
 And disappointed man, a wretch,
 An aching void can only find.

Oh! I have sought frail pleasure long,
 In empty fame and glittering gold;
 I've listened to her Syren song,
 As did Ulysses' ears of old.
 Aye, for one glimpse of glory, I
 Have oft my heart's best wishes given;
 Yea, for one glance from her dark eye,
 Would barter e'en my hopes of heaven.

I've sought the phantom pleasure too
 In the heart's hell, the mad'ning bowl,
 I drank, tho' I beheld in view
 The deep damnation of the soul.
 Canst thou give up thy wife to tears,
 Canst thou neglect thy children's home,
 Blast all the hopes of future years,
 And be a wretch, for what?—for rum?

Oh God! 'tis cruel to resign
 All, all thou lovest for mad'ning drink:
 Forsake it then, and bliss is thine,
 Forsake and fly from ruin's brink.
 Think not that I would triumph now,
 Or yet insult thy generous soul;
 Oh! no, I've drank as deep as thou
 The dark damnation of the bowl.

Where are our friends of earlier years,
 The generous, gifted and the brave;
 Alas, full many have in tears
 Drank deep and filled a drunkard's grave.
 When in my soul the serpent shed
 The venom of his victory,
 With Solomon of old I said—
 All, all indeed is vanity.

What will it profit if we gain
 A world of wealth, and lose the soul?
 Ah! what is glory to the slain?
 Where are the blessings of the bowl?
 The proudest potentate must fall,
 Earth's sweetest pleasures quickly flee;
 One hour of virtue's worth them all,
 For all indeed is vanity.

The Advent of Christ.

AN ODE.

ALMIGHTY God! I sing thy power,
 When in that dark and dreadful hour,
 Thine eye looked down from realms of light,
 And saw creation wrapped in night—
 When sin and woe usurped the world,
 And death's black banner was unfurled;
 When from blest Palestina's shade,
 Religion fled an exile maid,
 And death and darkness ruled the land,
 With Superstition's wizard wand.
 Almighty God! I sing the hour,
 When all death's potentates of power,
 Assembled on the earth, to dare
 The vengeance of thine arm made bare,
 And to renounce thy ancient right,
 To rule the world of life and light.
 High on the gorgeous throne of fate,
 Proud Satan sat, enrobed in flame,
 And while on man he gazed in hate,
 Hell smiled and shouted with acclaim;
 And as he spoke,
 Loud thunders broke,

And bloody Crime exposed his awful form;
 While at the monarch's side,
 War snatched the sword of pride,
 And plunged at Virtue's bleeding bosom warm.
 Fell Superstition, Satan's child,
 Kneeled at his feet with shrieking wail,
 And cried, all hail! with visage wild,
 And every Pagan temple echoed, hail! all hail!
 With look severe and leering eye,
 Black Bigotry approached the throne,
 And cried, O king, thou ne'er shall die,
 Thou, thou canst rule the world alone;
 And more he would have said,
 But from her flowery bed,
 Soft Pleasure leapt with bosom bare,
 Bowed her white knee, and waved her hanging hair.
 Darkness and death exulting rose,
 To hail the monarch of his slaves,
 And at each pause and gloomy close,
 Hell echoed triumph thro' her deep dark caves.
 But see! ah see! there comes afar,
 A radiant light—a shadowy car;
 The harps of heaven resound above,
 With hymns of everlasting love,
 While down the skies, on wings of wind,
 Comes the blest SAVIOUR of mankind.
 Amid the fiends of dark renown,
 The Son of God in glory stood,
 From his high throne hurled Satan down,
 And all his attributes subdued.
 While Superstition gazed,
 And hell stood back amazed,
 He shook the heathen temples with his voice,
 And with a dreadful look,
 The thundering trumpet took,
 And bade the sons of men rejoice! rejoice!
 The idol tumbled from the tower,
 And death, O God, was conquered,—thine.
 Hell was the trophy of that hour,
 When Pagan priests fell from their shrine.
 Hail gift divine, when to the world
 The glorious Gospel was unfurled,
 When death and darkness fell to earth,
 And gave to man a second birth;
 When clouds of error passed away,
 And heaven's own beams illumed the day.
 By me the Saviour's praise be sung,
 Aided by time's eternal tongue,
 Who from Empyrean scenes above
 Came down in everlasting love;

Who came mankind from death to save,
 And snatched the victory from the grave.
 Almighty God! thou, whose eternal name
 All nations worship, reverence and adore,
 Be thine the wreaths of everlasting fame!
 Be thine the praise of ages evermore!
 O bring the hour when every rite,
 Thy glorious Gospel shall engross,
 The Koran sink to endless night,
 Nor let the *Crescent* triumph o'er the *Cross*.^{*}
 When on that emblem he expired,
 He who the world with wisdom fired,
 All nature stood aghast and felt the change,
 The LAW was void—the *prophecy* fulfilled,
 And every Jewish heart conviction thrilled,
 While sleeping nations rose to view the conflict strange!
 'Tis finished now, he cried;
 Bowling his head, he died,
 And earth's firm fabric trembled at his voice!
 But harps of heaven rejoicing rung,
 Angels and men the anthem sung,
 And bade the world, the wicked world rejoice!
 And now, O God, send forth his word,
 Till every nation shall have heard
 The joyous Jubilee;
 Send forth to Pharisee and Scribe,
 To every tongue and every tribe,
 The light of Calvary;
 Send forth thy Missionary bands,
 To foreign shores, to foreign lands,
 Till every knee shall bow to One,
 The God, the Father, and the Son,
 And Israel from the Talmud flee,
 To own the Christ of Calvary.

O I have Leaned.

Oh! I have lean'd in deep despair,
 On woman's beating breast;
 And felt that every cruel care
 Was gone, and I was blest;
 And I have bask'd beneath her smile,
 When sorrow pierced my soul;
 And felt a greater joy the while,
 Than ever blest the bowl.

^{*} Alluding to Greece fighting under the banner of the Cross.

The Ruins of Time.

“THE car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
T’ alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of time’s o’erwhelming wave.”

DR. BEATTIE.



ONCE more hath the earth completed her circuit round the burning and brilliant luminary of heaven. The wheels of time still roll on, and bury every moment in the dust, the wrecks of former revolutions. The monuments of art and genius; the temples of ambition, pride and vanity, every moment spring up, and are hurled to the earth in the path of man, and serve to remind him of the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur. To him how pregnant with instruction are the wrecks, and ruins, and revolutions of time? They are the oracles of ages; they speak like a trumpet from the tomb. They speak with a voice of thunder to the heart—a voice more impressive than the tongue of Tully; more symphonious than the harp of Homer; more picturesque than the pencil of Apelles. I feel in my soul the grandeur of my exalted theme. I see the venerable shade of Time as he stands for a moment on the pedestal of years; his white locks streaming in the winds of winter; his aged hand pointing to the ruins of empires, and his trembling form bending over the tombs of Oriental genius, where the lamp of glory still burns, and the light of immortality streams.

Roll back the billowy tide of time! unroll the mouldering record of ages! What scenes are presented to the startled imagination of man! He beholds his own destiny, and the doom of his noblest achievements. He builds the colossal temple of his renown; he dedicates it to other ages; it stands on a rock, and bathes its high

battlements in the blue clouds of heaven; but, behold! triumphant Time hurls it with all its grandeur to the dust. So it is with man himself, whose hot and hurried existence precipitates the hour of his own dissolution. And so it is with the empires of the earth; they rise, flourish and pass away, as if they had never been. Where now is ancient Egypt, the land of science and sacred recollections? Where are her thousands of cities; her Thebes; her Memphis; her oracle of Ammon? The red arm of the Goth and the Vandal hath levelled them with the dust: the serpent now inhabits the temple where the worshiper once bent the knee of adoration; the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the priestess long since fled from her falling shrine. And where are the cloud-capt pyramids of Egypt, the wonder of the world? Alas! they stand as mournful monuments of human ambition. But where are the kings who planned, and the millions of miserable slaves who erected them? Gone down to the grave; the rank weed waves over the sepulchre of their mouldering bones. And such shall be the fate of those pyramids which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition; the wave of time shall roll over them, and bury them for ever in the general mausoleum of ages.

And hath all the glory and grandeur of the world thus yielded to the victorious tooth of Time? Go seek an answer amid the wrecks of Palmyra, Baalbec and Jerusalem. Behold, the city of God hath fallen; through her tottering temples and ruined battlements the shade-born beetle wheels his dreary flight, and the roaring lion of the desert hath made his lair in the sepulchre of the Saviour. The musing traveller in vain searches for the splendid temple of Solomon; its crumbling columns are beneath his feet; its sublime imagery is pictured in the landscape of imagination, but the glory of the world hath departed for ever. Oh, where are the millions of once active beings who inhabited the sacred city, and whose voices once made the temple vocal with the songs of praise? Alas! they are lost amid the undistinguishable wrecks of time. Their bones are bleaching on their native hills, even more desolate than their once celebrated city.

Time, like Death, is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundations of greatness and grandeur; nor less hath he desolated the gardens of Oriental genius. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens and

Sparta, the homes of that illustrious philosopher who gave learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins; their philosophers are dumb in death; the Academy, the Porch, and the Lyceum no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empires of the earth? Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty and laws, prostrate in the dust; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time; her philosophers, heroes, statesmen and poets mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur. Go to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and the oracle of Delphos, and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas! that temple hath long since dissolved in a flood of flame; and the last echo of that oracle hath died on the lips of Æolus. But she fell not before the flaming sword of Mahomet without a struggle. It was the last expiring struggle of a brave and illustrious race, and her fall was like that of the Colossus at Rhodes; she was recognized alone by the fragments of her renown. When the conquering arm of Rome spread the imperial banner above her walls, her literature and learning survived the fall: but when the second time she fell beneath the Tartar horde, the last gleam of Grecian glory was extinguished in Byzantium's tomb.

Mournful to the mind of man are the records of departed greatness. Where is the imperial city of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of a subjugated world? She lies low, but still mighty in the dust. Methinks I am seated amid the melancholy ruins of Rome. Around me are strewed the crumbling fragments of other ages, and before me are the tumbling temples once hallowed by the footsteps of the Cæsars. But where is the cottage of Romulus, the golden palace of Nero, and the shrine of Apollo and the Muses? They are mingling with the wrecks of other times. And where is the great Roman Forum, in which the thunders of Cicero's eloquence once struck terror to tyrants? There the shepherd-boy roams, and the fleecy flocks now feed. There, where the Tribunal and the Rostrum, the Comitium and the Curia, once stood, the lean lizard now crawls, and the rank grass now waves in the night breeze. Those walls are now silent, where the tongue of Tully once thundered and the applause of listening senates reverberated. And where is that stupendous pile, the Coliseum, which stood in ancient days like a mountain of marble, and where

the strong-armed gladiator bled, and the untamed tigers of the forest died? Behold, it still stands tottering in decay; but the thousands of spectators have departed, and the thunders of applause have died in echoes along the ruined arches. The red sun now goes down and sheds his last ray upon its gray battlements, and the mellow moon-beam glimmers through the ivy-crowned walls and gloomy galleries. The footsteps of the solitary traveller now echo alone where the mighty Cæsars once applauded, and the clash of the combat sounded. But is this all? Alas! Rome is eloquent in ruins; the city of the seven hills is strewed with the fragments of other ages. Go muse over the fallen forums of Trajan, Nerva and Domitian; a few pillars of Parian marble alone remain to tell the world that they once have been. Go and gaze on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars; descend into the catacombs, and ruminatè amid the bleaching bones of the early Christians, persecuted by the demon of superstition even to death. Go climb the lofty towers of Rome, and survey the melancholy mementos of other times and other men. And was this the mighty Rome that once stood against the legions of Carthage, led on by the victorious Hannibal? It is the same, though fallen. And where is Carthage? Buried in the vortex of oblivion. Could the shades of the immortal Cicero, Horace and Virgil revisit the earth, and stray through those scenes which they have immortalized in song and eloquence, how would they be struck with the mutability of all human grandeur!

O Time, mighty is the strength of thy arm! The wonders of the world have fallen before thee. Witness, ye walls of Babylon, covered with ærial gardens, and thou great statue of Olympian Jove. The most celebrated cities of antiquity have been buried beneath the irresistible waves of time. Go read an example in the fate of Syracuse, the city of Archimedes, whose single arm repelled the hosts of Rome, and dared to move the world if he might have foundations for his feet. That splendid city is in ruins; her philosopher sleeps in the dust; and where are his mighty engines of war? They are swept from the recollection of man. Go and read another example in the fate of far-famed Troy. Seek there for the palaces of Priam, once illumined with the smiles of the fickle though beautiful Helen, for whom Sparta fought and Troy fell. Alas! those palace halls are silent, and the towers of Ilion lie level with the dust. Old Priam hath long since departed from the earth, and the graves of Paris and his paramour are unknown. The mighty Hector, too, the brave antagonist of Achilles,

is no more. The glory of the house of Priam hath departed for ever. The invaders and the invaded sleep together in the common mausoleum of time; and their deeds live only in the tide of Homer's song.

Such are a few instances of the ravages of time. Nor less hath our own loved land been the scene of desolation. Here may be seen the ruins of an Indian empire, more extended than the empires of the east; and though they were the children of the forest, and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting and poesy, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the story of their wrongs. They once had cities, but where are they? They are swept from the face of the earth. They had their temple of the sun, but the sanctuary is broken down, and the beams of the deified luminary extinguished. It is true they worshipped the Great Spirit and the genius of storms and darkness; the sacred pages of revelation had never been unrolled to them; the gospel of the Saviour had never sounded in the ears of the poor children of the forest. They heard the voice of their God in the morning breeze; they saw him in the dark cloud that rose in wrath from the west; they acknowledged his universal beneficence in the setting sun, as he sunk to his burning bed. Here another race once lived and loved; here, along these shores, the council-fire blazed, and the war-whoop echoed among their native hills. Here the dark-browed Indian once bathed his manly limbs in the river, and his light canoe was seen to glide over his own loved lakes. Centuries passed away, and they still roved the undisputed masters of the western world. But at length a pilgrim bark, deep freighted from the east, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light—they fled. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the west, and yielded, with a broken heart, their native hills to another race. They left their homes and the graves of their fathers to explore the western woods, where no human foot had ever trod, and no human eye ever penetrated. From time to time they have been driven back, and the next remove will be to the bosom of the stormy Pacific. Unhappy children! the tear of pity has been shed over your wrongs and your sufferings. What bosom but beats with sympathy over the mournful story of their woes? As a race of men, they are fast fading from the face of the earth, and ere many centuries shall have passed, they will have been swept from the annals of ages. Ere long the last wave of the west will roll over them, and their

deeds will live only in the traditions they shall have left behind them. The march of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. Every age they have rapidly declined, and a lingering remnant is now left to sigh over the ruins of their empire, and the memory of their brave progenitors. The golden harvest now waves over the tombs of their fallen fathers, and the forest that once echoed the war-dance is now covered with the rising city. Where the wigwam once stood, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce. And when they shall have passed away—when the last Indian shall have stood upon his native hills in the west, and shall have worshiped the setting sun for the last time—perhaps some youth may rove to the green mound of Indian sepulture, and ask with wonder what manner of beings they were. How must the poor child of the forest weep, and how must his heart throb with anguish, when he muses on the ruins of his race, and the melancholy destiny of his children? The plough-share hath passed over the bones of his ancestors, and they sleep in the land of strangers and of the conquerors of their dying race. Methinks I see the stately Indian, as he bends from the brow of the misty mountain, and surveys with a swelling heart the once extended limits of the Indian empire. The grief of years is in his soul, and he bends his knee in meek submission before the Great Spirit in the clouds. Unhappy child!—my soul mourns over the ruined hopes of your fading race.

Thoughts.

THERE'S music, when at morn, the wild wind's sighs
 A concord in the green old woodlands wake;
 There's music, when at eve, some flute-note dies,
 In distance, o'er the lucid moonlit lake.

And I have sat, romantic Brandywine,
 Upon thy rocks the birds' sweet-hymns to hear,
 In the great church of nature,—notes divine,
 Discoursing music to my raptured ear.

But never hath the poet's spirit hung
 On tones so touching, when they softly roll,
 As those that fall from witching woman's tongue,
 Bathing in bliss the enchanted listener's soul.

Benjamin Franklin.

HE was the glory of his age,
 The wonder of mankind;
 Statesman, philosopher and sage,
 A man of mighty mind;
 In living light the hand of fame
 Recorded his renown;
 To millions of mankind his name
 Shall still be handed down.

From pinching penury he sprung,
 And step by step arose
 Where learning's awful accents rung,
 And triumphed o'er his foes;
 Amid the Fathers of the free,
 The mighty statesman stood;
 The friend of man and liberty,
 The blessed gift of God.

Amid philosophers he shone,
 In science' halls of pride;
 To all the brilliant nations known,
 O'er old Atlanta's tide:
 Error in science doomed to fall,
 By his proud hand was hurled:
 His wond'rous powers astonished all
 The wise men of the world.

The mysteries that Nature shrouds,
 To him were freely given:
 He snatched the lightning from the clouds,
 The thunderbolt of heaven;
 In majesty of mind he reigned,
 Bade nature's laws conform;
 He raised his daring hand, and chained
 The spirit of the storm.

Like mighty Jove then stood the sage,
 Astonished in his pride;
 The terror of the tempest's rage
 Was trembling at his side:
 Fame, from Olympus' lofty height,
 Beheld his glorious march;
 And wrote his name in lines of light,
 On heaven's mighty arch.

Henry Clay.

WHEN in the south a civil war
Came like a cloud of night;
And carnage leaped into her car,
To seek the field of fight;
When sons of those immortal sires,
Who bled at Bunker Hill,
Rushed forth to light their battle-fires,
A brother's blood to spill;

When from the vault of Vernon first
A cry was heard aloud;
And the word Peace, in thunder burst
From many a bloody shroud;
When swords leaped to the hero's hand,
And glittered in our gaze;
And terror reigned throughout the land,
As in those by-gone days;

The Solon of the Senate stood,
Alone and undismayed;
And for his much loved country's good,
The flag of peace displayed;
High in the forum and afar,
His mighty mind he cast;
Carnage fell from the crimson car,
The storm of war was past.

Unearthly eloquence then broke
Upon the listener's ear;
The Senate shouted as he spoke,
And wondering leaned to hear;
Trembling they saw that hope was nigh,
And hailed the happy day;
The thunders in the southern sky,
Rolled peacefully away.

The wise man of the west arose,
And with a Tully's tongue,
Silenced the voice of freedom's foes;
A rainbow round us hung;
A mighty nation saw the deed,
The flag of peace unfurled;
Europe beheld and gave the meed
Of an admiring world.

The pen of gold, the hand of Fame
 From her high temple took,
 And wrote his never-dying name
 In Time's eternal book:
 With all the fathers of the free,
 He shall in glory rest;
 By millions yet unborn shall be,
 Thro' future ages, blest.

No marble monument he needs,
 To crumble and decay;
 The mem'ry of his mighty deeds
 Can never pass away;
 Within a nation's heart enshrined,
 Sarcophagus sublime!
 His glorious monument of mind
 Knows not the touch of Time.

John Quincy Adams.

THE AMERICAN LYCURGUS IN LEARNING, LIBERTY AND LAW.

'Tis not alone in lofty halls,
 Where learning sits enshrined,
 His eloquence sublimely falls,
 And marks his mighty mind;
 But in the temple of the free
 His thunder tones have rung—
 His father's love of liberty
 Falls from his tuneful tongue.

Sublime in sentiment and soul,
 To him all wreaths belong;
 His polished periods richly roll
 Along the chords of song:
 He wakes to war the mournful wire
 On Ireland's lovely plains;
 He wakes to liberty his lyre,
 And weeps o'er Erin's chains.

Whether in council or at court,
 Or at the harp or hall—
 Whether in seriousness or sport,
 His graceful accents fall—

He is in grandeur still the same;
 Time hath no merit hurled—
 His trophies, treasured up by Fame,
 Are wonders of the world.

Time can no triumph o'er him own,
 Though snows his brow may bind;
 Reason still sits upon her throne,
 The monarch of his mind;
 The glory of his by-gone hours,
 Through ages yet shall last;
 Fame gathers up his present flowers,
 To bloom with all the past.

Ah! had he lived in that proud day,
 Ere Greece became the grave
 Of glorious men, long passed away,
 The brilliant and the brave,
 The marble cenotaph sublime,
 The column and the crown,
 Would still transmit, to future time,
 His record of renown.

Yet while the love of liberty,
 Of learning and of song,
 Shall warm the proud hearts of the free,
 Or shall to Fame belong,
 The mem'ry of his magic mind
 Shall wander o'er the wave,
 And win from millions of mankind
 A garland for his grave.

Death of John Quincy Adams.

ANOTHER brilliant star has disappeared,
 From the great mental system; and has left
 A mighty void, which ages may not fill;
 A glorious planet hath been quenched, which long
 The intellectual concave had illumed,
 With lustre uneclipsed by other orbs.
 Yea! a great sun, round which full many a star,
 Of minor brilliance, circulating, shone
 But with reflected light, is now no more.

He was, indeed, a wondrous man, whose mind
 Seemed, without effort, to aspire and soar
 Thro' all the fields of intellect, and drink
 Deep inspiration from all founts of thought.
 In all things, intuition seemed to mark
 The progress of his mental march; for all
 The garlands learning glories in, were given
 To grace his noble brow; and at his feet,
 Fame laid the trophies of immortal genius.
 The halls of learning, which thro' life he trod,
 Still bear the mementos of his mighty mind;
 And the proud monument his genius reared,
 Untouched by the corroding tooth of time,
 Will stand amid the storms of centuries,
 A model and memorial to mankind,
 Bearing a record of his bright renown,
 And of his deathless deeds.

In the Pantheon of illustrious men,
 He stood the Olympian Jupiter, whose tongue
 Wielded the thunder-bolts of eloquence—
 The lightning flame of freedom, which went forth
 To blast the oppressor, and redress the wrongs
 Of injured innocence, long groaning 'neath
 The galling yoke of servitude and toil.

Amid the statesmen of his native land
 He shone conspicuous, and the helm of State
 Held with a master-hand. But not alone
 Was he illustrious in eloquence,
 In statesmanship, philanthropy, and zeal
 For learning, liberty, religion, law;
 But he was foremost of that glorious band,
 Now fighting bravely for reform, in all
 That is connected with the good of man.
 And not alone did listening Senates lean
 When, with a Tully's tongue, he thundered forth
 Sublimest strains of eloquence; but oft
 He woke the lyre to liberty, and sung
 Of Erin's earlier days and heroes brave.

Nature to him was liberal, for she gave
 Her brightest talents, which have been improved
 Beyond the usual measure: but, alas!
 Freedom's great champion is no more—that mind,
 Which was a world within itself, is gone
 Back to its great Creator; and the light
 It shed in brilliance on mankind, is quenched
 In the lone gloom of the grave. But still he lives—
 Lives in the hearts of millions, and while time
 Shall last, his virtues will survive, and be
 Beacons and blessings, through all coming years,
 To millions yet unborn.

Daniel Webster.

THE DEMOSTHENES OF AMERICA.

No college halls his feet have trod—
 No Alma Mater boasts his name—
 But by the glorious gift of God,
 The son of genius rose to fame:
 By native merit of the mind,
 He graced the records of renown;
 His deeds to millions of mankind
 By Time shall be transmitted down.

Fame to her temple took the sage,
 And wrote—her record to adorn—
WEBSTER, the glory of the age,
 And wonder of a world unborn!
 Carved in her columns shall remain
 His name in characters of fire;
 In forum and in Freedom's fane,
 The mightiest minds shall yet admire.

I saw him in the Senate stand,
 Like Jove, with all his thunder rods,
 His terrors, with a mighty hand,
 Hurling among the trembling gods:
 The Senate trembled as he spoke
 In tones of thunder—now of mirth;
 Now from his lips the lightning broke,
 And crushed corruption to the earth.

With Herculean hand he rent
 The rattling chains of slavery,
 And round the Senate nobly bent
 The rainbow rays of liberty.
 Pleased, with his own immortal powers,
 He stretched again his liberal hand,
 And scattered fancy's fairest flowers
 In beauty o'er a smiling land.

Where England's lofty temples tower,
 Amid her halls his voice was heard;
 Her men of mind have felt his power,
 And starting, wondered at each word!
 For though his fame had gone before,
 And shed in all her halls his light,
 Admiring now, they marvelled more,
 That they had known but half his might.

Time shall his temples still adorn
 With wreaths that must for ever bloom,
 And men of ages yet unborn
 Shall mark the trophies of his tomb;
 Millions shall bow before his shrine,
 When tombs and temples have been hurled,
 And own his eloquence divine,
 The glory of the western world.

The Jubilee,

AND DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON,

Which occurred simultaneously on the Fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence.

HIGH o'er a hundred hills of fire
 I saw the blazing brand;
 A nation lit the funeral pyre,
 The funeral filled the land;
 Fame held the trump of triumph high,
 To sound OPPRESSION'S doom;
 The shouts of men swept thro' the sky,
 And hailed the tyrant's tomb.

The cloud of war had rolled to rest,
 Far in the ocean flood;
 The sun that lingered in the west,
 Had long since set in blood;
 And down the tide of time afar,
 Full many a bark had gone;
 Since whirlwinds wheeled the crimson car,
 And war's dread blast was blown.

It was the glorious Jubilee,
 The birth-day of the brave;
 The advent of blest Liberty
 From slavery to save;
 But ah! amid the festive halls,
 Death held his red arm high,
 The pride of fame and freedom falls,
 Two glorious patriots die.

Ten thousand hearts have mourned the doom,
 And wept for Washington;
 Ten thousand hands shall strew thy tomb,
 Immortal Jefferson!
 And Adams, thy renown sublime,
 A hundred harps shall raise,
 While sounds the trumpet tongue of Time,
 Thy plentitude of praise.

John M. Clayton.

THOU son of genius, glory of our State,
 No song of fulsome flattery I raise;
 In every march of mind thou hast been great,
 And worthy of all patriotic praise.

Like some tall oak, defying storms of Time,
 The monarch of the mountain in its might;
 I've seen thee stand, while eloquence sublime
 Pour'd from thy lips, like streams of liquid light.

The walls of Washington have oftimes rung
 Thy tones, that listening Senates lean'd to hear;
 Tones that were sweet as fell from Tully's tongue
 In Rome's proud forum, chaining every ear.

Well may fair Del'ware sound afar thy fame!
 Well may the "Banner State"* thy pæan breathe!
 For Fame already doth around thy name,
 The garland of the Statesman's glory wreath.

Thou art her Ajax, by thy councils wise,
 She in her independence stands alone;
 Unlike her sister States, she dares to rise,
 And cry aloud—THIS LAND IS ALL MY OWN!

Thou son of genius, 'tis not now I sing
 Thy praise in party spirit, but in truth;
 Permit me now a garland bright to bring
 To grace thy brow, thou schoolmate of my youth.

* The State of Delaware is now thus designated in the city of Baltimore.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE terror of Europe has gone to his rest,
 In the pride of his power and glory;
 He sunk like a star in the waves of the west,
 But he lives on the pages of story.

He rose like the sun from the billowy flood,
 To the deeds of his early devotion;
 Like the moon he went down in a billow of blood,
 On the breast of an isle in the ocean.

In the field, when he stood in his frenzy alone,
 The foeman fled from him affrighted;
 The Bourbon beheld him on Gallia's throne,
 With the crown and the crosier united.

From the throne of the Stuart, to that of the Czar,
 The knell of his vengeance resounded;
 He sent forth his thunder from Victory's car,
 And the proudest of princes confounded.

He levelled his lightnings at Austria and Spain—
 At the Holy Alliance assembled;
 He sounded the knell of his vengeance again,
 And Europe, still tottering, trembled.

Like the comet, the brightest amid millions of stars,
 To Moscow he marched a Banditti;*
 He seated himself on the throne of the Czars,
 Midst the flames of a sinking city.

'Twas the first of his fall—but the giant again,
 Hope's promises dared to rely on;
 But the Corsican Tiger, on Waterloo's plain,
 Was the victim of Albion's Lion.

He fell like a star thro' the heavens, at night,
 In the blaze of its beautiful splendor;
 But the brilliance, that beamed on the path of his might,
 Struck the nations of Europe with wonder.

He has gone to his rest, from the turmoil of war,
 On an isle in the dark swelling ocean;
 Seven willows now weep o'er his ashes, afar
 From the scenes of his splendid devotion.

* A designation, by a late writer, of Napoleon's army.

The terror of Europe has gone to his rest,
 In the pride of his power and glory;
 He sunk like a star in the waves of the west,
 But he lives on the pages of story.

Bolivar.

I saw a mother lead her son
 High up the hill of fame;
 And point to deeds of glory, won
 For many a shining name.
 And as the youth, with lips apart,
 Gazed on the temple high,
 The fame of Franklin touched his heart,
 And caught his kindling eye.

Go! emulate your noble sires,
 The musing mother said,
 And feel the flame of Freedom's fires,
 Like these, the mighty dead.
 She said—with Gothic triumph turned,
 See there, she cried, my son;
 The youth, while yet his bosom burned,
 Beheld great Washington.

Mother, the warrior deals in blood!
 The youthful hero cried;
 But in his country's cause he stood!
 The mother quick replied;
 His valor sprung from virtue, he
 Too fought for virtuous fame;
 Behold his wreaths of liberty!
 And bless his noble name.

She spake, and swift the trump of war,
 Swept wildly through the land;
 Her son flew to the fight afar,
 And waved his daring hand;
 And when the shout of victory rose,
 He cried, my mother dear,
 The wreaths of conquest bind my brows,—
 Behold thy hero here!

Fame blew the blast to Europe's shore,
 Behold! behold! she cried,
 Another Washington shall soar
 The height of human pride.
 Europe beheld, of liberty,
 Far in the south, the star;—
 The world proclaimed the victory
 Of glorious BOLIVAR.

Retrospection.

'Tis sweet to think in after years,
 On those we prized or deeply loved;
 Though many a tide of tender tears,
 Have oft our fond affection proved.

'Tis sweet, when round the turret moans
 The north wind, and the snow descends,
 To listen to those solemn tones,
 That seem to grieve for absent friends.

Ah! oft I sit, when dim night throws
 Her murky mantle o'er the earth;
 To dream of happier days, and those
 Whom once I prized above all worth.

And oft, when on yon cold pale star
 I gaze and weep, I think of one
 Who sleeps within her tomb afar,
 Unconscious of the heart she won.

Oh! she was fair, for to her brow,
 An angel's purity was given;
 Methinks I see her dark eye now,
 Beaming with all the charms of Heaven.

Her form and features wore a grace,
 That none but angels ever wore;
 Shall I behold that heavenly face,
 And bow to that fair form no more?

Said I her tomb?—Nay, in this breast,
 Grief only o'er her grave hath knelt;
 There sleeps the vow which once she-blest,
 There pines the passion once I felt.

Oh! there is in the brightest smile,
 Deceit and doubt and fancied fears;
 But, ah! in grief there is no guile,
 There is no treachery in tears,

The loveliest lips may oft betray,
 The brightest eye too oft deceives;
 The tongue that wins the soul away,
 May blast when most the heart believes.

Oh! tell me not the gay heart feels,
 Or that the sunny brow beguiles;
 More truth affection's sigh reveals,
 One tear is worth a thousand smiles,

Oh! Mary, when within the grave,
 With thousands I shall be forgot;
 One pensive tear from thee I crave,
 One sigh breath'd o'er the silent spot,

Last Lines of the Bard.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

My weary head must soon repose
 Upon its bed of clay;
 For heavy, heavy are the woes
 That cloud my life's young day.

I soon shall sleep to wake no more,
 Till heaven's loud trump shall sound;
 My harp the winds will soon sweep o'er,
 Or dashed, fall to the ground.

The Muses oft in yonder cell,
 Have taught me music's strain;
 And I have loved the Nine full well—
 The solace of my pain.

My lyre is on the willow hung,
 It sighs no more its lays;
 Its strings, bewildered, are unstrung,
 The north wind thro' it plays.

All, all is lost, to me so dear,
Save ruins and a name;
The sigh is mine, and mine the tear,
But not the wreath of fame.

Yet will I not forget in death,
Thy generous love to me;
I'll bless thee with my latest breath—
Yea, through eternity.

God grant that you may never feel,
The ills that I have known;
But may life's current softly steal
Where sweetest flowers are strown.



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